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LETTERS FROM SPAIN

IN 1856 AND 1857.

BY

JOHN LEYCESTER ADOLPHUS, M.A.

£5965

HAY DE TODO.
Spanish Posadero.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1858.

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AND CHARING CROSS.

INTRODUCTION.

It is familiar to every one who has travelled in Spain, or read books on Spanish travel (and who has not read Ford's 'Gatherings'?), that, when a wayfaring caballero alights at a Spanish country inn and inquires what is to be had for dinner, the reply is always "Hay de todo" (there is everything). It is equally well known that when the caballero begins to specify what victual, out of all that nature and science furnish, he would choose for his meal, the answer most commonly is "No hay" (there is none). No fish, no soup, no fowls (except perhaps live ones), no cutlets: a "negative catalogue," as Johnson expresses it, rivalling the Doctor's celebrated bill of fare at Glenelg. Nevertheless, if the traveller will resign himself, and with a cheerful spirit accept lo que hay (what there is), he may possibly find, in the arroz or tortilla which at last comes upon his table, something which he can eat with more zest than he expected, and sleep upon without indigestion.

Presuming that the reader knows these things, his

present undeserving entertainer salutes him with the posadero phrase which has become almost proverbial, to prevent his feeling surprise if, in a book pretending to describe Spain, he finds no history, no statistics, no geology, no antiquarian researches, no political speculations. As the words, when truly construed, imply, he is asked to receive indulgently what his host can set before him; and if he finds anything in it which encourages appetite and satisfies taste, refrain awhile from thinking of the more nutritious food that might have been produced at a better establishment. One advantage at least he has over the traveller; that, if utterly disappointed, he may take up another book: the caballero is more than commonly fortunate if he can find another roadside posada.

The following pages are a transcript of letters addressed by the author to his wife during two short vacations passed in travelling through part of Spain, in the interval of very different occupations. They were written, as his habit has been on similar occasions, for domestic perusal, and the entertainment of some few intimate friends. For his now venturing to make them public he might allege the ordinary excuse of persuasion by flatterers; but it has always appeared to him that, where such urgencies are imprudently yielded to, the real betrayer

is "a treacherous inclination:" for, if any discreet gentleman had in his charge the manuscript of another person, and thought as poorly of it as literary men profess to think of their own works, importunity alone, though from his dearest friends, would hardly induce him to publish it.

The only apology which the author can seriously make for adding one to the multitude of slight books on Spain is, that, having some practice in this kind of writing, and habits of labour to which the exercise was congenial, he has been able, in the daily course of travelling, to fix while they were recent, and to throw promptly into narrative and description, the impressions made upon his mind by new scenes and new manners, in a land teeming with beauty and still rich in originality: the images have been given before they were obscured by time, or confused with ideas subsequently acquired: and if this has been done with apparent truth and with some freshness of effect, the work may have a feature which will entitle it to be looked at among the crowd.

To preserve this characteristic, and not from blindness to faults, he presents the letters as they were written at the times of which they bear date. Much, of course, is omitted; but in other respects hardly any alteration has been made, except to reunite the context

where sentences have been struck out, or to correct mere mistakes or repetitions. If anything has appeared worth adding from recollection, or from the few memoranda he has kept, it has been thought better to subjoin a note than to alter the original text, except in some trifling instances, where the addition was too slight for a separate paragraph. The reader, therefore, has, with little exception, the gossip of each day as it was set down; superficial, indeed, and sometimes perhaps inaccurate, but presenting occurrences faithfully as they appeared to the writer, and deriving no ornament from the imagination. Such a work cannot pretend to high literary merit, but, if it contains any better material than the once celebrated Spanish tour of the last century which related

> "—— how Richard strayed from post to post,
> What towns he dined in, and what bridges crossed;
> How many eagles by the way were seen;
> How many asses grazed along the green,"*

it may occupy an hour or two not quite unprofitably; it may do some service in chronicling the changes which even Spain undergoes from year to year; and, at any rate, it may be usefully taken into council by those who are projecting a Spanish journey.

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* Heroic Epistle from Doña Teresa Pinna y Ruiz, of Murcia, to Richard Twiss, Esq., F.R.S.: London, 1777.

The author has been anxious to avoid any undue licence in the mention of persons with whom his travels brought him into association. In many instances a blank or initial is substituted for the name appearing in the original letter; and that reserve has been departed from only where the person, by his station or otherwise, was so fully in the public view already that an allusion to him by name could hardly be deemed obtrusive; or where he was, locally, so far removed from any society in which this book is likely to circulate, that the direct mention of him would probably never come to his knowledge, or at all events would not draw upon him any irksome notice.

The reader shall not be detained by any further parley. Swift wrote to Gay, on purchasing his Beggar's Opera, "I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve: it is in the grand goût."* Great men may present themselves thus unceremoniously; smaller ones are less sure of their welcome, and may wisely use more form. The present author has knocked at the reader's library door and given a word of explanation: and, having done so, he proceeds to deliver his packet.

* Letter to Gay (November 27th, 1727), in Bowles's edition of Pope's Works, vol. ix. p. 107.

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distant glimpse of the Spithead fleet—a city of masts (cities rather, for it seemed divided into two), filling up the distance between the point of the Southampton Water and the Isle of Wight. As we went down the Channel, in a fine sunny afternoon, the diorama of the coasts of old England, though a distant one for the most part, was beautiful. We passed close to the Needles, however, which I had never seen from the sea before; they are not very stupendous, but the worn milk-white rocks standing out like three castles from the shore, and the bold white point of cliff, the steep down, and the lighthouse, above, make one of the finest coast-points I know. All along the Isle of Wight the outlines of the land, soft and undulating slopes, folding one within the other, are a delight to the eye. Let me praise my own country a little, before opening my eyes, as I hope I soon shall, to wonder at another. After the Isle of Wight we passed the bold promontory of St. Alban's Head, and I saw, still at a distance, the wedge-shaped Isle of Portland,* stretching far into the sea under the declining sun. The lights of its two lighthouses were the last objects seen when I left off pacing the deck, about nine o'clock. The Captain said we should be off the Start Point of Devonshire about three in the morning, and then stretch

* The broad end to the south, the small to landward.

away for the Bay of Biscay. We are now entering the Bay.

Nothing can exceed the kindness and attention of the people of this steamer. You are invited to perpetual meals (which as yet I have not found disagreeable), and they inquire after your comfort with a punctuality and concern which almost surprises one in such an establishment. To be sure they have leisure for it, for our first-class passengers do not, I think, amount to a dozen; in summer they sometimes have ninety. I presented the Captain with my letter of introduction. He (Captain Bradshaw) is a good-natured homely seaman, and promised to do all he could for my comfort; and the first thing he did towards it (inferring from Mr. Z—'s letter that I was an invalid) was to move me from my berth to one more in the centre of the ship, freer from disturbance and more convenient, as it is made for three people, and I have it to myself. Still, when I first "turned in," I thought it both close and cold, and was annoyed by the throbbing of the paddles against my head; but somehow I slept more hours than I had for many nights before.

19th April.

A beautiful morning, comfortable sun, but wind still cold, the great Bay all in a laughing ripple, but giving

little motion to the ship; our sails still set, not only the ship's sails, but those of three boats hanging at the sides, and a kind of duster at the mizen; this, however, is to dry the small canvas, not for speed, though it helps a little. None of our male passengers, I believe, have been ill, and the two or three ladies appear now and then. One has made the voyage eighteen times. Yesterday we had only to look at sea and sky, trudge the deck, eat and drink, and make acquaintance with each other.* A very few vessels appeared in the morning; one we passed near to, a transport with troops from Malta; the salute by raising flags on both sides was something to do.

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* The more active passengers amused themselves with quoits made of rope. Another incident of this vacant day may be worth mentioning: In the afternoon, when every one was nearly unoccupied, I heard the captain say to an officer on the quarter-deck, "Ring the fire-bell." The easy way in which the order was given and received prevented it from being very terrific, though I was at a loss for its meaning. As soon as the bell rang, all the hands of the ship assembled and ranged themselves in order on the quarter-deck; the bell being, it seems, a signal for the purpose of testing the readiness of each man to present himself under the captain's eye at an unexpected call. The ship's force was fifty-one men and boys, including engineers.

Half past 9 at night.

Nothing to tell of still but sea and sky; no coast and no ship, except the almost invisible sail of a sloop in the far east. We passengers have been parading the deck in a windy moonlight night, all well and lively. The wind is doing great things for us; we shall round Cape Finisterre in the night, I believe, and I have desired to be called early, that I may open my eyes upon Spain. The mid-day sun was a southern one, enough so to leave marks on the face, but the wind is an austere blast still.

April 20th.

Sunday morning; leaving Vigo.—I have lived a week since I last wrote. About seven the steward gave me notice that we were running along the land. I hastened up, and cast eyes for the first time on the Peninsula, the bleak highland coast of Galicia, four or five miles on our left, stretching far before and behind us.* In the extreme distance I could just see Cape Finisterre through the haze. We had passed it about five. A simple middle-aged lady (on her way to

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* The principal objects were long rounded hills: promontories of bare white rock: the lighthouse of Cape Corrobedo some miles onward.

a religious house in Spain) was up and down all night, in fear that the Captain would run us against the Cape; indeed, I overheard her lecturing him on the subject before I went below. We were still carrying sail; between nine and ten we passed the mountainous islets called the Cies,* which form a breakwater at the mouth of Vigo Bay, and sailed up the bay. It is a very pretty highland inlet, not unlike some of the bolder parts of the Ayrshire coast, and was beautifully mottled with sun and cloud; the hills bleak and stony, but the country below less wild and forlorn than the

* They are brown, jagged piles of rock with some scanty covering of turf, and are sometimes called the islands of Bayona, from the old fortified port of that name about two leagues distant. It seems established that this Bayona, and not Bayonne, is the place associated in Lycidas with Namancos—

> "Where the great vision of the guarded mount
> Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold"—

Mr. Todd, the industrious editor of Milton, having ascertained that Namancos, as well as Bayona, appears on the coast of Galicia in Mercator's Atlas.—Todd's 'Milton,' vol. v. p. 49, 3rd ed. No one, probably, would have thought either place worth much inquiry, if their names had not pleased the ear of a great poet, and so become blended with the richest harmonies of his verse. Many places, and some men, live in remembrance because they have well-sounding names, more than for any other reason.

coast outside; a great deal of it cultivated, and most parts well sprinkled with villages and lone houses; the last, I suppose, a good sign of the civilization of the country round.

Vigo soon appeared on our right, a small town of square whited or coloured houses, compactly arranged on the point of a hill, but with something bleak and ghastly in its appearance, which I cannot well explain.* Two forts just above; a cathedral, not very stately; and a huge yellow square tower, the taste of some private barbarian, are its chief features; there is a beach of sand; and a few small vessels lay off. As we drew near, the Madrid fired a gun, which was not answered. I said to one of our mates, "Do not they return our salute?" "Oh no," he said; "ours is only a notice we give them, for they generally require a toothpick and a glass of water before they begin to move." Presently a comely-looking boat enough began to approach: "See," said our captain to the Admiralty agent, who goes with the Madrid in charge of the letters, "that is a government boat; did you ever see such oars? Look at the bow oar!" And a queer little truncheon it was. Our Company's agent came with her, and the captain and he went to business,

* I believe one cause was that the houses were bare of all architectural decoration, and had the raw look given by new whitewash.

in the course of which the captain handed him a despatch to you which I had got ready, and I saw him tuck it under the red tape of a packet in his hand to go by their homeward ship, the Tagus, this evening. Plenty of boats began to move off now, for there were eighty natives, all of the lower class, to go with us as passengers. Nearly the first persons who stepped on board, however, were two merchant-women, shawled and muffled like Perea Nena, with baskets of flowers, oranges, oysters, boiled crabs, and other merchandize; and soon there was such a cry of "mire!" "comprad!" (look! buy!), mixed continually with the word "chelingas" (shillings), and so many graces of action, tapping one, pulling another, pushing off the boys and sailors who were obtrusive, but all with a certain air of good breeding, that the performance quite enchanted one. I bought a bundle of the flowers, chiefly roses, to sweeten my berth, but they were a tousled affair enough, though sweet. The oranges were not very tempting either, but the women declared they were "llenas de agua" (full of juice); and the crabs "muy ricos" (very rich). They also tempted you to change money, and when I declined this, saying "gracias," with a lisp, as I had been taught at home, one of them, who squinted like a demon, corrected me—"Grassias, grassias." This was my first Spanish lesson. The other woman, though hard-featured, was a comely person enough, and became her chintz-

patterned shawl and red hood very well; she had a neat and clean bare head, with the hair clubbed behind, splendid gold earrings, and below her shawl a gold necklace. They went away, very graceful and self-satisfied, among the last boaters, and, I dare say, carried off a handsome earning. As to the men, it would be impossible to describe the various figures; the hats turned up all round (sometimes with a raised pattern, muy rico); the Galician headpiece, exactly that of the Gallego in the Spanish ballet; and the patched suits of the lower boat-people, which were sometimes literally harlequin jackets and trousers, gay colours being selected for the patches. In all this odd costume, however, there were a few fine thoughtful-looking faces and handsome eyes; the rest of the countenances ox and sheep. The crowd upon our second deck is really worth looking at.

An hour and a half, in a bright morning and a bay sheltered from the wind, passed delightfully in watching these novelties. Nobody from our vessel landed, and when our business was finished we steamed out again. I found that I could understand more than I expected of the chatter of the common people; and when the squinting woman said "Soy muy pobre" (I am very poor), I humbly ventured to be jocular, and said "Yo tambien" (so am I), at which she grinned and shook her head, and persecuted me more than ever.

We are just off the mouth of the Minho (quarter

past two). Here Portugal begins: a bold stony coast still, but green and peopled.

I am told the women who proposed to change money really meant begging, and that if you had not small coin enough they would give it you. Strange, for they certainly proposed to change as much as a sovereign.

Monday evening (21st), half-past 6.

We have just finished the manœuvre of passing the bar of Lisbon, outwards, in rainbows and squalls, and against a head wind; for the breeze that led us well in is against us of course coming out. The skies were grand: the tops of "Cintra's glorious Eden," a jagged line of mountain something like the Seven Mountains on the Rhine, swept by the skirts of showers; the sun struggling with gigantic indescribable masses of cloud, and the heavens behind all azure and silver gauze. We are now upon our old course, and have hoisted sail again.

To resume yesterday: From the Minho to the Douro we coasted a green country, thickly scattered with white houses and villages, and showing the level line of vineyards. At the mouth of the Douro a recess opened upon us, in which is Oporto. The town occupies a point of the bay, and seems a stately mass

of buildings, but the banks of the river, as far as you see up, seem also full of habitations. I had not yet seen any place on the Peninsula which had so much the appearance of being wealthy and inhabitable. One thing was odd. On the opposite bank to Oporto was a handsome-looking white house, built not long since as a villa, with a spacious wood overhanging it; but the wood, I was told, proved such a harbour for thieves that the gentleman gave up inhabiting the house. This and many other things about the Oporto coast were told me by the —— party,* whose recollections of the old familiar points came thick upon them, and made the approach to the Douro very entertaining. They were to leave us here; a difficult point to resolve upon, for there is a vicious bar near Oporto, and the evening, near sunset, was rather rough, and our vessel did not come within four miles of the land. But, such is travelling in Portugal, if they had landed at Vigo they would have had four days' difficult journeying to reach Oporto. A boat came off with ten small but hardy fellows rowing, and the party got away, the lady with good courage enough; mightily they tossed, and our own speed and the height of the waves soon took them from our sight. We kept on a lordly course, but there is a kind of ground swell all

* An English family, passengers from Southampton, and having relations in Oporto.

down the Portuguese coast which made us roll heavily all night. I was quite well, however, and did not repent having made a stout Sunday dinner of roast beef and plum pudding.

This morning I went on deck between seven and eight o'clock. On the left, peering over some hills, were two horn-like points which proved to be the turrets of the famous palace of Mafra: farther down the coast were the heights of Cintra and the Rock of Lisbon. Soon after ten we passed the first fort of the Tagus.

Tuesday, 22nd, 10 o'clock.

A blessed morning: bright sun, clouds nearly all gone; the sea quiet as the Thames; awnings spread on deck; the passengers all in glee, and a shoal of porpoises playing about the ship. This is a great gaze to our Gallegos, who crowd the sides, almost to a man, to look at them. Poor people! this morning is quite a resurrection to them: yesterday their main-deck was like a battle-field after the engagement; strewn with cloaks and mantas and blankets, with faces of patient suffering (from cold and qualms) peeping out of them. One poor boy was the very likeness of Ishmael in West's picture. Now they are all alive in their quiet way; some drinking water out of bottles and bags; one squeezing dismal low notes out of a flute; here and

there one smoking. I made my first experiment of offering a cigar; the man showed his teeth, touched his cap with the air of a military officer, and, by way of return, offered light from his box. The dresses I can no longer attempt to describe, nor the umbrellas, nor the jugs and jars. The man dressed as in the Spanish ballet, all in brown down to his gaiters, with a brown sheath on his head by way of cap, and features grotesque enough to match, is my favourite study still. The Gallegos land at Cadiz: they go out to do water-carrying and other drudgery for the summer months.

Our sail up the Tagus was very interesting, and the features of Lisbon grow upon you in very fine gradation: the outer forts, one of them, Bugio, set by itself in the sea; then the fanciful Moresco-looking fort of Belem; then the mass of shipping, the greatest, I think, I have seen out of England, points out the place of the city; the palaces, old and modern, appear, one on the low ground, the other on a bold point of hill; and Lisbon itself opens upon you—mass after mass of white houses and churches, entirely covering, as it seems, a succession of undulating hills; the noble river below wide enough, and not too wide, to be the theatre of such a scene. As a mere pile of buildings, it is grander, I think, than Naples. I cannot, indeed, after the short view I have had, quite account for the effect it produces on you: of architectural beauty there

is but little; no one very striking edifice. In picturesque effect it is far and far inferior to the beautiful Genoa; yet, looking merely to the town itself, it dwells upon the mind with an effect of majesty that cannot be resisted. The neighbouring scenery, except the fine expanse of river, does not help much; it is bleak and poor. When the government boats had joined us and gone through their ceremonies, we passengers had leave to go on shore for three or four hours, and I made the trip with a young Gibraltar officer. Seldom have I seen four handsomer-looking sailors than the three men and boy who rowed us ashore. We landed near the Praça do Commercio, which the sailors call Black Horse Square; from a very large and very tame equestrian statue* in the middle of it. Our place of disembarking was at a little esplanade with rows of young limes, all in fresh leaf, and at their feet geraniums in a blaze of flower.

I can tell you little of our ramble. It was all hurry, and, having no Portuguese, and no map of the town, we were benighted in ignorance. A youth pretending to be a guide hooked on to us, but he had not above twenty words of English, and could not understand anything we said. I admired the width of the principal streets, and the boldness with which they

* Of Don José I.; erected in 1775.—Handbook of Portugal, p. 27.

go up and down hill: some of them had handsome shops. The effect of the town is strikingly modern; but this is no wonder, when you remember the sweep made by the earthquake a century ago. We saw one interesting relic of this, the Carmo Church, never since rebuilt; an elegant Gothic ruin, the great gateway very rich, and still buried, apparently, to one-third of its height. Of the people we met, the better sort were dressed much as in other European towns, only that long and large cloaks were commonly worn by the gentlemen, even on horseback; and if they are not riding on donkeys, they contrive to look bundled up as if they were. The deeply swarthy complexions and un-European ugliness of some of the common people are very striking. We saw some rather handsome carriages, and fine small horses. The public cabs are quite a caricature, toppling things upon immensely large wheels, with skeleton horses; the driver however of one that we got into was a much smarter person than we see in the same line at home. We drove quite through the town to see the famous aqueduct which brings water from Cintra. This they show you rather untowardly, by carrying you through the interior, gallery after gallery, a series of tunnel perspectives which I got tired of; the water runs down each of these vaults at the side, in a little stone channel. At last they let us see the exterior, which is handsome enough, spanning (where we saw it) a rural but wildish-

looking green valley. The prettiest thing about the aqueduct is the main entrance, a stone hall filled with the water which is here collected in a reservoir. The breath and sound of it must be delightful in hot weather, and were pleasant to us who were just from sea. On our return we went into the new public garden, the Passeio da Estrella, adjoining one of the handsomest churches. The garden is pretty, but no one was there at this time of the day. It was striking, after what we had left in England, to see the trees in full leaf, and every bed rich in flowers. The geraniums quite form thickets, and the hanging, matted creepers were so luxuriant that a strong wind lifted them up with difficulty like heavy carpets. Our guide wandered from us here, but we inquired and guessed our way to the embarking-place, where we had appointed our boat, and we got on board the Madrid merrily, in good time to sit down to dinner with our Captain.* Here ends my journal till Cadiz. I shall have to make up a hurried packet there, that it may go back with the Madrid on her return from Gibraltar. We took in a great many new passengers at Lisbon, but, coming so late, they do not fraternize with the old ones. I was disappointed at not seeing Cape

* It ought to be mentioned that in this excursion we perceived no trace of the nuisances to sight and smell which used to offend travellers in the streets of Lisbon.

St. Vincent. I ordered the steward to call me for it, but we passed too early, he said. The paddles make my hand shaky; but I hope you will read all this in due time without difficulty.

Tuesday night, Cadiz, Hotel Blanco, April 22nd.

Well, here I am, fairly launched into Spain. We have had the quickest passage the Madrid ever made: we left Southampton at two in the afternoon of Thursday, and finally quitted the ship to go into Cadiz at six in the evening of Tuesday. We carried sail nearly the whole of the way, and have had very fine weather. The atmosphere has been very much milder to-day and the sky purer and brighter. The Captain says there is always a perceptible change after passing Cape St. Vincent. Cadiz, with its white buildings facing the afternoon sun, started beautifully from the sea, and at first reminded me of Venice, but it is not at all like it when you draw near. I went ashore in a large sailing-boat with some of my lady and gentlemen fellow-passengers, and a whole host of the Gallicians, including my brown friend: indeed, they tumbled in so recklessly that some of my neighbours began to cry "Vamos al fondo" (we are going to the bottom), but all ended well. I do not think we were fewer than thirty-five. We were taken to a strange dark

vault of a douane, and the officers did their duty as good-natured douaniers sometimes do, opening the packages as if they were afraid something would bite them, and modestly closing them again as fast as possible. This hotel is close to the sea, looking out upon the Alameda. It is an odd, Mrs. Radcliffe looking place,* but they seem kind, honest people, and a most simple-minded waiter attends me. Things look exotic to my heart's content in this town, but I have seen little yet. It was nearly dark before I could get to the Alameda, and I could hardly form an opinion of the few promenaders; but the outlines of palm-trees against the clear glowing sky reminded me (if that had been necessary) how far I had come since Thursday. I strolled from thence up a narrow street called Maldonado to the large square of La Constitucion,† which was full of loungers, but I did not explore farther, for, giving all due honour to the Madrid, a spacious bed on firm ground is tempting after five nights at sea.

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* On a very small scale; but night and novelty exaggerated its dimensions at first.

† More commonly called by its older name, Plaza de San Antonio. I observed in other Spanish places that the same pompous new name was discarded in common conversation, and the more familiar one used. Antequera has a forlorn Plaza de la Constitucion, better known as Plaza de San Francisco.

Cadiz, April 23rd, noon.

I have called at Mrs. ——'s * (at eleven o'clock), but was too early to see her. I am to call again at three. Her sister, Doña T., came down to receive me. I get on with Spanish according to the French definition of "tellement quellement," namely, "plus mal que bien;" but I was very proud of being able just now to explain in Spanish to Mrs. Blanco, my hostess, a printed letter of business from the English Post-office. At Doña C.'s I was helpless; and she had told her sister that I spoke Spanish perfectly well.

I have two delightful little summer cabins for bed and sitting room (horrible for winter, I should think), looking along the Alameda and ramparts, at the foot of which is the sea. If you find Rota in the map, and draw a line from it to Cadiz, you will have my point of view at this moment. The first stroll out this morning was an enchantment, the sky so pure, the sea so bright and calm, and the air (though still rather chilly) so light and caressing, slightly scented by some fragrant trees on the Alameda, and relishing a little of the sea.

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* Mrs. ——, a friend of the author's family, Spanish by birth, but married to an English gentleman established at Cadiz, who was absent at this time. Her Spanish friends of all classes (for she was popular with all) used to speak of her by her baptismal name, Doña M. del C., or, more shortly, Doña C.

The trees, however, are not generally in full leaf yet. I see most of the men wearing cloaks, and it gives a striking appearance to the public places, and not altogether conciliating: it looks as if men lived in distrust of each other and of the atmosphere. Picturesque as it is, I prefer (so far as it is characteristic) the open breast of John Bull. One thing delights me already in Spain, the grace and significance with which all classes express themselves by a wave or slighter movement of the hand. I do not remember anything equal to it elsewhere: the fan exercise is a branch of it. I had, by the bye, a significant wave this morning from a female not over comely or young, from a curtained window just off the Alameda, with a friendly "Comm inn," for fear I should have been dull at gestures. At the sober hour of eight this rather surprised me.*

I walked through the principal streets and squares before breakfast (after chocolate), and went into the cathedral, a very heavy modern building. Here for the first time I saw the women at their devotions, couched upon the ground. I noticed some helping themselves up with their hands, which is not picturesque. You see I am adopting the custom of sitting still in the middle of the day, though the weather is hardly warm

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* It should be added that I do not recollect any other instance of such a public salutation in a Spanish town.

enough to require it, and there are some people strolling. But, placed as I am, I shall be but too willing to see Cadiz by sitting at my balcony, musing on the sea, and watching the few loungers on the Alameda, the idle fellows angling from the rampart, and the still more idle ones who sit or stand looking on, under trees that do not shade them.

NOTE.

The few lines intrusted to the Steam Company's agent at Vigo (who forwarded them punctually ; see page 9) ended—"I have had an excellent passage hitherto, and am quite well:" with the postscript "¼ past 9, Sunday morning. Entering Vigo Bay. Excellent well." Alas! in the next spring the unfortunate Madrid, entering Vigo Bay to all appearance as prosperously as when I wrote this, ran upon a hidden rock, foundered, and was totally lost. Her passengers and crew were saved, but her lading went the way of those old treasures which according to popular belief, still bestrew the bottom of this bay. The rock, it appears, was not marked in the English Admiralty Chart. The chart was corrected; but our poor honest and jocund captain lost his employment with his ship. Though he sinned against the precept of Horace and (which was worse) against the orders of the Peninsular Company, "nimium premendo littus" (by hugging the shore too hard), I am sure that this disaster must have been lamented by every one who

was his passenger on the voyage I have been describing, for he seemed deservedly popular with all.

The timorous lady who was afraid of Cape Finisterre rises, on this event, to the dignity of a Cassandra; but she will probably never be informed of her triumph, or of the liberty I have taken in making mention of her alarms.

It has become almost a puerility to marvel at the contrast between modern steam travelling and the packet and posting journeys of former days: yet a traveller who has with perfect ease and unconcern passed from Southampton Water to the Tagus in four days cannot without some wondering self-congratulation call to mind Fielding's long querulous Odyssey, 'The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon.' Let him not fail, however, to acknowledge, with gratitude to our great classic, that the world would have lost a great deal of entertainment, and some good instruction, if Fielding had gone to Lisbon by steam.

The first approach to Cadiz deserves a few additional words. Fortunate is the traveller who sees this city for the first time from the sea on a fine day. On the 22nd of April, after passing Cape St. Vincent early in the morning, we lost sight of the land about one in the afternoon, where the coast sweeps inward from Cape St. Mary. The sails were hauled down, and we passengers employed our time in anxious speculations upon the possibility of our being at sea another night. Between three and four the fair phantom of Cadiz gleamed upon us through a hazy atmosphere; it brightened, and the gay lines of chalk-white building shone out clear above

the massy sea-walls as we approached the port. There is no foreground; no gradation; the terraces seem to start at once from the sea, as Venice does (or did before there was a railway) when first seen from Fusina. But, after a short view, the mind, as well as the eye, finds a wide difference between the bright, flat, newly whited house-fronts of Cadiz and the time-tinted marble palaces and churches of Venice.

LETTER III.

The fish-market — A gentleman's house in Cadiz — An evening party — The weather — Walk of the Andalusian women — Theatre — 'El si de las Niñas' — The sainéte — Murillo's paintings — Watch-towers — General view of Cadiz — Costume — Spanish puffing — The guide.

Cadiz, April 24th, 1856.

I HAVE been taking a siésta, till disturbed (one o'clock) by the remonstrances of a man to his mul-*a* in the street; and found it come as naturally as if I had done it always. The Madrid went by this morning, carrying, I hope, my letter put into the consul's box yesterday.

I passed a great deal of yesterday in visiting. . . . I am told I have just missed the fair of Seville, which was made additionally gay by the King* of Portugal being there, on a visit, I believe, to the Montpensiers. Talking of the King—I landed on Tuesday at the great fish-market, and the people at the fish shambles made such a loud, eager, plaintive

* The ex-regent, who was commonly spoken of here as the king.

noise, as the manner of market-people is here, and the place was so filled with groups seeming both busy and idle, that I asked my porter (thinking something unusual was happening) whether there was a fiésta, or what was going on. A grave civic guard standing by said, "They are expecting the King of Portugal." Never was such a sacrifice to the supposed necessity of saying something: if the King's being expected three or four days hence made something that almost seemed to betoken a pronunciamiento, what must it be when he actually comes!

At three o'clock I called upon Doña C., and made a long visit. She received me most kindly, and was looking very well, in a dress of the Spanish mode, handsome but plain black. She showed me over her whole house, from the kitchen, which is a very stately one, to the roof. The rooms are very handsome, running round an inner court, and extending a great length backwards; crowded with pictures and pretty things, and everywhere as sweet, fresh, and airy as the most critical English senses could require. At the top of the house, up many steep flights of steps, is a terrace, where she says she is every morning at six o'clock cultivating her flowers, and a very pretty show they make. On the same terrace is her laundry, taken care of by a stout English-looking damsel (Pepa by name), with a goodly row of the huge water-jars of this country at her hand: for water here is not "laid on,"

but brought up by Gallego labour.* In the evening I went there to tea: it was merely a quiet gossiping party, in the window of the ground-floor room, on a level with the large square of San Antonio, where the shifting busy groups were a great part of our amusement. The window had, as usual, a strong ornamental ironwork (the reja) towards the street, but, as we sat on the level of the foot passengers, the idle boys did not scruple now and then to take a look in. I was quite enabled to understand how, at more quiet hours, love-making is, or used to be, carried on at a Spanish reja. When I arrived there were only Doña C., her sister, and two other ladies, one very pretty. When I found myself with three ladies, only one of whom spoke anything but Spanish, and that one not much, I wondered how I should get through the adventure, and stupid enough I was; but I made the best fight I could. Two or three gentlemen dropped in; one a medical doctor, I believe, who was fêted by having a little pan with hot charcoal sent for, to light his cigarillo: he smoked it out with great decorum, and invited me to do the same; but smoking a cigarillo in a party of

* The Galician peasant who exports himself to seek his fortune in other provinces is looked to in a Spanish family as the daily visitor for purposes of drudgery, and is called "*the*" Gallego, as, in a small country establishment in England, people talk of "*the*" pony.

ladies was too doubtful a manœuvre for such a novice as I am.

After tea, Doña C. sent over to the Casino (a club news-room) for an English gentleman to introduce me there, and I have the entrée while I stay.* Mr. G——, the Russian Consul, to whom M. de M—— introduced me, has asked me to join his party in a box at the theatre; the very thing I should have wished, as the performance is Moratin's comedy of 'El Si de las Niñas,' the first Spanish play I ever read.

April 25th.

The climate here does not deserve the compliment of sleeping siéstas, or keeping in-doors. We have had gales and rain during the night, and to-day wind still, and a sultry haze over the bay: the reefs of rocks (of which there are several in sight) look all white, as if the sea showed its teeth.† They say here that the

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* The Casino Gaditano was a pretty and well-ordered club-house, and in my two short residences at Cadiz I found it a very agreeable resource.

† Among them are Las Puércas (the sows), low islets of rock, just showing a flattish surface above the water, something like the flank of a swine. On one of these

spring has not well set in yet, and for this reason, and partly in consequence of the fêtes at Seville, I have been disappointed in the famous Alameda promenade, where I expected so much beauty and fascination. I have seen little indeed of either, though I live over the Alameda, and have gone out at the most approved hours. There is a certain number of lady-like women in black, with veil, mantilla, and fan, and sleek heads; of their feet the present style of dress prevents my saying much. I think, however, that, from the figures I have already seen, I understand the beauty of the Andalusian walk: the excellence of it is like that of a fine rider, who looks as if he were all one with his horse: a woman elsewhere does not always walk as if she were all one with herself; but here there is a harmony of motion in the whole form: the woman walks with her feet, hands, fan, elbows, head, all in tune; every part in a perfect understanding with the rest, and seeming as if born so. The particular movement of the feet is hidden by the long dresses, as it is with us; one judges of it by the effect.

I joined Mr. G. and his family in their box at the Teatro Principal; a very large theatre, but mournfully

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Villeneuve's Bucentaure, the unfortunate ship of an unfortunate admiral, was wrecked in the great storm after the battle of Trafalgar.

empty. 'El Si' went off but flatly: the actors were not bad (the dévote old lady who travels with a thrush, extremely good), but for the most part they were drearily respectable.* We had afterwards a

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* Or, as it was well expressed in Beresford's 'Miseries of Human Life,' "intolerably tolerable." In such hands the delicate animation of Moratin's genteel comedy (as it used to be called in the days of Cumberland) quite faints away.

Modern Cadiz has proud theatrical reminiscences, for Martinez de la Rosa's first tragedy, 'La Viuda de Padilla,' was produced here while the French were bombarding the city, in July 1812; not, however, at the Téatro Principal, for the enemy's shells were so troublesome there that a temporary wooden theatre was erected in a safer quarter. See 'Obras de F. Martinez de la Rosa,' vol. iii. p. 46, Paris, 1838; Schack, Geschichte, &c., vol. iii. p. 510, Berlin, 1846. The drama is not silenced by warlike alarms, as the laws are: at Paris crowds flocked to the 'Pie Voleuse' when the Allies were behind Montmartre; and in London during the riots of 1780, when thirty-six incendiary fires were blazing in the town, Colman's theatre in the Haymarket took 20*l.*—Colman's 'Random Records,' vol. i. p. 314. But Cadiz, in the summer of 1812, was crowded with a brilliant society, in which political exaltation gave an impulse to gaiety and the love of pleasure. See Toreno, Historia del Levantamiento, &c., de España, vol. iii. p. 103, Paris, 1838; and a lively description of Cadiz at this period in Salvandy's 'Don Alonso,' vol. iv. pp. 81–85, 4th ed., Paris, 1828.

sainéte * (broad farce), part of it good buffoonery enough, but I did not understand it much, and doubt if there was much to be understood. We did not get out till near twelve, and walked home, though it must have been nearly half a mile to Mr. G.'s: I do not think I saw any carriage at the doors, and the ladies walked away with as much unconcern as at mid-day. To be sure we had powerful protection, for there are watchmen (serénos) like our old "Charleys," who cry (the hour I suppose), and have not only lanterns, but a stout pike with a very short point. But I saw no unruly company. This place seems a very sociable and kind one; indeed I am so much at home that the lull in my travels is getting too great.

This morning I went to see some Murillos at the Capuchin Church, the only ones here which Ford

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* I think the title was El Labrador y el Usía (the Labourer and the Seigneur). The humour of one of the scenes, and good farce enough it was, lay in the performance of a ridiculous village orator who headed a deputation to the great man.

The sainéte, properly so called, appears to have been an interlude thrown in to relax the attention of the audience when it might be overstretched by the principal piece. For this purpose it could not be too grotesque. The intermède in Molière's 'Malade Imaginaire,' where Polichinelle frightens the archers of the watch, is a perfect French sainéte.

much praises. The altarpiece cost Murillo his life by a fall he had while painting it. It is a Marriage of St. Catherine, very clear and sweet in the style, but without much of the ideal about it. The head of a St. Francis, also by Murillo, struck me as exceedingly fine.

This town is remarkable for watch-towers; almost every considerable house has one, high above the leads, with accommodation for gazing about. I went to-day to one of the highest, Torre del Vigia,* which is in public use for a kind of semaphore: the view of Cadiz from it is exceedingly pretty, and unlike any of the kind I have seen; the town is so purely white, that it looks as if dug out of chalk, no smoke overhanging, and no trace of damp or soot. Two ominous weeds, however, have started up, an odious factory chimney belonging to a new cotton-mill, and the chimney of a gas-work. I hope the disfigurement will not spread. Cadiz is indeed a pretty place, though some of its aspects towards the sea must be dreadfully bleak and wind-beaten. The streets are narrow, except the Ancha (broad) Street, but airy and sweet, and you seldom go far without a view of the sea. The houses seem as if they were under perpetual whitewash, and you look down long bright vistas of these clean build-

* El vigia is a man stationed to keep a look-out for vessels.

ings, with wide projecting bay windows (not bow for they are square), the rejas and balconies painted of a lively green, and sometimes adorned with coloured curtains and awnings. The costume of the lower class of men is generally the cloak, sash, and round turban-like hat.* The gentlemen dress much as in other European towns, except when they wear the cloak; and the tone is that uniform one which commonly prevails in mercantile cities. Nobody seems in the slightest degree to notice what a stranger wears. As to buildings, I have not seen much of interiors except at one house; but the style seems to be handsome and comfortable. White marble is common, the stairs at my hotel are of it; and they use a very pretty cool but substantial mat, like the Indian, but made here of handsome brown and yellow patterns, often showing a good deal of taste.

'Don Juan Tenorio' is to be produced to-night "con el debido decoro" (with due decorum),† so I think I shall go and see a little of it.

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* Sombréro Calañes; a black hat with spacious brim rolled up all round, and adorned here and there with a small tuft: a lumpish head-piece enough when ill made or clownishly worn, but capable of a very arch and gallant effect, as may be seen in the pretty Spanish print (from a French artist's drawing) of the Empress Eugénie on horseback.

† An incorrect translation. I supposed the words to

Doña C. tells me she had been looking out, at your request, for a person properly qualified to be my guide, and had provided one who often attends her husband in his travels about Spain. She says he is de toda confianza (trustworthy to the utmost). I have seen him, and a fine-looking fellow he is; but he is under a shooting engagement with some other gentlemen, and it depends upon Doña C.'s diplomacy whether he can be got off or not. If he can, I shall accept him. I

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be a guarantee by the discreet manager that the old "Burlador de Sevilla" should not be let loose upon the people of Cadiz without certain precautions; but it seems that "el debido decoro" means only a suitable getting up. Puffing has its own rhetoric in all countries, and in Spain its expressions are grave and stately, as might be expected. I have seen at Algeciras "Casa de pupilos, con *desenza*" (decencia); boarding-house kept, with decency. At Zaragoza, in 1857, I observed a traiteur's announcement in the words, "Se da de comer con equidad y decencia al estilo de Barcelona." "Dinners given with equity and decency in the style of Barcelona." One can conceive an equity in the management of a dinner-table; but on another house I saw, "Se riza y corta el pelo, y afeita, con equidad." "Hair curled and cut, and shaving done, with equity." What equity has to do with clipping and trimming I do not venture to guess.

While correcting this page I am told by a Spanish friend that "equidad, in their jargon, means reasonable terms."

took money at my banker's to-day, and asked if there was much chance of being parted from it on the road to Gibraltar; he said there was none at all, the roads were guarded and quite safe. Mr. G. tells me the same. This letter will go by Madrid and France. Recollect not to "esquire" me when you write.

My man has just been with me, and seems confident of making the trip. A more strapping, poaching-looking varlet could not well have been picked up. How I shall understand his Andalusian snuffle, time must show. As to robbery, with such a companion it is a mercy if I do not rob somebody else. The roads are vile, he says.

LETTER IV.

Hospitality — Mrs. Blanco's flâons — 'Don Juan Tenorio' — Xerez — Wine-stores — The Cartuja — Pictures — Roderick's last battle-field — The manta — Tea-party — April weather — Zorrilla — Calderon's 'Magico Prodigioso' — Calderon and Lovelace.

Saturday, April 26th

PORTÉLA, my intended guide, has got his licence to attend me. The gentleman who had engaged him has resigned him to Doña C., so now you will consider me, for some time to come, under the direction of this Mentor. He seems to be a person universally known, and is familiar, they say, with Ronda and all the wild places on my intended journey. This excellent lady spoils me with kindness. One thing that rather amuses me in this seemingly safe town is that she will not even let me go home at night without a man to attend me. I dined with her yesterday, and of course revelled in Spanish table luxuries* till I was ready

* I do not recollect that my hotel was eminent in this respect; but Mrs. Blanco's flâons (a sweet solid custard) recommended themselves both as a very good thing and as a pleasant interpretation of a word sometimes used by old English writers :—

"Fall

to say "No puedo mas" (je n'en puis plus). I told her that I thought of going to 'Don Juan Tenorio,' and I found my billet taken, and her sister, Doña T., ready to go as a companion. This was a little formidable at first, as she speaks only Spanish, but she is a very kind and agreeable person, and, notwithstanding the shock to my idleness, I was very glad she went. The house was very well filled, and she introduced me to several persons, whom I found pleasant neighbours. The 'Don Juan' was a new version (poetical, but not musical) of the Don Giovanni story, somewhat modern and sentimental, but, as far as I could judge, written with great spirit. Zorrilla is the author. The statue comes to supper; but there is a churchyard full of statues, and you are taken to it twice; and the Don is saved, at last, by main force: while the Comendador grasps him by one hand, a nun statue catches him by the other, and in this position he repents of his crimes off hand, and cheats the devil. Don Juan was exceedingly well acted by a man from Madrid, who reminds me of Devrient. I was told he was a person of good family, and bred to mercantile life, not the stage. The nun too recited well, though she was fat and looked like an

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"Fall to your cheesecakes, curds, and clouted cream,
Your fools, your *flawns*."
JONSON, *Sad Shepherd*, act i. scene 2.

Cadiz, as well as some of the other Andalusian towns, is great in confectionery.

overgrown white moth. It was very late and very tedious; and I had to be up at six to go to Xerez.

The morning gun always wakes me at daybreak, and long before six the waiter, who had been ordered to call me, burst into my room to inquire what time it was. I had a miscellaneous journey: walk to the Mole, about a mile off, in the port of Cadiz; steam to Port Sta. Maria, an hour's voyage; omnibus to the railway; railway about twenty minutes to Xerez.* Xerez is a very old and said to be a very wealthy town, the metropolis of the sherry vineyards and wine-merchants; it seemed to me, however, a dull and slovenly place. I went to M. Domecq's stores with my letter of introduction from London, and was shown over their great halls, as large as churches, full of huge butts, which you are hospitably allowed to taste. I sipped amontillado, plain sherry, muscatel, and what we should call East India sherry, dark brown and burning, but a hundred years old.† Domecq's are said to be the oldest storehouses here.

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* A line of passage much frequented by the Cadiz people, both for business and for pleasure; Xerez (now more usually spelt Jerez) being the destination for one purpose, Vista Alegre for the other.

† So styled, I imagine, and fairly, under the same law of identity by which a raven is said to be a hundred years old, though not an atom about him is that which came out of the egg.

A sight I more wished to see was the Cartuja (Carthusian convent), three or four miles from the town. The rain had so spoiled the road that a calesa could not travel it, and I was prevailed upon to go on horseback, taking a guide from the town, of course on horseback too. Time rather pressed, and I suppose it is the fashion of people who hire horses at Xerez to "go ahead;" but my guide set off at a pretty round pace, my own horse was not at all loth to follow, and we got from canter to gallop. I found the Spanish saddle and stirrups do very well, and was glad to gain time, having uneasy thoughts about the train homeward. It was a green, bleak country, bearing grass and grain (here and there vines in sight), stretching to the banks of the Guadalete, which are low and sandy; the road running generally in small ravines, and often bordered with aloes and prickly pears. Much slush we went through, and some odd places we scrambled over, to escape bad steps in the road, till I saw the Cartuja, standing majestically on a plateau near the Guadalete: a noble mass of building, partly in the Gothic, and partly in what is called the Renaissance style. The convent was one of the establishments condemned a few years since, and now in the hands of government. The offices and outbuildings have been demolished, and the rest is at mercy. A government official gave leave for my being shown over the interior, and a very old man attended me. It is the first specimen I have

yet seen of the Spanish church magnificence, for there is nothing worth the name at Cadiz. I was led first into a beautiful cloister, four wide walks under Gothic arches; large, and of a light style, surrounding an open space planted with cypresses as high as the building: the ground between is now made useful with beans. The whole cloister, I think, is about equal in extent to Covent Garden, measured from the outer side of the arcades. All was in complete solitude, and a nightingale pouring out the most beautiful melody from one of the trees. My old guide, who was enthusiastic about the whole place, said that this bird was the chief of all nightingales, and besides his own song could imitate the note of every bird in the neighbourhood. The refectory, the chapter-house, and the great church were all princely and desolate, nearly perfect, though showing some ill-usage; the beautiful inlaid tiles almost all in their places, and some of the gilt mouldings as fresh as if they had been finished yesterday. The convent garden had flowers still, and there was an orangery with some blossoms. The private gardens attached to the cells had still some appearance of their old destination. A modern ruin like this, though not so solemn as an ancient one, is more affecting, as it brings back so much more forcibly the thought of human life and its reverses. The effigy of the poor founder, cut in a large slab on the floor in front of the high altar, looked melancholy

enough in the midst of all the desolation. A churchman whom I met at Doña C.'s says that a number of fine pictures belonging to the convent (some by Zurbaran) were disposed of by way of sale without any regard to their value.* To judge from the Spanish newspapers, and what I hear in conversation, the fate of this fine building excites a good deal of interest, and I hope the government will not be barbarous enough to let it go to wreck.

From the convent I had a full view of the battle-field near the Guadalete, where Roderick, the last of the Goths, was defeated by the Arabs; the green solitude may have remained as it was from that time downwards, for there is no object or circumstance in the immediate view, except the convent itself, at variance with that impression.†

* They are enumerated in the description of the Cartuja by Ponz, Viage de España (vol. xvii. p. 276, Madrid, 1792). Some (the refuse, according to Mr. Ford) are in the Museum at Cadiz (Handbook, part i. pp. 134, 158, 3rd ed.). One, the Adoration of the Magi, mentioned by Ponz, is conjecturally identified by Mr. Stirling with a picture on that subject in the Cathedral of Cadiz (Annals of the Artists of Spain, vol. ii. p. 775). The finest, Mr. Ford says, "passed into England, having been sold dog-cheap at the sales of Louis-Philippe and Mr. Standish in 1853."

† Among the doubts which overshadow the romantic history of King Roderick, reasons have been alleged for

I returned at a more modest pace to the railway station, being now secure of my time. The railway carriages are pretty and comfortable, and the management seems good. The voyage from Port St. Mary to Cadiz was very disagreeable, with a rough sea, contrary wind, and a small boat, crowded with a body of soldiers on their march, who soon broke into explosions of sea-sickness.

I forgot to mention that I bought my manta and alforjas at Xerez, which is an approved depôt for such things. The manta is not at all of a showy pattern, though thoroughly Spanish. I saw a gay Valencian one with a wide (dirty) fringe, but the texture was slighter, and I thought the other more serviceable and in better taste, which I was strongly

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supposing that the great scene of this battle was not on the banks of the Guadalete, but on the lake of La Janda, near Medina Sidonia. (See the notes to book iv. c. 2, of Gayangos's 'History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain': London, 1840.) The learned author admits, however, that the battle may have ended on the Guadalete, and this view is adopted by Mr. Ford (Handbook, pp. 148, 158, 3rd edit.). Thus we may save alive the quibble of Lope de Vega, cited by Southey in a note on Roderick (Works, vol. ix. p. 271, 1838), that the Guada-lete should cease to be called *Water of Lethe*, since it had witnessed a never-to-be-forgotten catastrophe; and may believe that La Janda was the Quatre Bras of which Xerez was the Waterloo.

confirmed in by Portela. I took him to Xeres from Port St. Mary, where he lives, that he might help me in these purchases. I drank tea with Doña C., two elderly lady visitors, and a priest with a Don Basilio hat; a clever man apparently, with a dejected but remarkably clear voice and very distinct articulation.

Sunday, 27th April.

Another gusty morning, with rain; quite an English April, though with a softer atmosphere. I have discovered that Cadiz, at this time, is a watering-place out of season; in next month and July it will be full of company. If I get a day or two here on my return, I hope to see it in its glory. Lord Byron's "dark blue sea," I suppose, is deferred till the season; at present there is no such colour.

Doña C. insists upon my dining with her again to-day, so I must close this. My horses are gone to Chiclana, and I meet them there early to-morrow morning. The weather is improving, but they say such a rainy winter and spring in Spain are not remembered, and I see that the destruction of the roads will be a difficulty, real or alleged, wherever I go. But patience, incredulity, and early rising will do a good deal, I hope.

We have only to-day got a newspaper from England later than the day of my leaving it. This will go overland.

NOTE.

The provincial reception of Don José Zorrilla's play, if such a test be a true one in Spain, gave proof that the writer had not lost the popularity which he enjoyed some years ago. Schack (Geschichte der dramatischen Literatur und Kunst in Spanien, vol. iii. p. 518), speaks of Zorrilla in 1846 as a young poet threatening to eclipse his competitors in lyric, narrative, and dramatic verse. The edition of his works published at Paris in 1852 consists of three closely printed octavo volumes. His facility appears to have been extraordinary; but the German critic, while applauding the richness and exuberance of a talent which, he says, occasionally ascends to the level of Lope and Calderon, laments his hasty and volatile habit of writing, and the want of finish and ripeness in his productions. The few plays of Zorrilla which I have read confirm this criticism. They open with a promising effervescence, but pall long before the conclusion. His dialogue (as far as my small knowledge of Spanish enables me to judge) is often very pointed and dramatic, sometimes poetical. His opening scenes have a spirit and an air of originality which raise lively expectations; but the sequel languishes, and, whether from want of resources, or from impatience of

continued effort, the conclusion sinks into weakness, or wanders away in extravagance.

In 'Don Juan Tenorio' the catastrophe takes place in a "Panteón" where monuments have been erected to the victims of his licentiousness or ferocity. The scene has already been shown in a previous act, with the stone-cutter touching off his last performance. One of his works is the statue of Doña Inéz, the novice, who had been snatched by death from the Don's unhallowed enterprises, and, by some unaccountable chance, had left in his mind a sentimental passion. The lady-statue informs him that Heaven has commissioned her to offer him a short season for repentance; and the conclusion is a medley of the 'Convidado de Piedra,' 'The Siege of Corinth,' and 'Robert le Diable.' Molière, in 'Le Festin de Pierre,' introduces an awkward female spectre, who utters a warning without success; and, in 'El Convidado,' Molina (who has treated this story far better than any other dramatist within my knowledge) makes the libertine ask for a confessor just as the infernal gulf is opening, the unseasonableness of which demand is properly pointed out by the Comendador. But that Don Juan should repent and be saved is worse than calling in the mob to shout a reprieve for Captain Macheath.

One speech in Zorrilla's play, delivered with great feeling and energy by the actor, and evidently greeted as a favourite passage by the audience, was the seductive address of Don Juan to the novice when he has borne her from her convent to his country-house on the Guadalquivir. The imagery, the soft flow of the verse, the appeal to all surrounding natural objects as inspiring love, and the word "amor" completing the cadence at

the end of every period, called to my mind a beautiful scene in Calderon's 'Magico Prodigioso,' which Zorrilla manifestly imitates, though with the spirit of a poet, not of a mere copyist. It is that in which the Christian virgin Justina is subjected to the immediate temptation of the Evil Spirit, and, under his influence, the sights and sounds hitherto most peaceful and unblameable, the vine, the nightingale, the sun-flower, suggest images of the earthly passion against which her soul has been religiously closed: and when, with increasing perturbation, she asks herself the meaning of this "tumult in a vestal's veins," an unseen minstrelsy breaks in at every pause of her soliloquy with the chaunt—"Amor, amor!"

Calderon was happy in the artificial grace (too artificial to be dramatic according to modern conception) of casting a speech into short divisions, each closed by a refrain ending upon the same word. One instance of this, if it rightly strikes me, ought to have a peculiar interest for English readers. It is in 'La Vida es Sueño,' where the imprisoned Sigismund, in a long poetical soliloquy, harps upon the word "liberty." The turn of these lines irresistibly brings to my mind the fine Cavalier lyric of Richard Lovelace, "To Althea, from prison." The course of thought is the same in each, though in opposite directions: Sigismund compares himself to the birds, the fishes, the wild beasts, the running stream, and exclaims, as he contemplates each in turn—

"Y teniendo yo mas alma,
Tengo menos libertad?"

"Y teniendo yo mas vida,
Tengo menos libertad?"

"While with more life gifted, I
Am denied its liberty."

"But with more of soul than it,
I am grudged its liberty."

Lovelace sings of the winds, the fishes, angels, gods, and the close of each stanza is almost an echo of Calderon:—

"Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty."

"Enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty."

Neither chronology nor history forbids the supposition that Lovelace may have caught up a melody from the 'Vida es Sueño.'

The justly popular writer whose translation I have cited ('Life's a Dream,' &c., 'with an Essay,' &c., 'by Richard Chenevix Trench,' London, 1856) does not notice this resemblance (perhaps might not admit it), and has lessened it by not always making (as Calderon does) the recurrent line end with the word "liberty."

I have lately heard with great pleasure that the Cartuja is to be preserved as a national monument, on the intercession principally of the Duc de Montpensier.

LETTER V.

Evenings at Doña C.'s — Venta de Vejer — The landlady's misfortunes — Journey from Cadiz — Isle of Leon — San Fernando — Chiclana — The roads — Vejer — Journey to Tarifa — A carbineer — Venta of Taibilla — The sea-shore — Africa — Lodging at Tarifa — The town — Female costume — Supper at the venta — The fort — Scenery — Road-mending in Spain — View of Gibraltar — Algeciras — Gibraltar.

Venta de Vejer, April 28th, 1856.

I TOOK leave of that kindest of women last night, really ashamed of all the trouble she has given herself about me. Even this morning she was up at half-past five, dismissing my guide, who slept at her house, and giving him charges and cautions. I wish you could possibly be at one of her evening gossips: nothing can be more different from our English style. You dine in a parlour which looks to the Plaza, but runs back very deep into the house: and the table is placed so as to command the central marble paved court round which all the rooms run, and to have a view of every one who comes into the house; the door of the room is open, and very often she has something to say to those who pass. Before dinner is well over, callers begin to drop in, and perhaps sit down to the table and take

some sweets; then all adjourn to the window, and take seats looking into the square, on a level with the foot passengers. Yesterday three ladies came in, a mother with two young daughters, both pretty, and smart specimens of Andalusian belles. The two señoritas perched themselves in the corners of the window sill, and we seniors sat round. The dialogue of the ladies, though I did not half understand it, amused me excessively: a loud, eager, staccato talk, rattled out with prodigious haste, and yet with firmness and precision; as if any one had been running up and down stairs in pattens: and it seemed to be pretty much cut into lengths, each delivering herself, as if of so many couplets, and then another taking up the conversation in the same way: heads, hands, and fans all working and helping the argument. They were discussing the moral of 'Don Juan Tenorio.' After a while you return to the table to tea, and by that time some visitors have gone, and others drop in: all go quite early.

I am now in one of the roughest of my journeys, at a real Spanish Venta, but not destitute of all food; the very dialogue took place about killing a hen which I was taught at home in one of my Spanish lessons. The place is a small square court with rooms round it, the upper ones opening upon a balcony. Mine had literally nothing, when I first went up, but the clean whited walls and a tressel, which it will require some activity to jump upon presently; but in a wonderfully

short time the mistress of the house, a gaunt but pleasant-looking woman, and her daughter, rather handsome, brought in chairs, rush mats, a table and bedding, and made the place habitable. There are no glazed windows, only doors opening against the hill side; two doors opposite look out upon the balcony and court. The posada is by a river, at the foot of a mountainous height, on the top of which is the old Moorish town of Vejer. For five months this winter and spring the house was unapproachable in the way of business, there being so much water out: the people had to live upon their capital, and were almost in despair. The poor woman related this to me with so much energy that Portéla came up, I really believe thinking that she was scolding me, for it sounded like it. "Llegamos vestidos, y salimos en cuéros," she said: "We come with clothes on, and we go away stripped to the skin;" a proverbial expression, I suppose. We are well looked after here at least, for there is a post of Royal Carbineers next door to us. I have had the trial of my tea apparatus,* and with tea and fried eggs, and very good bread, see no great cause yet to complain of the posada.

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* On the suggestion of a Spanish friend experienced in travelling, I carried not only tea, but a small tea-kettle and teapot with me; and I had reason to be thankful for the advice.

To begin more methodically; I left Cadiz at half past seven in an open calêche to meet the horses at Chiclana. The drive at first was along a narrow, sandy tongue of land which connects Cadiz with the Isle of Leon, and is cut asunder by a fort, the Cortadura. On one side of it is the inner harbour of Cadiz; on the other, the main sea, and sands: a bark wrecked some weeks ago still lies there. The Isle itself (the scene of so many political events in our time) is a dreary place, looking flat and swampy, and a good deal occupied by the government saltpans: the salt stands in the open air in pyramidal stacks, which, I was told, do not suffer from the weather. San Fernando, the capital of the Isle, is a smart-looking town with a wide foot pavement, and more than necessary breadth in the street, yet the pavement so badly kept that we were obliged at one place to turn into a side street to get by. I saw the house (a long, rather ugly, yellow one) where the Cortes so much talked of during the French invasion used to assemble. Chiclana stands upon a hill, looking over the swampy ground of the isle, and is much resorted to from Cadiz. I was not able to see much beauty in it. Portéla took me to a comfortable little posada where I had an excellent breakfast, and some wine, a kind of Amontillado, made in the house, and very good. The horses were then brought out and loaded, and we began our ride about one in the afternoon. Portéla leads the way upon one,

I follow, and then comes a third rider who has the charge of the baggage. I objected to the additional man at first, but since our journey began I have seen that one man and horse would hardly have done for the work we have, on so rough a journey, and with roads (or tracks) so torn up by the weather. The second man does not receive any daily wages from me, and he enables Portéla to devote himself more exclusively to my service.*

We were soon clear of Chiclana, and upon a wide lone expanse of green country, grass, shrubs, and scattered low wood; on the right the sea,† and the famous heights of Barrosa; on the left, at a great distance, a broken line of mountains, upon one of which, conspicuous all over the country, is the old Moorish town of Medina Sidonia, built, as their fashion was, on the shoulder of the hill, and remarkable by its whiteness as well as its position. We had a road, but it was little more than a track, and we continually swerved from

* Townsend (Journey through Spain, vol. i. p. 1) advises that a traveller who rides should have two servants; moreover, that one should be a Spaniard and the other a Swiss; and that each should have a gun slung by the side of his mule. This, however, was the travelling of seventy years ago.

† The round-topped promontory of Conil was the chief landmark on the coast. I tried, but in vain, to catch sight of Cape Trafalgar.

it, picking our way among the shrubs and bushes. Presently we mounted a steep height, and on the other side had a wide-spreading prospect, but still quite lonesome, of a beautiful park-like country, not unlike the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells. Another steep ascent, and we came to a stone-built water-mill of very antique and romantic appearance, discharging at a furious rate towards the valley beyond; and on the heights opposite was the antique white town of Vejer, not on the shoulder, but on the summit of the mountain. I have never yet seen a town that seemed so completely removed out of the mortal world: perched where it is, it does not seem to associate itself with any business of life, and you think only of the banished and dead ancient Moors.† We wound our way into the

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* For a league or more, two rural damsels on horseback, upon smart saddles, of the country fashion, with high handles decorated in toyshop style, bore us company in threading these small wildernesses. Portela, who was always at home with a petticoat, and had a touch of the militaire (which he had once been), seemed to beguile their way very gallantly, but the Andalusian small talk far outstripped my comprehension.

† Captain Scott, who ascended to Vejer, says that, "taken altogether, it is a much better town than could be expected, considering its truly out-of-the-way situation;" and that there is a fine view from the steeple. (Excursions in the Mountains of Ronda and Granada,

vale by steep watery tracks which seemed to be partly rock and partly the ruins of an old causeway, the earth completely washed away, and great chasms yawning between the stones. This brought us into the valley, where there were trees, fences, farm-houses, gurgling waters, and nightingales singing; but still an effect of loneliness and dampness which was heightened by the chilliness of the evening. We then very soon arrived at the banks of the river Barbate, and the Venta de Vejer, our lodging for the night. I slept, not without disturbance, but well enough. A nightingale consoled me for being awake too early in the morning.

29th April.

Our journey for to-day was to Tarifa by way of the Venta de Taibilla. As I was dressing, Portéla

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1838, vol. ii. p. 52.) He observes of the venta: "There is not a better halting-place between Cadiz and Gibraltar; albeit, many stories are told of robberies committed even within its very walls. Let the traveller take care, therefore, to show his pistols to mine host, and to lock his bed-room door" (p. 53). I have seen the same hint as to the exhibition of arms at Vejer in another book of travels, the name of which I forget. Possibly the Carbineers' station noticed above (p. 50) may have helped to correct the old state of things.

came to me and said some carbineers were going by the Taibilla road, and if we made haste we might join them. I made a doggish kind of toilette (but in these wilds the sun shines on the unclean as on the clean), and, after a hurried cup of tea which he had got ready for me, we started.* The carbineer (it was only one) had set off, and we had to track and inquire after him through sandy pathways and woods, till at last we caught sight of him, and we kept him company all the way: he was a little rough-looking man, riding a small mule, which was attended by a small boy who walked all the way. I do not think all three would have struck much terror into the enemy if we had met with any, but authority commands respect, and perhaps they would have been awed by the decorations he wore at his button-hole, though not by his little cutlass (he had no carbine that I could see) or his little half-boots and bare legs.

Some of this woodland road, down hill especially, was frightfully bad: steep pitches among flat stones or loose round ones, or clayey mud. Moreover a heavy shower came on and obliged me to take to my manta. This, when I have popped my head through it, covers body and legs, and part of the horse, but does not protect the neck: it keeps the alforjas dry,

* Soon after six. We reached the Venta de Taibilla at twenty minutes before eleven.

however, in which I carry books, tea, brandy, my tin teapot and kettle, bread, eggs, and other nicknacks. The wood was very pretty, consisting very much of ilex and cork-trees, but we presently left it, and emerged upon a vast clammy bog, spreading far and wide, and dismally green, to distant mountains, another of those scenes of lonesomeness on a great scale which so much strike you when you begin to travel in Spain. It is not desolation, like Stainmoor (though even there you see more traces of man, for instance in the dry-stone walls), but the total abandonment by man of what seems calculated for his use. By and bye some low walls, which at a distance looked like a cattle-shed, proved to be the Venta of Taibilla, with a police station adjoining, where two authoritative men in three-cornered hats peered out at our gallant companion on the mule. These civil and military establishments are not so much for the safety of travellers, I believe, as to check the smuggling between Gibraltar and the interior. *

We made an hour's halt at the venta: the salon was a hovel with no light but from the door; but it was gaily decked with green boughs, stars neatly

* The prevention of smuggling is the business of the Carabineros: the general safety of the roads is watched over by the Guardia Civil. The men at Taibilla were of the latter service.

made of green leaves and fixed against the white walls, and a kind of altar, formed of greenery too. All this was in preparation for the fiésta of the Cross of the 3rd of May,* when the venta is to be very lively. The people told me that this place is a great resort of the officers from Gibraltar, who make parties here to shoot woodcocks (or snipes) and wild ducks, and, if I understood rightly, to course hares. Some were here in the bad weather last winter, and were a week without being able to do anything, but were very merry nevertheless. There is a pass from Taibilla (the Trocha) which leads to Gibraltar by a much shorter cut than the roads I have taken.

From the Taibilla we turned across the moor in the direction of the sea, and came underneath a line of green and stony mountain with picturesque wood at its base. There was a little wooden cross nailed against an ilex. Portéla remarked, "Aqui matáron á uno" (here they killed one). I asked how long ago; he said, "Ha tiempo!" (oh! a long time since). Our road led us gently down toward the coast, and, turning a huge headland, we were upon the seashore, with the gloomy coast of Africa spreading each way before us. But the south-west wind had brought such a haze over the straits that I could only trace the out-

* This Maying is noticed in Doblado's Letters, p. 301, Letter 9.

lines of the mountains. Africa has been sometimes called a land of mystery, and it was so to me this evening. The lighthouse and fortress of Tarifa, the southernmost point of Spain, were now full in our view, and we rode along the sands with a bitter wind blowing at our backs. An old Moorish tower perched upon a high rock was a striking object on our left. Nothing is more tedious than approaching a conspicuous place on the sea-side: you make so many strides without ever seeming to get nearer. We did at last reach it, about half past five, and never was I more disappointed. I had imagined a quaint, but gay little place, with Christian-like accommodations. Portéla led me through a doorway in a white wall * into a bad, small stable-yard, on one side of which, opening upon the yard, was a lock-up, destined to be my "cuarto" for the night. Vejer was elegant in comparison. There was a window, but small, and out of my reach, and the wooden shutter had to be closed, for there was no glass: so too had the door, or else dogs, pigs, and cats might walk in, in addition to what could creep (and did, as I saw in the morning) between the door and the ground. Much as I was

* A dozen or more of lazy fellows were lounging with their backs against this wall, which did not mend the general sinister appearance. Close by were the ruins of the old convent; a scene of dirt and desolation.

prepared to "rough it" on this journey, my heart died within me. They brought in my bedding. One of the pillow-cases was marked with the slaughter of many animals, but this they had the grace to change. There was no better lodging to be had, Portéla told me, either in this house or elsewhere; and I could not, at this time, discover anything to the contrary.* The posada was just outside the town gate, which, I was told, shut at nine o'clock and opened at six in the morning: why they shut it, except for something to do, I cannot guess.

The town is distinct from the fort, and has still all its old walls, gates, and Moorish towers. A tragical-looking man, with a long face, turban hat (the common Spanish one), and a cloak down to his heels, but disclosing a very shabby suit of clothes, offered to show me round the town. It is curious, as being confined within the old Moorish limits, and those very small ones; the streets narrow, white, and sepulchral, looking as if made of backs of houses instead of fronts. There was a great number of cloaked and turban-hatted

* I have since heard that Tarifa has better accommodation; the Handbook, for once, notices no inn. I discovered, before I had travelled far, that Portéla, with all his accomplishments in the field, was an indifferent quartermaster, and I was obliged generally, with the able assistance of my book, to take this matter into my own hands.

men, however, lounging in the more than cool of the evening; but the most remarkable figures were the women, who wear black dresses, and the black mantle thrown entirely over the head, and meeting across the face in the oriental fashion; some shroud the face so that you cannot discern any part of it. It is striking to see these black spectres gliding up and down the white streets, and in and out of the church. As to their beauty and grace, of which Ford says a great deal, I was not lucky enough to see much of it: he says the beauty is derived from the Moors, and I could see in both sexes something of what, I suppose, he means; animated black eyes, with eyebrows finely arched and very near the eye. The chief walk of Tarifa is a flagged pavement by the side of a muddy river in the middle of the town fronting the Italian façade of the principal church; quite a Flemish picture when some of the black women are crossing it, and the burghers lounging on the flags. The views from the rampart walks, up and down the coast and across the island, as it is called, where the fort is, are very striking. One of the towers has an inscription (half defaced, though modern) in honour of Alonso de Guzman, who defended this place against the Moors five or six hundred years ago, and refused to surrender it, though they threatened to murder his son if he held out, and the threat was fulfilled. The tower in front of which the tragedy took place bears the inscription.

As to my night's lodging, the bitterest ills have their alleviation; the people gave me an excellent supper, partly of fresh sardines, which I particularly affect, some fried in oil, and some dressed with an excellent sauce. I went to bed, and tried the elaborate night-dress, which I had not yet worn, and whether there were no animals in the bedding, or whether this panoply kept them out, I had eight hours of complete unconsciousness, and got up quite refreshed.

How differently one is situated in travelling, one night and another! Last night I was in the den I have been describing, without a sight even of the sky: to-night (Algeciras, April 20th), I am in a cheerful room with a balcony looking over Algeciras Bay and all the rock and town of Gibraltar.

I got leave this morning, and every facility was given very kindly,* to go round the fort of Tarifa It is joined to the land by a sandy causeway, but its whole circumference is rock: the lighthouse is within it, and batteries front the sea and land in every direction. There is a great deal of fine open space, now covered with turf and wild flowers, upon which I was told four

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* An officer of the garrison sent word that he would attend me, and did so with a courtesy for which I was very grateful.

regiments could exercise;* very healthy and pleasant in spring and summer, but in winter the sea washes over the place from side to side. The African view this morning was very fine; all the long line of mountains clearly displayed, and the towns of Ceuta and Tangier conspicuous on the water's edge. You are here at the very narrowest point of the Strait of Gibraltar. A great round mountain to the eastward was named to me as Monte Bulione. For a minute I did not recognise by this name the classical Mount Abyla, one of the Pillars of Hercules. My guide of last night attended me again this morning. I had taken him for some reverend burgess, frowned upon by fortune, but he proved to be a common valet-de-place, wide awake for his fee.

Leaving Tarifa about ten (in the present weather there is no ceremony about mid-day travelling), we toiled up the Sierra de Tarifa: the views downward of mountain and blue sea were glorious, but the road was heartbreaking. After a time Portela asked a

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* Perhaps, however, my friendly conductor did not speak strictly within compass; for, when I asked him how far the guns of the seaward batteries would carry, he said, "Oh! half across the Strait."

Ariosto, when he makes Orlando swim the Strait, does not condescend to carry him over this narrowest part, but takes him from "Zizera" to "Setta;" that is (I suppose), from Algeciras to Ceuta. Canto xxx. st. 10-15.

woman whom we met (with a tiny pig following her like a dog) how the road was farther on; she said, "Piedra, fango, todo!" (stone, mud, everything!); and so it proved. The winter rains had ruined the highways surely enough; but I asked my guide if it was not somebody's business to mend them at some time. He said the government took it in hand sometimes, but, like other things in Spain, it is begun, and money supplied, and then los intendentes (the superintendents)—and he made a sign towards his mouth, intimating that they eat it up. Yet this road seems to be a good deal travelled; we met a great many country-people; some (who were conveying loads on horseback) with guns at their hands, but not likely I should think, by the glimpse I had of the locks, to do any sudden execution. We walked a good deal, out of compassion to the horses, for it seemed as if their bones must have been dislocated by the struggles and plunges they had to make. Near the top of the mountain we came to a beautiful wood, quite a park scene, of ilex and cork-trees; a fine full mountain stream running through it, and the nightingales making melody. Hereabout we saw another cross in memory of a murder. At the top of the ridge of hill dividing the Tarifa coast from that of Algeciras a new sea-view broke upon us, and there, at its full length, was the glorious rock of Gibraltar; a mountain in the midst of the sea, for the sandy neck that

joins it to the main land hardly catches the attention at first. The sense of home when you see it is quite electrical; the place is known to you from of old in a thousand ways; and a piece of Old England seems transported into Spain. Algeciras soon after came into view; a long and still painful descent of the Sierra de Algeciras brought us to it a little before four, and here, upon a lively bustling beach, with a good deal of the seaside aspect of England itself,* I am quartered at the French hotel, which, however, speaks English, and boasts of being a favourite with our people. I had intended to sleep at Gibraltar, but we should have been late, and the poor horses really required mercy.

On looking over this letter, I think I may have given you the idea of too absolute desolation in the country I have passed through. That is the character that dwells on your mind, but here and there are cultivated spots. Several times I saw green wheat,† and once a long line of men at farm labour; and now and then the lark and cuckoo remind you of spring days in England.

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* There was a promenade on the pier, tolerably well frequented by the good company, male and female, of the little watering-place. A daily steamboat ran between Algeciras and the Rock.

† The composition of roofs is generally a significant circumstance in the aspect of a country: the Taibilla venta was roofed with thatch.

Gibraltar, May 1st, Thursday.

I arrived here at ten, after a delightful ride round the bay. I am very glad I did not come to this place first after the sea voyage; it is so completely England, though with a dash of Spain: a curious contrast to Cadiz and Tarifa; far less so to Southampton. I am glad to have finished the first and one of the most arduous parts of my journey with so much pleasure and without feeling much fatigue, or meeting with any terrific adventure, though I had prepared for these so wisely as to stick two gold Isabels into my shaving soap, thinking this would probably be the last thing the thieves would want to take. This goes, I hope, by a Liverpool packet to-day.

LETTER VI.

Gibraltar — The inhabitants — The Alameda — Evening military parade — English greetings — The horses — Mozo — Europa Point — Trees, flowers, and scenery — Some wants at Gibraltar — The heights — The galleries — St. Michael's Cave — O'Hara's Tower — Cathedral and chapel — Watching for arrivals.

Gibraltar, May 1st, 1856.

NOTHING I have ever seen in my travels is so striking as the transition from Spain, such as I have partly described it in my other letters, to Gibraltar. A few furlongs of sand and a barrier as simple as a turnpike (in one part of which you are asked in plain English whether you are a British subject, and in another whether you have brought any spirits, &c., and you are then passed on) launch you at once into a Spanish England; English uniform, English costume and physiognomy, English method and solidity: the names of the streets, the announcements on the shops, the traffic, are all English. The principal hotel is the Clubhouse; another the Queen's Arms; the tavern is the Cock and Bottle. The soldiers, young and old, look business-like, simple-minded, and thoughtful: men have the

appearance of being bound to duty, and "tied to time:" women are dressed as in Portland Place. All around are the tremendous appearances of the power which has made and keeps this great conquest: a mountain honeycombed and embossed with batteries. The general scenery is something like that of Dover, but on a grander scale, and more military; the eastern precipice is steeper than Shakspeare's Cliff, and very much higher.

The appearances of the place however are not all English: the buildings are generally in our plain taste, mostly, of course, rebuilt since the siege which ended in 1783,* but, seen all together in a vista, they have a touch of the Spanish too. The figures in the streets are an endless variety: English officers in uniform or plain clothes, Andalusian majos, Jews robed and turbaned, a Spanish courtesan taking up the whole foot pavement, a stiffly dressed English lady with her maid and children; a train of Moors with white and red turbans, bare legs, and yellow slippers; and Africans from I do not know what region, grim and swarthy, hooded in white (or whity-brown rather), and wrapped in mantles of the same down to the heels. One of these, a very tall fellow, was walking alone down the centre of the street to-night like a spectre,

* On the old foundations and plan. Drinkwater (Colonial Library Ed.), ch. ii., p. 17, note.

but I believe looking after the women. A few Spanish ladies appear, in the usual graceful costume of the country, speaking with their fans. Spanish gentlemen are not very prominent. This morning there was a grand parade on the exercising ground just out of the fortress towards the Spanish lines;* a very goodly show of red coats.

After dinner I walked in the Alameda, a kind of park parade of modern English growth, handsome and spacious and well gardened; but very different from the snug, sociable, flirting, Alameda of Spain. Here a band played till near sunset, and the officers and their lady friends lounged; and when I looked at this scene, at the grand natural and artificial defences all round, and at the quiet brood of English ships reposing in the bay, and the music opened its noble finale of 'God save the Queen,' I felt my heart enlarged, and could not help saying to myself, "What government would dare to give up this place?" At sunset the evening gun lightens from some high point in the cliffs, and the report rolls round in echoes: some time later you hear the beautiful evening strain of the bugles; and the band to-night moved away playing 'The lass of Richmond hill.' I can scarcely understand how I am hearing and seeing all these

* Part of the troops were under tents on this side of the rock.

things, when only yesterday morning I was creeping out of a dog-hole at Tarifa, and peering about the battlements of that little Moro-Spanish place with a guide almost as mouldy as the town itself. Again I say I cannot rejoice too much that I took the taste of Spain I have had before visiting Gibraltar.

I have done but little to-day towards seeing this place in the ordinary sense, but I have delivered two letters from Doña C. to friends of hers; and have been introduced to the garrison library, a very handsome one, originally planned, Ford says, by Colonel Drinkwater: his picture hangs in one of the rooms, an admirable likeness. The library must be a vast resource for men condemned to garrison life. I saw in it the London newspapers down to the 19th only. I remark here how little of a stranger you are to any Englishman; people whom you speak to seem glad to make your acquaintance; for though the place is our own and full of us, there is a tenderness of feeling between countrymen so far from home, which disarms pride and takes off stiffness. I observe this especially in speaking to young soldiers, who perhaps have never been so far out in the world before. One meeting pleased me greatly: while the band was playing at the Alameda, a lady sitting by the parade-ground called out my name, and I found it was Mrs. C—— of ——, whom you of course remember. Her husband is here with the militia of his district, but

expecting daily to be released. She called him, and we had a long gossip. He asked me to a mess dinner, but I excused myself, wishing to have my liberty during my short stay. I wrote to Doña C. to-day.*

My horses, and Portéla and his mozo† (the man who attends him and the steeds) will now be eating their heads off; but this results from the treaty of Cadiz, as settled between you and Doña C. Portéla is very anxious to make himself serviceable, and I employ him as far as I can. Both the men rather amuse me by hanging about when we are in a town, and seeming to think they are still bound to look after me. Yesterday evening, in Algeciras, I met the mozo, who, although called so, is a grey-whiskered, elderly man, very simple and kind-mannered, and, I sometimes think, with more brains than Portéla, though he himself does not suspect it: he was alone, and told me, as the news, or by way of apology, that Pepe‡ was gone to get himself shaved: meantime he attached himself to me, but, luckily, in the Plaza there was a ring surrounding a juggler: we went up to this, and there I gave my mozo the slip. I

* Portéla's loyalty to la Señora, as he called her, made him fidgety till I had performed this duty, though I was not likely to neglect it.

† Lad, literally; as we used to call postilions, of whatever age, the "boy."

‡ So he styled Portéla, whose name was José Maria.

believe I never described my horses. One, destined for me, is a sleek, white, stupid animal, very unwilling to go, but much addicted to neighing, particularly when mares are near. I got so tired of his much cry and little work, that I took Portela's mare, a much more sensible beast, though not so strong or showy, and gave up the horse to Pepe, who belabours him bravely, and cries "Ca-ball-*ooo*" loud and long enough to be heard at Malaga. As to the third horse, I know little about him, for he is so covered up by the rush-baskets which hold my bags and hat-case, and by the legs of the mozo (which are arranged here or there according to circumstances), that his figure is nearly lost to the world. How he gets on in the bad places is a wonder, but there is less bustle with him than with either of the other two. We seldom move faster than a stout man could walk: I suppose a man's walk is about the regular pace.

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9 at night.

The band has just gone off playing 'Over the Water to Charlie,' * and I sit down to cover a little more paper. I am still charmed with this place, and to-day

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* It was the militia, I believe, that indulged us with these home reminiscences.

we have had a pure sky and temperate air—light and atmosphere heavenly. I walked down this morning before breakfast to Europa Point, the southern extremity of the Gibraltar rock, where there is a lighthouse, and you look fairly up the Mediterranean between Africa and Spain. The snowy points of Mount Atlas were quite bright in the early sun. But even from the two little rooms where I live, at the Clubhouse Hotel, I have as fine a panorama as man can wish. Mont Abyla (or Ape's Hill, in Barbary, as the old geography books call it), is, as it were, at my bed's foot. The variety of beautiful points of view in the different walks along the three miles of rock is not to be described, nor in a few days' stay to be even laid up in recollection. It has been a much petted place. Drinkwater, in his 'Siege,' says that there is little vegetation to be seen on the rock; but now it is luxuriant with trees, shrubs, and flowers, and wherever you look from the rock towards the sea they help to form pictures. Not only are the public walks carefully decorated, but every person who has a habitation out of town seems to have taken a pride in making it picturesque: the pine, the white elm, the acacia, and other trees of northern climates, mix with tropical shrubs; in one hedge I saw this evening geraniums and may in bloom, and the thorns of the aloe peering above them. The geranium is quite a weed, but I do not see many of very rich colours. Of course the care given to works of strength and utility

appears everywhere. Strong macadamized roads run in all directions; new public buildings are in progress, and military works being improved or extended. The governor has a handsome house in the town, and two fanciful cottages; one in a kind of Trosach,* among rocks and trees, very fit for summer; another, a mere frontage, under bare cliffs at Europa Point, to catch the freshest sea-breezes. We, as compared to the Spaniards, are the Moors of Gibraltar; and if we gave it back to them, the relics of our industry and luxury would be admired in decay after some generations, perhaps, as the memorials of the Moors are at Granada.

After dinner to-day I took a ride, to Europa Point again by another road, with Pepe for an attendant. With a consideration which was very civilized, he prepared the stupid white horse for me though I had not ordered it, for the other was far less presentable in a town, and unfortunately has too evident marks of having been galled by a collar. As it was, I was glad that nobody whom I knew should see me, unless indeed they could have fancied that there was something distinguished in my dust-shovel Spanish stirrups,†

* This, I find, was not the governor's, but the villa of a colonial judge.

† They resembled rather the skid-pan or slipper of a carriage wheel.

and tawny, matty-headed Spanish companion. To-day, for the first time, I saw orange-trees in full natural bearing, and a pretty sight they are, but the oranges here are not good, it is said. The oriental aspects and groups never tire me: lines of turbans gliding through the shrubberies; Moorish figures crouched under a wall for shade: one in the market* to-day was very striking; a man had fowls to sell, and they were in twig baskets with netting over the mouths, piled one above another on their sides to the height of six or seven feet, with a brown striped rug over all. The Mussulman was stretched upon the ground patiently waiting for custom in the shade of his baskets, though the shadow did but just cover him.

A French steam-vessel is announced to touch at this place probably on Monday, on the way to Tangier, and Mr. ——, the Registrar here, has kindly introduced me to a merchant and government contractor, Mr. M——, who is going with the ship upon affairs of his own, and knows the place and all its ways; and he is returning to Gibraltar, so I shall have the benefit of his aid as to the passage back, which is not a matter of absolute certainty; indeed, a matter of much uncertainty as to the speed, if the

* The provision market, just outside of the fortress; it was always an interesting assemblage of Africans and Spanish country-people.

wind turns unpropitious, for steamers do not usually go.* It would be provoking to be wind-bound in Barbary, in sight of Gibraltar.

It is curious that there is no getting a map of Gibraltar here, except one which merely gives the streets, not the coast fortifications. Perhaps the garrison sets its face against plans of the defences. There are two or three other wants which one would not have expected. I hear there is no electric telegraph from one part of the place to another. I have not seen any rail for carriages, though I am told there are some; locomotives of course one would not expect. You cannot get a warm sea-bath, or any, I believe, except upon the sea itself; and the place is not lighted by gas, but this I hear is about to be done. The rock produces little vegetable or animal provision, but things come very cheap from Spain and Barbary.

May 3rd.

I have to-day made the tour of the Heights, which every stranger of course is bound to see: and a fine sight they are. I went first to the old Moorish tower, much celebrated in the history of the great siege, and

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* A steamboat did run between Gibraltar and Tangier, but had lately been discontinued.

full of marks which are said to be the dints of shot and shells. A soldier takes you into the galleries as they are called, excavations in the cliffs, very light and spacious, where cannon are placed, looking out at window on the sea and the Spanish sands far below: the effect is very picturesque and romantic, but I suppose the guns are not the most useful ones in the place. From these great elevations you have a fine panoramic view of the Devil's Tongue, Willis's and the other batteries along the sea-line. At the landing place called the Ragged Staff there is a ship of war lying, the Tribune, which brought Lord Dalhousie yesterday from India, and goes to-morrow: he is not well enough to come on shore. The boatswain and the gunner of the ship made the round of the galleries at the same time with me, and fine sensible well-informed fellows they were: both had been in the Crimea; one under Sir Edmund Lyons in the Agamemnon.

Another noted sight on this part of the rock is St. Michael's cave, a very spacious one, of unknown extent, and full of columns and protuberances of stalactite. We could not go very deep into it for want of sufficient light, and the footing was muddy and unsafe; but caves are a sight I am soon satisfied with. We then went up to the signal station, the central pinnacle and one of the highest points of the Rock, from whence the evening gun is fired, sending

its report point blank into the Sierra of Algeciras, seven or eight miles off, which returns a noble echo. The view from this station is magnificent. I inquired of the man here about the celebrated apes of the Rock: he said he saw them in great numbers yesterday, and did so about once in two days: the brutes would not show themselves to-day. The party I had joined went down the hill from St. Michael's, but I strolled on to O'Hara's Tower or Folly, now a ruin, on another pinnacle of the Rock; a grand solitary point, overlooking the wide Mediterranean, which you can just hear murmuring below, the African shores and Mount Atlas, the promontories towards Tarifa, the long line of sea-coast backed by tawny * Sierras in the direction of Malaga and Granada, the Bay of Gibraltar and its shipping, and the narrow, grey, jagged, upright wedge of the rock itself, sinking in awful precipices to the sands at the back of the bay. The heat at this point was not intolerable, but it was a warm walk down into the town. Mr. C—— (who has just been promoted from major in the militia to colonel) had asked me to take luncheon at his quarters, and I had just time to rush into my rooms, and hurry thence to my appointment, hissing hot still. I found a large party there.

* I believe this epithet has been put down unthinkingly, and that the sierras are not tawny at this time of the year; perhaps they should be "russet."

Mrs. C—— informed me of her husband's new promotion, and I was glad to be able to tell her that I had just heard it on the top of the Rock: a young militiaman of the ——, who was attending the two seamen, had mentioned it, with praises of the Colonel.

My introductions here have led to a good deal of invisible visiting. . . . I have now nothing material to do but wait the summons for Tangier.* The English packet is expected to-morrow, and I must have this letter ready, as their departures are apt to be sudden. I am puzzled to invent employment for my men and horses. Pepe came to me, in a manner which much pleased me, respectful and manly, and said that, if I wished to part with them here, though he should be happy to go on, he was quite willing to return home. Common sense is much this way, but it would be dismissing this man, who has been so much recommended, and taken from another engagement, for no reason that I might not have foreseen when we started; and unless

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* The large square stone at the door of the Club-house Hotel commands a full view of the signal-staff on the topmost ridge of the rock, where a flag shows by its colour and position the country of any ship coming in sight, and whether she is approaching from the Atlantic or the Mediterranean. Many a time did I waste minutes in watching the little twinkling pennon, though an unpractised eye could not always discern its colours.

I am very unlucky about passing the Straits, we shall be on our travels again by Wednesday or Thursday, after which, until Granada, we shall all have plenty to do, and Pepe will be valuable. I told him I should break up the establishment at Granada, and he then said if I liked he would send Mozo and the horses home from thence, and attend me himself, at his present fee of a dollar per day, the rest of the way to Seville, We shall see.

Sunday.

I close this hastily, for I expect a summons on board. (False alarm—I re-open my letter.)

Sunday continued.

I went to church at the Cathedral, a very spacious, lofty building, without galleries, but, by a strange fancy, the architecture Moorish. A handsome garrison attendance: one of the clergymen a Jewish convert, ordained by Bishop Tomlinson: the clerk a sergeant in uniform. In the evening I went to church at South Chapel, near the Europa end of the Rock: it was excessively crowded, and I came in for a charity (Gospel Propagation) sermon. I went home to tea with Colonel M——,

who has pretty quarters just under the Moorish castle.*

Monday, 5th May.

The Tangier steamer is not telegraphed yet, but may be at any moment. Meanwhile I am comfortable here, gaining health, though losing time.

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* It was night when I returned home, and Colonel M—— sent a servant to guide me in threading my way downwards into the town. It was a kindness, for there are purlieus in Gibraltar where a stranger may well be unwilling to lose himself.

LETTER VII.

Gibraltar not Spain — Catalan Bay — A Spanish 'King John' — The magistrate and clergy — Scenery and sea prospects — Vegetation — Spanish proverb — Arrival of French steamer — Rosia — Captain Grey's garden — The Bustler.

Gibraltar, May 5, 1856.

My French corsair does not make her appearance yet, which is growing inconvenient, but I hope there will be news of her by to-morrow's daylight. There was a mistake in the address of your letter, "Gibraltar, Spain." Gibraltar is not considered to be Spanish; and the first note I received here was from a gentleman apologizing for not coming to see me because he was engaged that morning to ride "into Spain." I took a stroll this evening on the white horse, round the pinnacle of the Rock nearest the Spanish lines, to a romantic little place called Catalan Bay, in a recess of the huge cliffs. It is a fishing village of little yellow and white houses; the villagers are Spaniards, but the garrison has a party of thirty-six men there; with a captain, who dines every day at our table-d'hôte. A sergeant of the 66th volunteered to do me the honours

of the Bay, and showed me the men's quarters, the great well (of course the best water about the garrison), and his own garden, in which among other things they have, in the season, prickly pears and mulberries. The great defect of the place seems to be that large stones sometimes come thundering down from the rocks, and no one knows where they may light.

I have been this evening to the theatre, to see a Spanish 'King John,' but could not sit it out, though the fourth act was to contain the "descubrimiento de la Gran Carta" (discovery of Magna Charta).* The house is large and rather handsome, and the audience was attentive and orderly; very respectable indeed in the boxes; the other parts soldierish and sailorish, with a large sprinkling, aloft, of ladies quietly looking out for the unwary.

I made a farewell call in the morning upon Mr. P——, the police magistrate of the place. His duties o police seem to be much the same in kind as those of a London magistrate, but not very heavy.† They

* The scene between Arthur and Hubert went off very lamely, and was improved, as inferior workmen improve Shakspeare, by making Arthur turn round and address a showy apostrophe to something or somebody outside of the window.

† I think he said that about eighty cases came before him in a month; the lighter were disposed of summarily, the heavier sent to a Court of Session, the

say that Gibraltar is not at all a disorderly place, considering the multitude of persons belonging to the army and sea, and the many mercantile and other visitors who are constantly passing from the European and African coasts. One reason of this is the shutting of the gates next the mainland after evening gun fire; another, that people are not allowed to be about, except under certain restrictions, after midnight. Mr. S——, the Bishop's chaplain, tells me, that the *cure* of this place is a very heavy one, and becoming more so in proportion as regard has been paid to the duties of visiting and teaching. The town is thickly inhabited in some obscure parts, and he says districts have grown upon the clergy, requiring attention, which at first were unthought of. Indeed the English Church in this place ought to be an establishment of very great practical importance.

Wednesday, May 7th.

Gibraltar still. A provoking detention: the Frenchman does not appear, but always *may*. I am half tempted to give up Tangier, but I have a strong desire to cross the strait, and the circumstances under

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magistrate taking the informations. The greatest amount of disorder was created by the women.

which I go are very advantageous. An English steamer goes from Gibraltar on Saturday, to return the same night; so that in the worst event I know the last minute to which I could be detained. I have here an excellent library to resort to, and the Rock scenery is still, to me, delightful. I rode out again yesterday after dinner to Europa Point, to enjoy the evening air by the wild cliffs at that extremity of the land, and look up the Mediterranean. The white town and castle of Ceuta (from which the Moors first invaded Spain) were brilliantly clear, stretching into the sea upon a headland which projects below Mount Abyla. The scenery near Europa Point is solitary and savage, but between it and the Alameda you pass under hedges of flowers, and look across tufts of trees and shrubs to the bay, full of shipping,* and the Spanish hills beyond. I cannot suppose anything in Greece to be more beautiful than some of these prospects. The western sky, after sunset, is of a burning orange, which makes the line of hills beneath it quite black: and the slender new moon shines with a power which I have never before seen her have while so young. The military works round us sometimes spoil the picturesque effect, but oftener increase it, especially when well blended with the crags; and there are many little

* The Spanish shipping, a trifling array in comparison, lies at a distance, under the town of Algeciras.

ancient towers, like those on the Genoese coast, built of old to guard against invasions by Saracen pirates, which give the landscape an air of romance. I cannot say this, however, of one antique little round tower at the Spanish end of the Rock, which is now quite hemmed in by our improvements, but is allowed to survive, and still bears the mysterious name of the Devil's Tower. A number of goats, kept chiefly, I believe, for milking, feed in herds upon the Rock, and it is said that each flock knows its master's whistle, and, when he calls, all his own goats come down, and nobody's else. Unluckily the milk of these beasts finds its way into your tea; but cow's milk is to be had on the Rock. The clearness of the atmosphere sometimes surprises me, often as I have been in southern climates before: in an afternoon, as you look up the flanks of the Rock facing the west, it seems as if you could count not only every bush of flowering gorse, but every grey stone up to the topmost ridge: and then the eye rests delightfully upon the masses of low pine spreading up the declivities like cushions of dark velvet. I noticed the olive-tree here yesterday; and the cocoa (if I am told rightly) is very common, but not of a large size; not, as far as I have seen, growing to much more than a shrub. Of palms there is a good sprinkling, of the ugly aloe more than enough.

I saw strawberries the other day at Colonel C——'s,

but not fine ones. They were anticipating how much better ones they should find coming into season when they got back to Yorkshire.

Portéla and the mozo saunter about like prisoners on parole. Pepe gives me a Spanish proverb for my state of expectation, "Quien no espera, desespera" (he who is not hoping is despairing). Curiously enough, in our ride yesterday (for I always take him with me in case I should fancy to dismount and walk) he made just the remark on this place which I did in my last letter. He asked first whether I knew that, in fact, Gibraltar was in Spain; and then, after admiring the military works, he said, "If this were Spanish it would soon be what so many of our military places are, 'perdido'" (lost, ruined). "Camino perdido" was his exclamation many times on our way from Cadiz.

Half-past 11.

The "red, white, and blue" is come in at last; and the ship looks well. She goes from Tangier to Mogador, to bring back pilgrims for Mecca.* I find

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* To be landed at Alexandria. It was said she expected eight hundred. The ship was of Marseilles, built at Greenock.

she does not sail till twelve to-morrow, and I must avail myself of the English return steamer on Saturday.

Wednesday night.

I have taken the last, I suppose, of my pleasant jog-trot rides and Alameda walks. I shall always remember this place with affection, though I was near having too much of it. This evening I went to call on Mr. S——, the chaplain who lives in the Bishop's house at Rosia, about a mile and a half out of the town: a pretty place enough, revelling in flowers.

Captain Grey,* the master of the port, has sent me a billet to secure my passage from Tangier on Saturday, on board the Bustler. I hear the Captain's garden is beautiful. Pepe, whom I sent to his house out of town for the ship-order, came back full of "bonitas" and "preciosas." And, like a jolly Briton, he not only admires our regular military works and pretty gardens, but shows his teeth and says that the merry tunes (English, Irish, and Scotch) of our militia bands have been his delight during our stay here, as they have been mine. The Bustler's voyage on Saturday is a flying pleasure trip for some ladies and gentlemen of the garrison.

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* The Hon. Captain, now Admiral, Grey.

May 8th.

I send this by the overland post, which goes to-morrow, and takes nine days, they say. A fine morning. Now for the Moors.

NOTE.

An hour or two before my departure a fire broke out at the back of the main street, and caused a good deal of alarm, as it was in the neighbourhood of some valuable mercantile stores, but very little confusion followed; the garrison authorities took the matter in hand with military promptitude, and, when I went away, a large extent of the principal street was clear and quiet, under the control of a guard, and everything put into correct and orderly course.

LETTER VIII.

Embark for Tangier — The voyage — Landing — An illegal entrance — Encampment of pilgrims — Mrs. Ashton's hotel — The town and people — Camels — Visit to the English consul — A Jew's residence — The Alcazar — The Pasha and his son — Douceurs — The prison — The Pasha's horses — A Moorish woman — Garden out of town — Visit from the Cadi — An evening ramble — Superstitions — Visit to a Jew's on the Sabbath — Jewish lady full-dressed — Gardens — Excursionists by the Bustler — A Malaga waitress — Dance of slaves — Return to Gibraltar.

Mrs. Ashton's Hotel, Tangier, May 8th.

I PROMISED myself an outlandish day on coming to Barbary, and I have had one, rather more so than I wished. Our steamer, 'La Durance,' was to start peremptorily at twelve, and I went on board accordingly, with Mr. M— and Miss M—, his daughter. One delay followed another: we waited for passengers; we waited for the French captain, Monsieur Maigre, and when he was come, and the steam up, a boat full of packages appeared in the distance, sailing towards us, with a Moor in the midst picturesquely seated on a huge box; and we waited for that.* By this time the

* If I could have made a tolerable sketch of the bark under easy way, with the turbaned loiterer reclining upon his package under the large lateen sail in predestinarian apathy, as the whole is even now pictured in my memory, the delay would have been well paid for.

dreadful fact was in everybody's mouth, that, if we did not arrive by about seven, the gates of Tangier would be shut against us, and we must probably pass the night on board. The vessel had little convenience for so doing, and I had brought scarcely any food. At a quarter before two we got away, with a strong wind more against than for us; the usual current of the straits sure to be against us. We had not much cargo, nor a great many European passengers, but about two dozen Moors, spread about in various reclining or crouching attitudes on the deck, or on the Moorish-looking striped bales of baggage. The captain was a stranger to this voyage. To make up for lost time, Mr. M——, who has gone it three or four hundred times, assisted him to steer through a passage seldom taken, which, it was said, saved about an hour and a half. After running by the Spanish coast as far as Tarifa (which has a beautifully romantic old-world effect from the sea) we stretched across the straits for Tangier. The wind was fierce, and our steamer a screw, which never works well against anything like a head wind; we managed however to avail ourselves of two stay-sails.

May 9th.

Here I went to sleep last night. Since then I am absolutely drunk with novelty, and have seen more

strange and striking things by far than were necessary to repay me for what I suffered yesterday; but it was not a little, as I am going to tell you.

The bow of the ship was very high out of the water, the stern deep, and the loading light; from these, or whatever other causes, she pitched and rolled so abominably, though there was no very great sea, that it was a considerable struggle to keep a seat. To walk, you had to watch an opportunity; and, as a refinement of barbarity, they had freshly painted some parts of the ship, so, if you staggered against them, you were marked. Most people on board, not of the crew, were sea-sick; strange to say, I kept well, though I underwent all manner of discomfort from cold, the rolling, and the struggles of the wind to take off my hat. The poor Moors suffered dismally, but bore it very quietly: it was an absurd sight to see any of them trying to cross the ship, the wind topsy-turvying their loose dresses; but most of them lay ensconced in the baggage, or under the bulwarks, or below deck. In the midst of this wretchedness I could not help admiring the African coast as the evening sun shone upon it. The stony Mount Abyla now appeared in grand outline, and finely touched by clouds: the coast westward was less lofty and naked, but barren towards the sea-shore: the country however was prettily undulated, and there were openings inward which showed many a richly green meadow, cultivated valley, and pleasant wood. The interior, they say, is a

garden; or would be so under a government favourable to labour. The sun was getting very low when the turn of a promontory with a lighthouse showed us. Tangier, a stately looking but not large mass of white building, on the rise of a slight hill. Impatiently did I watch it, but the ship, with all her wallowing and weltering, made little way, and it was half-past seven before we cast anchor, about a mile from the town.

We were clearly too late to make a lawful entrance; but Mr. M—— undertook to see what he could do for us, and I resigned myself to his direction. A boat came from the shore and took away some of the passengers, but I waited for my own friend; and presently Mr. M—— reported that the Captain would lend us one of the ship's boats (a small one) to go on shore, but we were to be careful not to let any one else get into it. There had been a rush for the other. With some difficulty we got off, with only the privileged party, Mr. M——, his daughter, and myself, and a Moorish attendant. There was rather a high swell, but with three oars we were not long getting to land. The walls of the town lay before us like those of Tyre or Sidon in an old Scripture print: how we were to get within them was still unknown to me. Moving lights appeared on two different parts of the beach, and we and the party who had preceded us steered for what we judged the true. Miss M—— was lifted, and we jumped out, and we then began a scramble

along the sands and between the town wall and the sea. A long affair it was: had we steered for the other lights, it would have been shorter. After a time two men met us with large coloured glass lanterns, but in spite of these we had infinite stumbling and plunging, and I was more than once up to my knees in sea-water. At last we came to a steep path which led up to a small gateway: here a soldier of the guard appeared, and there was a parley, an outcry of all voices together (at which the Moors are very powerful), and a sort of hustle. I followed my leaders, and somehow we were all within the town walls, lanterns, baggage, and all, except a large stick of mine, which remains on the heathen coast, never to be regained. The history of the matter was that the men with lights had come down to the water, seeing boats on the way: the side gate is somehow hospitably open at times: as soon as people met us, Mr. M—— had sent on to inform the guard that well-conducted persons were coming; and the little confusion at the gate was a sort of decent face of hesitation put upon our being let in, with a pretence also of inquiring what commodities we were bringing with us. I believe our simoniacal entrance cost me a shilling for my share. On our way to the interior we passed what appeared to me to be a gipsy encampment on a waste space to the left; a crowd of little booths and tents, scattered lights, uncouth figures, and a hum of voices rising from every

part. This was an encampment of Hadjis: Moors and Arabs on their way to Mecca. We arrived at a fonda, and from the little I saw of it I was not sorry I could not be taken in there; and I then went on to Mrs. Ashton's (as I had before been advised to do), under the guidance of one Hamet, a turbaned and slippered adherent of Mrs. Ashton, who presented himself just at the right moment. A strange walk it was, through narrow passes between white walls, with now and then a door, and hardly any windows, the whole looking as if you were walking among stable-yards or, sometimes, in ditches. Mrs. Ashton's, however, is a house kept à l'Anglaise, as far as may be here, by an Englishwoman, widow of a mercantile man. After trying a boarding-house at Gibraltar she established herself here under the patronage of Mr. Hay, the consul: a portly person she is, and well behaved. They gave me an excellent bed-room, but with an ominously heavy bedstead and mosquito curtains. Nothing, however, disturbed me all night. Mr. M—— arrived soon after me, having given up the other place too, though I had supposed him established there: and we sat down to a very tolerable supper, or rather dinner, very happy to have done with the 'Durance.' I pity those who go on with her to Mogador; still more those who return, for they say she is to bring seven or eight hundred Hadjis, for whom she has not even the pretence of accommodation, and they are to go

to Alexandria. I am told that on these voyages numbers die (but so they do too on the journey by land); and the return of the survivors is a wretched sight. Those of the Durance's European passengers whom we left on board got on shore late in the evening by permission.

This morning, after breakfast, while waiting for a guide, I went into a really pleasant drawing-room, looking out upon the bay where we had so dismally come to anchor last night, and fitted up, not very gaily indeed, but after the manner of such hotels in Europe. Miss M—— sat down to a piano, "Goulding and Dalmaine," in good tune enough, perhaps, for Africa, and played some Spanish airs; but the sound of the poor strings (no fault of the player) put me in mind of an instrument which I heard in the streets last night, something like a diseased bagpipe. That, I was told, was a kind of oboe which some innocent Moor was playing, it being the close of a day of Ramadan, at which time everybody is bound to be joyous, having fasted all day and then being allowed to eat.

A son of our Hamet led me about the town; the father speaks English very well, but the son's amounts to little more than "yaas," so I was obliged to make out with Spanish. What a new and odd world burst upon me! It is in vain to attempt describing the effect of seeing figures and forms of things all at once surrounding you, such as you never saw before. The change from all you have been used to is total. I

will not say imagine, for you cannot, a long down-hill street, forming a vista between white walls, which ends in the minaret of a mosque, a pretty square campanile, all inlaid with green, blue, and orange tiles; the street crowded with brown, white, and dun-coloured figures, hooded and turbaned, and of all shades of complexion, from our own (for many of the Moors are white in colour, though not fair) to negro black. If you could picture this to yourself I defy you to imagine the five or six acres of rising ground at the entrance of the town, where the Hadjis are encamped: a space once I suppose green, but nearly all trodden to bare dust, and covered, quite irregularly, with tents; some holding twos, threes, or more; some just allowing one man to turn himself; some of thatch, some of black and brown striped cloth, some of almost rags, some of mere grass or fern; one, which a single ingenious person had contrived for himself (and he sat in it), woven entirely of nasturtium plants with the flower. Many of the men were lazily lying along, some working, some counting beads; a great number moving about the fields, attending to their ponies, donkeys, or mules, or lounging; a semicircle under a wall praying, as I was told; a larger semicircle standing over them and looking on. The swarthy countenances and funereal-looking robes and hoods gathered together in unsettled groups under the open sky brought to mind pictures of the Last

Judgment. Some women were there, but you knew them only by their being muffled to the eyes, sometimes over the eyes. Many of the males were of very fine stature, and I was quite startled by one or two whose drapery, partly flung back over the left shoulder, and partly hanging in deep graceful folds, was so exactly that of some old Roman statues that you might fancy they had come down from pedestals at the Capitol or the Uffizi: even the pressure of the hand upon the folds at the breast was exact. Hard by, in a waste-looking place called the Wheat Market, enclosed by arcades, was a group of camels; one on its knees being loaded, with its mouth wide open, looking, in the face, like a bird, and making that dismal screech which it seems the camel chooses to make when the load is being put on or taken off.* The shops were another curiosity: gaps in the wall such as you saw at the Chinese exhibition, where all the owner's wares are closely packed, he in the midst of them, perhaps reading or casting accounts, but not saluting

* Sídí Abú Yahya, who had been governor of Cordova, said of its people, "They are like the camel, which fails not to complain whether thou diminishest or increasest its load, so that there is no knowing what they like," &c.—Gayangos, History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain, vol. i. p. 42. Seven centuries have not altered the camel; man, of course, is too enlightened everywhere, now, to follow her example.

you or asking you to buy. They have dropping shutters by which they are fastened up at night, and some have pent-houses for shelter from sun and rain. There are two very busy market-places, which seemed to me as well and curiously peopled as one could expect, but I was told that, if it had been market-day, the variety of figures would have been much greater. The female muffling is not universal. I saw several peasant women with large hats something in the style of Leghorn, but very coarse and heavy, made of the palmetto. Some muffle their faces under this hat, which makes an astonishing costume. The Jewesses do not cover their faces at all; and very fine-looking women some of them are. I had been told that you could not go about Tangier alone without fear of being insulted, but I did not see the least disposition to behave ill; not much even of idle curiosity. Mr. M—— and his pretty daughter walked about freely without any attendant, and without shield or shroud except his umbrella. To be sure he seems to know everybody, and to be a little potentate in the place.

I went early in the day to see a greater potentate, Mr. Drummond Hay, the English consul, to whom I had a letter. He was very kind, gave me a long sitting, and asked me to dine to-morrow, but I dared not on account of my passage to Gibraltar. His house is an elegant English one, with a good show of books, prints, handsome furniture, a large piece of presenta-

tion plate, a beautiful balcony towards the sea, in short, everything in contrast to native Tangier.* He gave me his interpreter, a very well-looking and well-dressed middle-aged Jew, speaking perfect English, to show me some things that I had not yet seen. The first was the house of a Jew of superior class (the Moors will not let you into theirs): it was upon the plan general in these countries; rooms surrounding a court which is lighted from the top. This mode of lighting is one reason that so little window-architecture appears towards the streets. Mr. Meshod Abecasis did his honours in his own person, and seemed good-humouredly pleased to be a lion. The court-yard was pretty and highly ornamented: the principal columns azure; a great deal of inlaid work in the pavement, stairs, and doors. There was a slip of a room at the farther end of the court, furnished as a sitting and reading room, but with a bed at the end occupying the whole width in that part of the chamber: a little window above this gave the only light except from the door. At the top of the house was the usual flat terrace roof, surrounded by terraces of the same kind on other houses: it might be a very sociable scene in a cool evening. But I cannot think how they endure

* This and the few other houses of European Consuls, all near together, are the only part of the town, as far as I could see, which is not strictly Oriental.

the killing white with which these house-tops are washed. Under the mid-day light of to-day it almost put my eyes out. The general view of Tangier from a height is very singular and beautiful: the wide field of white terraces is a feature unlike what one has seen in Europe, and the brilliant white mass formed by these and the house walls is delightfully relieved by the blue sea and quiet-looking green hills of the bay. The minarets of the two mosques (a little white flag for prayer was flying upon one) gave an airiness to the scene, and heightened its Oriental character.*

My guide took me also to the Alcazar, the Citadel or Horse Guards of Tangier, an antique building of Spanish and Moorish architecture, dilapidated and modernized, but some part still handsome. Here, basking in a corner of the gate, on the outside, we found the Pasha's son, a handsome gentlemanly-looking Moor. My guide presented me, and he shook me by the hand, and we exchanged civilities through the interpreter: he spoke kindly of the English, and put his hand to his heart; and I, in the same style, assured him of our good disposition towards him: all this was nonsense, but the feeling was good humour, of which this stuff was the only vehicle we had. En-

* Among distant objects in this view from the house-tops, are the Rock of Gibraltar and the snows of Atlas.

tering the great court-yard of the citadel, we saw the Pasha and Viceroy himself, seated in the Oriental fashion, with his secretary in the background, in a kind of cloistered recess of old Spanish architecture, open to the court like a temple, and elevated above it. My cicerone introduced me to him also, and there was another shaking of hands and exchange of civilities; but the manner of the old Pasha was more graceful and reverend than that of his son; indeed it might have passed in Europe for princely.

This interchange of compliments is very well, but with some of these fine patriarchal-looking personages a different traffic is required. Mr. M—— took me into his bed-room at our hotel, and, though he is only an agent of the British government to get in cattle from different parts of Barbary for the garrison of Gibraltar, I thought for a moment that he combined with this a universal mercantile dealing; for I saw quantities of muslins and coloured stuffs, a showy rug from Hamburg, hardware, sugar-loaves, and what else I cannot recollect, all to be distributed in presents to influential persons, to secure their assistance if wanted, or redress if anything should go wrong; and he assured me that this was as regular a part of his commercial outfit as the rush baskets of dollars which were carried into Mrs. Ashton's on the backs of some dozen or more of natives for the purposes of legitimate purchase.

I also saw at the citadel the Moorish prison, a very

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affecting sight. The keeper, a remarkably handsome soldier, gave us a short peep into it through a hole like that of a pillory; there was a long vista of swarthy men, with animated but dejected countenances, each with a chain on his legs, reclining in various attitudes: the expression, not quite of hope, but of indefinite expectation, in all the faces, upon the event of strangers looking in upon them, was quite touching. The two nearest soon blocked up the opening with their faces, and one made a twitching gesture of begging, with the quickness and mystery of a juggler. Then we went to peep at the Pasha's horses, but there was only one remarkable one at home, a chesnut, Barbary of course, as strong in the neck and shoulders as a rhinoceros.* Going downward from the castle, my guide showed me a ruinous-looking place where the right of sanctuary for murderers is still kept up. And, lastly, I had the good fortune to see a Moorish woman face to face. At an unfrequented part of the road one came up to my guide and held him in talk a few minutes on business she had before the consul. She was very fat, and not young, but seemed to have been handsome; she had still fine teeth, and that

* The worshipful quadruped had a female companion, and I believe our visit was intrusive, for the Moor who attended the door tried strenuously to keep us out, but my companion was imperious.

lustrous, floating eye peculiar to Orientals, and she made it very eloquent in enforcing her wrongs. Altogether her little appeal, which ended in a sort of whimper, was made with an address that a Frenchwoman need not have been ashamed of.

Our party, and some of the guests of the hotel, dined at four, attended by Hamet, one of the most indefatigable and intelligent waiters I ever saw, and the most attentive to lucre. Afterwards Mr. and Miss M—— and I went on donkey and mules to a garden near the town belonging to a Jew agent of Mr. M——. Two or three men and a boy, all people of his, lively good-humoured Moorish fellows,* attended us on foot. We left the town by a lane deeply shaded on each side by gigantic reeds, aloes, and prickly pears, and came out on a fine sand, where, in summer, there is bathing. From the sand we turned into the country again, up a green English-looking hill, on the side of which is the garden: above at a little distance some appearance of a village, thatched roofs among trees. Thatch is common here. The garden was pleasant enough, not much shaded, nor laid out with

* There was a civilized loyalty of manner in the attention of these Mussulmans to the young lady which was very pleasing. But of course the manners of the people here who have an intercourse with Europeans, slight as it is, must be modified by it.

any taste, but full of flowers and sweet herbs, and showing good promise of fruit, particularly pears. There was a small garden-house, after the manner of this country, not made for a residence, but with sleeping accommodation for one or two persons; that is, boards like counters, a little raised from the floor, and leather mattresses. Two or three good John Bull looking natives came in to talk with Mr. M——; one of them the cadi of the neighbouring village. There was bread, leavened and unleavened, before us, and the cadi offered us milk: this we barely accepted; but he went away, and in less than a quarter of an hour there came a jar foaming with new milk, butter made at the moment, and a dish of honey. These, the butter and the honey at least, are gifts which it is not thought allowable to refuse. The honey was a coarse mash; we just tasted it; but the butter we greedily carried home: it was the first I had found tolerable since I left England. We returned into town by the white stone gateway through which we entered Tangier the night before. The guard was just set; three soldiers, who are stationed on the roof of the gate, while their horses remain below, tethered by carrying a rope from the fore to the hind leg. The soldiers are fine fresh-looking youths; their military outfit a pointed red cap, white robe, and sabre.

At night I sauntered again with Mr. M—— in the market or bazaar, to look into the shops, some of which

were now lighted up. In one corner were establishments for cookery, now beginning to be in request, as the Ramadan day was over; and there was a café, upon the close plan of the other shops, but where a sage-looking group of three contrived to sit at ease taking their coffee in public by the light of a brass lamp with several burners. The hum from the Hadjis' field seemed to go up louder and more cheerfully, and serenaders went round as late as midnight with a tambourine and the pipe I described before, sounding like the note of a distressed fly. I wish I could make all these things as novel and entertaining to you in the telling as they were to me, but that cannot be hoped for.

We passed, in our return home, a Jew's house, where, on the whitewash over the door, appeared the print of an open hand in red, seemingly from the hand itself. I had observed this elsewhere. We, or rather Mr. M——, had a lively talk about it with two young Jewesses who were sallying out of the house and spoke Spanish: they said it was a preservative against the evil eye. Talking of eyes, a half-witted black fellow at the door of one of the mosques tried (as I thought) to entice us to go in, pointing to his eyes. Mr. M—— thought he meant that if we did we should have our eyes torn out: but afterwards passing the same mosque, we got a peep in, and saw a spacious court with a large fountain, where natives were busy dipping their hands and carrying them to their eyes. The same superstition about

sacred waters being good for the eyes, I remember observing many years ago in Wales. The next morning (I am writing now on the 11th) was the Jews' Sabbath, and they were all in finery. Two I observed lounging on the roof of a house, fine-looking women, but one with an elephantiasis, or something of the kind, in her legs, more strange and disagreeable than anything of the kind I ever saw. We went to call at the house of a rich Jew in order to see his wife full dressed. They received us most courteously, in a narrow long room, like that I described before, with a bed. All the place was made very handsome; rich-looking carpets on the floor, and richly embroidered silks spread along the wall above the sofa, for the day I suppose:* strangely enough, in the same room was a huge old trunk covered with cow or horse hide, which you would not have suffered anywhere below the attic. The Jew was a good, sensible-looking, straightforward man: the lady was indeed a sight; one ought to have viewed her with a catalogue. She was very fat, but very handsome; not dark, though not fair, but with a fine pinky bloom, and fine eyebrows close to the eyes. Her dress was a simple figured muslin, but her head and neck, wrists and hands, were resplendent. She had an orna-

* The upper seats of the sofa were offered to us with punctilious hospitality.

ment in the Féronière form * on her forehead, which the Jewesses are fond of, if it be no more than the end of a gaudy handkerchief; but this lady had a jewel of course. Her pearl earrings (hoops closed by what looked like finger-rings), would have been too large for you as bracelets. There was a little Jewess, about seven years old, sitting by her mother, not with jewellery, but with petticoats embroidered in gold. As we took our leave we looked into the room where they were going to dinner; as plain a little parlour (but neat and clean) as you could see in the most modest house.† Afterwards we walked in the Swedish Consul's garden; a pretty place, pleasantly shaded with maple and other trees, and well furnished with flowers, and commanding good sea views; a garden very un-African, if not quite English. The enclosed violets grew in it: with them is a Moorish wildflower, but very likely we have this too at home. The English Consul

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* Which, as I learn from the entertaining work of M. Fournier, 'L'Esprit dans l'Histoire,' p. 98, note 2 (Paris, 1857), ought not to be associated with la belle Féronière at all, but is rather a Benci or a Crivelli.

† It was on a level with the footway, on a space which appeared to be part of the street; and as this was close to the window, we asked if the room was not disagreeably exposed. "No," said our host, "the outside belongs to me."

has a pretty garden here, I was told, but it was too far off to go to.

By half-past ten the Bustler came in, and a pretty bustle she made. More than a hundred came in her; a few ladies, but most of the party young militiamen out for a holiday and making the most of it; swarming into every place, calling for everything and everybody at once, and totally upsetting poor quiet Mrs. Ashton's dull establishment. She protested to me, "Would you believe it? some of them are in the kitchen frying their own fish!" They had soon scampered over all the sights, and come to making purchases. Tangier is a great place (and so is Gibraltar) for what are called Moorish curiosities: a Jew who used to come to Mrs. Ashton's with such articles* was incapacitated, it being Saturday, but our friend Hamet sat upon a step with a whole frippery before him, selling upon agency, and no doubt for a good commission to himself, the youngsters mobbing about him like the country-people about Autolycus.

There was a Malaga woman who waited upon us while we quietly got our dinner in Mr. M——'s bedroom (mine had been given up to a lady long before):

* I was honoured by his visit, immediately after my first breakfast at Tangier, with embroidered velvets, bornouses, stamped leathers, and an invitation to his repository.

she was so tired, poor wretch, as to lean against the bed-posts, but full of odd starts which amused me excessively; disdainful, à l'Espagnole, angry, comical, ready to cry, ready to laugh; she said, when I remarked that Hamet seemed to be doing a good business, "Oh yes, and in the mean time we stand all the shots" ("recibimos todas las balas"). She wanted to take something from us before we had done, for a caballero; and Mr. M——, who, with the demure gravity of a Castilian, which he is, had a comic twinkle in his eye, corrected her with some jocular remark: upon which the Malagueña clapped her hand upon his head and clutched it; as much as to say "You are right, and you are a wag."

The last notable thing I saw at Tangier was a street dance by some slaves, who it seems have liberty to go about and make a penny in this way, and came to our door to amuse the English, creating almost a riot. They were all but one negroes, or as black, with grotesque, bestial countenances, and whimsical begging looks; one beat a great drum, another rattled a sort of iron castanet on a large scale: the dance consisted of hopping from one leg to another without intermission, and without end as it seemed, if they had not been sent away.

I got to the ship in good time. The government here gives no trouble about passports, and is on very

good terms with the English;* but it is not at all in a way of being Europeanized: the consuls lately attempted to get gaslight introduced at European cost, but the Emperor of Morocco would not have the town sophisticated. The Pasha keeps pretty rigorous order: the day before I came five men were to have their hands cut off for robbery, and were brought to the place of execution, the axe ready and pitch heated to sear the wounds; but the sentence was then commuted.

Our ship was to go at five: Mr. M—— put me into a boat of his own, and I got on board quietly before the general rush. He and his daughter stay at Tangier for a time. I cannot say too much of this gentleman's helpfulness and kindness. I had an excellent passage home, and arrived at Gibraltar a little before nine o'clock.†

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* Mr. Hay told me of a friendly and sensible regulation between the governments; that, on complaint of any misdemeanour committed by the subject of one against the subject of another, if the offender is native, the case is sent to the Tangerine magistrate, if English, to our Consul.

† I regretted not having been able to extend my African journey, as I once purposed, to Tetuan. It would have been a twelve hours' ride in the present state of the roads, but there was no other difficulty. The Consul, I was told, on application, procures you the attendance of a Moorish soldier as guide and escort, whose regulated fee is a dollar per day.

Gibraltar, May 11th.

Your letter welcomed me on my arrival. . . I hope you are enjoying as perfect weather, allowing for difference of climate, as we have here. The wind is come to the east, and makes the sea quite gay with shipping, so many sailing vessels having been detained by the continued westerly breezes. I stay here to-night; to-morrow, at morning gun-fire (half-past four), I set out for Gaucin.

LETTER IX.

Return to Gibraltar — Journey to Ronda — St. Roque — Appearance of the country — The Guadiaro — A venta and its family — Gaucin — Clapping hands — The posada — The prospects and the roads — Ronda — Situation and description of the town — The hotel — Questions to travellers — Ronda compared with Tivoli — Cuevas del Becerro — The venta — Travelling party — Castle of Teba — Campillos — Antequera — Road to Malaga — Malaga — Party at the hotel — The town.

Ronda, May 13th.

THE east wind has brought with it summer heat and relaxation, and I have travelled hard for two days, but I will not grow idle while I can help it. I think I got as far, in my last letter, as to say that I had a good voyage from Tangier; it was quite a dash along and across the Straits, of only three hours and a half. The voyage is full of interesting points: as you come out of the little bay of Tangier, Cape Trafalgar and the rock of Gibraltar are in view at once; and it was very striking, as evening fell, to see the lighthouses kindled on such prominent points of the two continents as Tarifa in Spain, Ceuta in Africa, and Point Europa in our Queen's dominions. The younger gentlemen of the militia were very joyous all the way home, and

crowded the cross platform over the paddles, shouting and singing songs in chorus.* I passed the Sunday at Gibraltar, and went to church. The thanksgiving for peace was read. I saw several of my Gibraltar friends, and left a card by way of thanks to Captain Grey for my passage, which cost me nothing.

As often happens in great inns, the people of the Club-house did not call me on Monday morning, and I was awakened by the morning gun, which ought to have been the signal for our starting: but we were soon out. There is a detention at the Spanish lines for a nominal inspection of your baggage: it is done very slightly and civilly. After a short time we turned from the sands into the country. We met great numbers of people bringing loads from the interior to the Gibraltar market. Our first halt was at San Roque, a large village overspreading the top of the hill, very conspicuous from Gibraltar, and a great summer resort of persons from thence who wish for a little more room and liberty. The neighbourhood is rural enough, but not very beautiful: part of it has a cockneyish smartness; but I saw

* The dusky mountain ridge of Gibraltar, scattered with glimmering lights, had a grand effect as we drew homeward from the sea. By a special order the passengers of the Bustler were admitted into the fortress after evening gun-fire, which was at half-past seven. Portéla and the mozo were in dutiful waiting near the landing-place.

very little of it. There is what they call an English hotel, with some mean commonplace English appearances, where I got a hearthstone under the name of a loaf, and everything else bad, for breakfast. A little way onward we came to cork-trees (not the famous cork wood where the Gibraltar people make picnics), water, and the songs of birds. I have found hitherto that whenever in this country you come to trees and running water you hear the nightingale: a great delight the three things are together. Then came a wide extent of shrubby waste (called a dehesa), given up to the feeding of cattle;* and presently by a steep descent we reached the banks of the Guadiaro,† a dull-looking sandy river now, but in winter covering a large space on both sides with sand and wreck. Here, as elsewhere, we heard lamentation over the rainy winter

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* The only object I recollect here giving indication of human life was the thatched dwelling of the guarda-ganado (watcher of the cattle).

† Mr. P., the magistrate at Gibraltar, told me of a longer but easier route, following the course of the Guadiaro for the greater part of the way, by which one might avoid many of the rugged ascents of the ordinary road, and see much picturesque scenery, sleeping at Cortes, where it would be necessary to find private lodging. But on consideration I preferred the ordinary road as likely to be more interesting. The Cortes route is noticed by Ford, Handbook, Part i., p. 267–8; 3rd ed.

and spring of this year; corn and vines, it is said, are injured past remedy. About Gibraltar I was told that the proportion of rain fallen to the average quantity was as seventy-six to twenty-eight, or, as one person said, thirty-two.

The country I have now been travelling is different from that between Cadiz and Gibraltar: it has generally an agricultural character, though there is a vast deal of mountain and waste: you see at intervals ploughing, weeding, and other farming operations; goats and sheep browsing, wheat growing, and now and then handsome new farm-buildings, which would be thought very respectable in England. We stopped about the middle of the day at a venta, which was in fact a very substantial farm-house, though with a wing, not at all shut off from the family apartment, where horses might be put up to bait. The family were sitting about the doorway, quite as well dressed as people in humble farm life in England, and in much the same costume, except the man. He was dressed in Andalusian fashion, doing nothing; the women knitting and sewing. The family room, or kitchen, was very spacious and orderly; there was a large fireplace and chimney, and over it such a goodly array of brown earthen pans that I thought the people were makers of cheese and butter, but this was not so. There were great earthen jars for water, and everything on a substantial, large scale; and a good swing

for the children from one of the beams. No refreshment, however, was to be had except aniseed brandy; and the people of the house, though civil-spoken enough, did not appear to take the slightest interest in your goings on; the man especially seemed rather to make it a point of dignity to be nonchalant. This, I know, is customary, but it is an unkind custom, and an affectation, for they all are curious. The man, if I understood right, was a farmer of land upon a large scale, a person, I suppose, of some importance, though keeping a venta.

Our journey still lay along the Guadiaro, and we forded it a great many times.* In such things Portela* is quite at home; in a stream, or at an awkward piece of mountain road, his eye catches the true point with surprising quickness, and he is quite decisive; in other things I do not think he is so bright.

The scenery of the river was often pretty, and we came at last to a nook planted with orange-trees and cypresses, which seemed a little Elysium nestled among the mountains. Here we were to quit the river, and we climbed the steep side of the sierra by a track which was like the ruins of a staircase. A fine

* For some distance we had as fellow travellers a country family, mounted, and followed by a sturdy serving-woman on foot, who kept up bravely, and waded pretty deep fords without being abashed or afraid.

extent of hill and valley, including all the morning's journey, lay behind; even the mountains of Africa appeared in the distance. We struggled on by roads which seemed worse and worse. The sierras in the direction of Ronda now came more fully into view, but I thought it very long before we gained sight of Gaucin, which was our resting-place for the night. At last it did appear, a long line of white houses with dark tiled roofs, crowning the ridge of a hill, where it sloped down from a bold mountain-peak which had been conspicuous long before. Above the town were the towers, grey and battered, of the old Moorish fortress.

Nothing could be more rejoicing to the eye than all the mountain scenery in the latter part of this morning's journey; the surfaces were so finely undulated and broken, throwing off such a beautiful variety of lights and shades, and the colouring so varied, verdure, however, triumphing up to the highest points. But it is in vain to describe these things. Many a weary step we had before we got to Gaucin, some new descent and ascent continually appearing to throw us back when we had seemed to be just there. At last, passing under the walls of a suppressed convent, where the palm reminded me of Africa and Cadiz, and the stone pines recalled Italy, we entered the long, out-of-the-world village of Gaucin; one of the most picturesque places I have ever seen; far more so, I

think, than the celebrated Ronda, where I am now writing. There is a view of Gaucin, I believe, in Roberts's Annual. I used to think that the scenes given in these publications were dressed up to create a sensation; but Gaucin, and several others of these old Moors' nests which hang upon the Spanish mountains, are just what you see pictured there, as bold in outline, and as full of point and contrast.

I put up at a forlorn-looking posada (del Rosario, I think), but the best as far as I could observe, looking out upon a fountain where the Andaluces were coming every minute to draw and drink. The landlady was a widow; she told me that she had lost both her husband and her son by stabs in village quarrels: the husband, I heard, was killed in this very house. She immolated me to their manes in her bill, which was the highest I have yet paid in Spain.* As to dinner, there was

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* Being intent rather upon the arithmetic than the nature of the charges, I did not observe this till the agreeable surprise in the countenances of the women, as I paid the money, showed me that there was something wrong. One ran and brought out some oranges (as coarse as cocoa-nuts) for a parting present; the other enlarged upon the calamities of the house, as if by way of apology for making strangers bleed. There is a wise old Spanish proverb in favour of good prices as the characteristic of a flourishing country:—"Alla me lléve Dios á morar, do un huévo válo un reál" (may I live in a

the usual ceremony of asking you to choose out of everything in the world, and then obliging you to take what they happen to have. This arrived after I had waited till I was nearly famished, but it was unexpectedly good: a dish of rabbit, made savoury with just enough garlic, and mixed with balls of artichoke, was quite superlative. Indeed, at the small posadas I have always found something very good, and I decidedly like the Spanish cookery, if the materials are right. A smartly-spoken damsel, the hostess's daughter, who had been at Madrid, waited upon me, and sat and talked while I dined, as the custom of the people of the house is in Spanish country places. Though I think it a good one, and always yield to it with the best grace I can, it is sometimes rather trying, when you are tired and heated, and would be glad to rest your brain, to have a difficult Spanish lesson opened upon you. My landlord here (at Ronda) had not commenced three minutes before he had ascertained that I was married (the young lady of Gaucin asked the same question): "Hijos?" (children?) "Why does not your wife come with you?" &c. &c. In the evening I went up to the Moorish castle, where a small

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place where an egg is worth a reál); but its application to guests at an inn is rather overstrained at Gaucin.

Portéla never aided me by a remark upon reckonings, unless when they regarded the horses.

military guard is still kept.* There is a fine view quite to the Rock of Gibraltar. By an effect of mist the Rock and the top of the hill of San Roque appeared like islands, the mist being undistinguishable from the sea. A view which more interested me, in the last light of the evening, was that from the old convent; the park-like ground sloping down towards the valley, and the soft outlines of stone pines, which no doubt had been a great pride of the brotherhood while they had their own.

We left Gaucin about five in the morning. The first outset was through lanes, sometimes skirted with may and broom. The profuse spring vegetation is a great delight in these journeys. I only regret not knowing something of botany. Portéla continually brings me some showy flower or leaf, with the Spanish name, and I am unable to say whether we have it or not in England. The banks of the Guadiaro yesterday were often bordered with oleander in rich bloom. Every now and then some plant under the hot sunshine sends an aromatic fragrance across your way. Vines appeared continually even at the boldest heights of our journey to-day. From the lanes we passed to very elevated terrace-roads, overlooking the

* In the guard-room, where there was nothing to see, were a few idle sinister-looking soldiers, who offered cigars for sale; smuggled, of course.

most beautiful outlines of mountain and valley, and sometimes old Moorish villages, white and tiled houses with a castle, perched in the most fantastical places, and still bearing Oriental names.* The prospects in fact were paradise, the roads purgatory. Often we dismounted by choice; once because Portéla did not think we could ride the place with safety. About eleven we stopped under the shady wall of a venta to drink goat's milk, which the people of the place furnished (and it was nearly as good as cow's), and to eat some hard eggs. Lucky it was that we brought them, for we had many a long painful climbing and pitching before we reached Ronda. On both days the state of the roads so completely put us out of our reckoning that we not only rose by daylight, but rode through the heat of the day. I have given strong warning that we may not do so again.

From the venta we entered upon a long ascent, passing over the face of a rocky green mountain, where you saw the road far before you, and a grand amphitheatre of hills spreading all round. Here, at a point conspicuous to the whole country, if there had been any one to see, was a white monument, topped by a cross; the story was the old one, "Aqui matáron á uno" (here one was killed). Robbers, however, have been very little in my thoughts; for one thing,

* Benarraba, Benadalid, &c.

the urgent present evil of the bad road, banishes the idea of uncertain ones; and I have really seen nothing to bring this to mind except that the carriers of goods appear with guns; rather, I suspect, as a professional show than for much service.* As I learn from what seems to me trustworthy report, the establishment of the guardia civil (posts of soldiers at certain points on the roads; there was one such at the village where I até eggs) has put this robbing a good deal out of fashion.

An almost impassable road, to appearance, ended in a knot of small windings called the Vuelta de Caracol (snailshell turning), and brought us out upon more mountains, but still no view of Ronda. At last it did burst upon us: a spacious-looking place, compactly arranged upon a platform in a green Cleveland-like country, which was bordered by the Sierras of Granada, and by high peaks of mountain† in other directions. All manner of evasions and difficulties did the road make before we could arrive; but at last we did enter the old town of Ronda, by an ancient flower-grown gateway, abou

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* My party carried no arms; unless Portéla and his follower wore knives out of sight.

† Among them Mount San Cristobal, one of the great landmarks of southern Andalusia.

two o'clock. The ride to-day was between eight and nine hours; yesterday rather more, not including stoppages. The posada I am at, "De las Cuatro Naciones," is a poor place enough, but I believe ranks as the first: * and they certainly contrive you a good dinner.

May 14th.

I slept like Sisera; but slew here the first chinche I have met with in these travels. I have devoted a day to Ronda; and indeed the horses had better rest, as we have rugged work to-morrow again.

The wonder of Ronda, which brings everybody to see it who comes into Andalusia at all, is this: The place stands upon a table-ground of rock (sandstone) very much elevated above the country, and towering over it in bold crags. Through the midst of this runs a huge rent forming the bed of the river Guadiaro, which works its way between perpendicular precipices six hundred feet high (Ford), and rolls down in waterfalls to the more level country. This chasm was the boundary and defence of the old Moorish town of Ronda: now it divides the old town from the new, and a bridge of modern architecture, not quite a

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* I have heard an English traveller commend an inn overlooking the river, called El Tajo.

century old, is thrown across where the gap is about three hundred feet wide (Ford), and where the precipices are most abrupt and the depth below most awful: meadows, pathways, mills, and human beings looking fearfully dwindled; and this, now, in the midst of a large town, for the bridge leads out of the great market-place of New Ronda. The white houses of the old town peer over the precipices, and it is interesting to trace the remains of Moorish fortification by which this defence, when it was one, was followed out and completed. The old towers have been stripped of their hewn stone facings, and remain mounds and pinnacles of heaped-up stones and rubbish, but they are still firmly held together by their cement. Mills, some formerly Moorish and some modern, are niched in different parts of the chasm, to catch the passing water. There are good paths down quite to the bottom, and it is very striking to stand there in front of the grand proscenium of cliff, and see the river breaking its way through in graceful waterfalls, and the bridge securely spanning the pass at the height of six hundred feet, and forming the main thoroughfare of the town. There is one point at which, looking upward through a vista of cliffs and enormous fallen rocks, you catch sight of the more ancient bridge, which, at a much less height, formed the outlet of the town in the time of the Moors. Bats and swallows, and very large kites,

hover over the course of the stream. On the side of the new town the circular wall of the Plaza de Toros peeps over the precipice, and, a little farther, the elegant fence of the Alameda, a pretty public garden, which with great good taste has been brought to the edge of the cliffs where they subside from the Tajo (the great cleft), and commands views of the river and surrounding country and distant sierras. These are enjoyed from seats so well barred in that even you would hardly feel uncomfortable in them. Some of the adjoining country is exceedingly pretty; one spacious hollow was so handsomely wooded that I was tempted to ask whose place it was, forgetting that I was not in parkish England. A late burst of sunset to-night threw such a red glow over one of the barrenest sierras as I never saw before: the whole hill (which had some red hue of its own) seemed to be burning hot.

As to Ronda itself, the old town, like other Spanish old towns, is hilly, stony, waste, straggling, and indescribable; the new, an extensive, rambling place, without any modern elegance of shops* or cafés

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* The choicest display of the shops is in the embroideries and stamped leathers and other articles of finery which belong to the Majo riding-costume.

Many of the private houses bear escutcheons of arms, and dates.

(though there are more of the last than I could discover at Cadiz), but with many rows of neat-looking white and green painted houses, built, I suppose, with a view to the great fair which is always held here on the 20th of May, and draws great numbers of visitors. I am sorry I shall just miss it. The Alameda is gravelling, the houses smartening, and the grave lounging "oldest inhabitants" in their long cloaks and turban hats evidently in the process of growing six inches higher on the approach of this crisis.

After all, the hotel I am in is wonderfully poor and barbarous for the chief inn of a chief town in a large agricultural district. I have learnt the oriental fashion of calling the waiter by clapping the hands; but it is open to objection, as it leaves a good deal of option as to hearing or not hearing, and it is not so convenient to "parsevere" in this kind of exercise as it is in ringing. I suspect it is calculated best for a country where you can bastinado the domestic for not coming.

I am quite rested by this day in Ronda, and have made a change in my plan for to-morrow, which gives us an easier journey. Portéla tells me there is to be a great bull-fight at Malaga, by the best toreros from Seville: if so, I think I must stay for it, though it will narrow my time for the other places. He is very earnest about it and warrants me one of the best places; and I think it is a matter de son ressort. My

days' stages from hence will be Campillos, Antequera, Malaga.

I see in Ford that Ronda has been likened to Tivoli; and it is impossible to see one without thinking of the other; but Ronda cannot for a moment bear the comparison: the soft heavy outlines of its sandstone rocks cannot vie with the forms at Tivoli, nor can the Guadiaro, violent as it is in winter, compete with the beautiful, always exuberant Anio; to say nothing of the Temple of Vesta and the Cascatelle. Still Ronda is a very fine sight. In two things it corresponds with Tivoli: you approach it by a great wood of olives; and it swarms with beggars.

Campillos, May 15th.

I have ridden to-day nine hours, but on less troublesome roads, and the day has been breezy and refreshing, with a wholesome south-west wind. We stopped an hour and a half at noon; I do not include this in the nine. We passed into the country from Ronda by some arches of a ruined Roman aqueduct; great lowering limestone hills were in sight, but the near prospect was cheerful; olive-trees, flowers (broom and mallows), sometimes corn in view, and people ploughing and hoeing; for scent, now and then a breath of thyme;

for music, the lark sometimes, always the grasshopper, and occasionally my two men, who have the most direful and tuneless ditty imaginable; whether it is a Spanish air or not I do not know, but I think it must be that which proved fatal to a certain "old cow." After about an hour's journey from Ronda we came to a substantial stone cross; the old story—"Aqui matáron," &c. Soon after ten, in a region of wild whitish hills, we passed the Cuevas del Becerro, where there is a long village with a church and a pleasant shade of large walnut-trees close under the sierra: it put me very much in mind of a snug village under a Wiltshire down. A little farther was the venta, where we rested: a woman on the other side of the road, washing clothes upon a stone, pointed to the door, and another woman, splashed with whitewash, who was beautifying the venta, let us pass in, and the men put up their own horses; this is the venta welcome.* A chair,

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* These road-side ventas, however forlorn, have usually a wide, high portal, through which you ride into the house, and then dismount and take possession of such a standing for your beast as you may find unoccupied. This lessens the extravagance of Don Quixote's delusion in mistaking a venta for a castle. Sir Lancelot Greaves, even if he had been more insane than Smollett makes him, could not have fallen into such a mistake at the Black Lion.

The ceiling of our castle was the under side of the

and something in the likeness of a table, were found for me, and placed in a bare inner room; and Portéla produced a cold leg of Ronda mutton, as small and as delicate as Welsh, which he had provided the evening before, some hard eggs, a bottle of San Lucar wine (not very bad), and some bread: a plate was rummaged out of the venta: I carved the meat with my pocket-knife, and used a crust for a fork, and made an excellent meal; the men did the same, and I gave them cigars to finish with. Nothing is paid for the accommodation except the price of the horses' barley, which, for our three horses was two and a half reals, rather above sixpence; an extortion, Portéla thought, so perhaps it was, for this seems to be a very good corn country. In the midst of a stern, wild outline of distant mountains there is many a fine expanse of green crop, and by the side of it land lying quite idle, which apparently might be just as fruitful. One reason, I suppose, is want of access to a market for any great surplus production. Near this venta we met with a party picturesquely refreshing their cattle at a pool, which struck me as

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roof, showing bare trunks of timber, partly shaped by burning, with a covering of reeds laid above.

Before a year elapses we shall, I hope, be familiar with a venta scene by Mr. Philip, as full of truth, grace, and fine apprehension of Spanish character as his Letter-Writer, Visit to the Prison, and Charity.

very characteristic: a man and his wife in very neat travelling dresses (the man in moderate "Majo"), country gentlefolks in appearance, on horseback; in front a serving-man on a mule with a heap of trunks and bundles, and a gun slung rather conspicuously on the outside of the baggage; in the rear a second man on a mule with another load and another gun. The couple were from Campillos, going to the fair of Ronda.

About two hours after our halt we came in front of the castle of Teba (the Empress Eugénie's Teba), which stands proudly and with much romantic effect upon the top of an abrupt grey hill, and is backed by another height, bold and bleak as the one at its feet; quite a castle of the Scottish border. In full view from it, on the top of a very commanding green eminence, is an old Moorish watch-tower, which in stirring times could have given Teba the news of all the hill and vale country round for many miles. I do not recollect anything else very remarkable in the way here, except a shepherd-boy with a sling; Ford says they use it to correct straying sheep, and that it is the implement of a shepherd from ancient times. David, you will recollect, was dexterous with it when he came from his flock.

Campillos is a common country village, with rather a pretty alameda (it is so easy to make one if the people have a taste for it), and several rustic inns, one of which, La Corona, I believe I have to myself.——

(Friday 16th). With the exception of some twenty score individuals in my bedroom. I found my new-invented night-dress very useful. The women of the house made me an excellent arroz. Hitherto I certainly like the Spanish cookery, taking one place with another, far more than the German or Italian.

Antequera, Friday, 16th.

A ride of only five hours to-day; the first part delightful; the morning fresh, the sky dappled with a few sunny clouds, the road bordered with corn-fields and olive-woods. A good deal of the ground was newly ploughed; they sow Indian corn about this time for the September harvest.* Most of the journey was through an open agricultural country, but with rugged mountains in the distance; among them the Lovers' Rock, which faces Antequera, but a few miles off; an insulated piece of mountain (something in the style of the Eildon hills, but less grand), and very abrupt on one side. There is a tradition of two lovers

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* Among the signs of human occupation were a water-mill and adjacent premises, at which I was told cotton was bleached; and we passed an apparently new village, where building was still in progress. It was being formed para los trabajadores del campo (for the agricultural labourers).

having hurled themselves from it together; never mind the particulars. About an hour's ride out of Campillos we came to a small pile of stones with a wooden cross, one of the common memorials, looking either new or newly repaired. Portéla said, "Monumento." I said, "Parece nuevo" (it seems new): "Si, Señor," he answered, and hardly stopped his singing. I suppose a Tam O'Shanter of Ronda or Campillos might have a very good chance, even now, of getting his head cracked as he rode from market on a dark evening. We got to Antequera about half-past eleven. It is a large and rather handsome place, and the view up the principal street, between two modern but stately convent spires, to the hill, and old Moorish castle, at the head of the town, is quite picturesque.

I went to the top of the tower, which commands a fine view of the town and mountains.* The remains of the castle are tolerably well kept up, and some Roman inscriptions found in the neighbourhood have been judiciously built into one of the gateways. In the bright evening light I walked in the Alameda, which is a very pretty one, under limes and planted with roses, and with a fountain, useful more than ornamental, at the

* The town, a pretty panorama of white houses, with light-coloured tiles; the mountains, in the direction of my journey of the morrow, high, rounded, desolate masses of limestone. In the opposite direction a wide plain with a lagoon, which is a celebrated salt lake.

end. What I have not seen in any of these places before, there is a green lane on each side for a drive. We have a long ride to Malaga to-morrow, and I wish the journey could have been divided better, but in this country you cannot carve your day's work as you do in England or Belgium. For the last two days we have had tolerably good roads.*

I give you a great many twaddling particulars, but it is the only way, I think, to picture a journey of this kind.

Malaga, 17th, Alameda Hotel.

I arrived here at a quarter to four, having ridden more than ten hours; too much, but I could not well help it. The sea air and moonlight Alameda here have nearly revived me. I was called soon after three, but the toreros who are to perform here rose at two, with a fracas as if the bull had been at bay in the very house:† and I had other disturbers. Delays in the

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* In the course of the ride from Ronda to Antequera I perceived that my men were unacquainted with the country, so far, at least, that they were now and then asking the way. But their conception was so quick that (as was said of Pitt in his pupil days) they seemed rather to recollect than to learn.

† We should be careful of illustrating by what we do

posada (which was a poor slatternly place), prevented my getting out till half-past four; then we climbed the desolate limestone hills behind Antequera, and had a pretty view, in the early dawn, of the noiseless old town, with its convent buildings, majestic in the distance, and the Lovers' Rock and other wild mountain forms, looking opaque against the glowing sky of the east. We turned into a pass of the mountains, which is the direct road to Malaga: a fierce cold wind blew into the glen, and the peasants (very numerous) whom we met on the way to Antequera with their goods were all embozados (muffled) with their cloaks, or, if they had not these, with handkerchiefs and rugs. One of the first groups we met was a man and boy with fish, showing by their faces that they were knocked up with cold and being awake all night: I suppose they must have come from Malaga. We crossed the brow of the mountain* by a wretched-looking venta called Carrin, and by a pass called del Palmar, on account, as I was told, of the number of palmettos which seem to spring up on all sides as soon as you gain the southern face of the mountain. But

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not know. After writing as above, I became aware that the bull-fighters of each class make all their play in perfect silence, whatever may be the clamour of the spectators.

* Passing several strangely grouped masses of rock, which had almost the effect of artificial arrangement.

notwithstanding this tropical appearance, the wind was now so piercing that, after trying for some time to be brave, I was obliged to take to the manta. We met vast numbers of mules,* donkeys, and small waggons carrying building materials. Parts of the road were utterly ruined by the rains, and this and the wind made it almost impossible for the waggons with their little mule-teams to stem the hill: the men were pressing by the side, shouting, shouldering, and scolding at the top of their voices to prevent the animals from relaxing their struggle. It was like fishing-boats in a storm.

As we wound down this road (difficult enough even for us on horseback), olive-trees of great size and age appeared scattered over the hills: a softer and greener surface of mountain appeared below us; the sea, for a time, was visible at a great distance; and presently we began to wind among the new hills by a beautiful terrace-road: everywhere now the heights were spotted with vine and olive, and their rounded and pointed forms made a continual variety of picture: the prickly pear, the aloe, the oleander, and the fig-tree appeared, and there was corn quite yellow.† The manta soon

* Many of these animals were rather formidable, being loaded each with two long timber beams attached to the mule horizontally, laid in rest, as it were, and ready to bear down anything approaching in front, or to sweep the road if the animal wheeled round.

† The road between Carrin and Malaga seems to have

had to be strapped to the saddle again, and the day was blazing, though the wind never quite went down.*

We stayed at a sullen venta much too short a time, partly by Portéla's fault and partly mine, for I was anxious to get to Malaga; and after setting out again we had a long tedious journey, but still through a beautiful country, till a turn of hills showed us the sea now in full view and the Lancashire-like factory-chimneys at the western end of Malaga. Then the whole town broke upon us, its cathedral and light-house, and the Moorish fort upon a high hill above the town. I found no difficulty in getting lodged at this hotel, which ranks first in the place.† A large

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been altered since the making of the itinerary in Ford's Handbook, Part i. p. 265, 3rd edition.

* We met on this road a horseman carrying a little baggage, but unarmed. He was the corréo (bearer of the mail) from Malaga to Antequera. A little before I had seen the caminero (road-mender, called canton-nier in France), with a gun beside him, after the common fashion of the out-door country-people; I noticed this (I forget now to whom), saying that one would rather have expected the road-maker to go unprotected than the mail courier. The answer was, "A brigand knows that, if he robs the mail and is taken, he is sure to be garrotted; if he robs the caminero, it is not so certain." A fact worth observation, if the statement be correct.

† When we first entered Malaga, Portéla, for his ease,

table-d'hôte party was just sitting down; three English, the first I have seen since I left Gibraltar; a highly decorated Spanish military officer; another who is come to inspect the troops here; and other Spaniards, business unknown. By the pedantry of the post-office, I cannot know till to-morrow whether I have any letters. Mr. Mark, the consul, is at Granada, or going there, but I saw his brother, who was very kind, and went with me to put my name down at the reading-room. We talked a great deal of the friends we had both known in England.

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18th, Malaga.

This morning I enjoyed the luxury of lying undisturbed till seven, and having water at discretion to dress with, instead of being offered, as happened at one place, a single large tumbler for all purposes.

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was riding without his jacket. My English feelings were somewhat hurt at marching through a first-rate town with an attendant in this guise. I waited some time to see if he would put on his garment, but at last, unable to bear the suspense longer, I hinted to him that he had better dress himself; and he complied with so much unconcern that I believe, if I had not disclosed my punctilio, I should have ridden up to the Alameda hotel with a follower in his shirt-sleeves. It may be, however, that I was over nice.

It is well that the latter part of my tour will lie chiefly in towns, that my face may become humanized; just now you would hardly know it. I have been to church at the English consulate, and have got my ticket for the bull-fight. This is a large, well-to-do mercantile place; its appearances and pursuits contrasting curiously with the wild brown sierra, which comes almost to its doors, and where so much of the "romance of history" has happened. I see a great many pretty women here, the delicate black figures that look so silken and supple, as if you could draw them through a ring.

Half-past 7.

I have just come from the Toros; a magnificent spectacle, but bad bulls; something like a row at the end.

LETTER X.

Journey to Velez-Malaga and Alhama — Bull-fight — Circus of Malaga — The matador Cuchares — Slaughter of horses — Character of the bulls — Disturbance at the close of the spectacle — Visit to the cathedral of Malaga — Another bull-fight.

Velez-Malaga, May 19th.

We arrived here soon after sunset, having left Malaga a little before two in the afternoon, so as to avoid the greatest heat.

It is a delightful journey, mostly along the seaside, on terraces, or upon the level of the beach; to the left is a line of many-coloured hills, smiling with cultivation, and most of them suffused with a kind of iron-mould red, which looks very genial and vinous. Vines are planted over them with great regularity, and seemingly great care: the olive, and other southern products, which I have mentioned so often already, flourish in this soft climate, and a wild pomegranate with a rich red flower grows in the hedges. Between Malaga and this place corn was cutting in several fields.

A kind of sugar-cane (actually producing sugar) is cultivated in this neighbourhood. Velez-Malaga

is a collection of white houses in a beautiful valley, with a rock and castle towering above: the neighbouring hills are dotted all over with single white houses, denoting vineyards; and all looks ease and fertility. But behind is the strong barrier which lies between this place and Granada, mountains wild, bleak, and stony enough to have been the boundary of Rasselas's happy valley.

A feature of the Malaga country which was strange to me is the framework, something like a set of melon-frames, and always laid upon a slope, in which the Malaga grapes are dried into raisins. On our way here we met a man with live chickens, "polluelos muy gordos" (very fat), and Portéla, who always has an eye to the useful, cheapened a pair, much to my edification of course: we got them for seven and a half reals, about one shilling and ten pence, and mozo popped them alive into the baggage, to be a part supply on our rough journey to Granada. The other day at Campillos, Portéla picked up a hare for something under a shilling, and we carried it to Antequera; the people at the inn there guisaded (sauced) it after their fashion, making it a kind of stew, with some other meat and very rich gravy; and it was so good that, although they made me wait dinner two hours, I forgot my wrath as soon as I tasted it.*

* They brought me Mariana's Chronicle to stay my

(The polluelos came up this evening in rice, and were very good. They served for us all: I do not eat two fowls.)

Alhama, May 20th.

I have but little time for this place, celebrated in history and ballad. We shall set out for Granada between three and four to-morrow, to arrive there before the heat of the day. I really think I should get used to this scrambling, unclean, irregular way of life, and like it. I was called this morning soon after four o'clock, and arrived here at four, resting two hours in the middle of the day. But when I talk of liking this, it must be said that I have a jewel of a man for the kind of service. Pepe is something of a swaggerer, but he is always attentive and in good

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appetite; good food enough at a proper time, but on this occasion my commerce with the bulky historian only brought to my mind the Scotch proverb, that "it is ill talking between a full man and a fasting."

My approval of the Antequera guisado was perhaps expressed too unguardedly, for every ingredient was separately charged for in the bill; and when I was going away by lamplight at four in the morning, the cook-wench, hastily embozada, and fragrant as Maritornes, came to ask a fee for her good performance.

humour, and ready to do anything, and manages the morning start with the most perfect ease to me, though not with exact punctuality (this being Spain). I am ashamed to say he always insists upon my having a cup of tea, and eggs, before we move; how or when he sleeps I do not know;* but this and like matters pass through his hands in the morning, quite as of course. The first part of this morning's ride in the Velez-Malaga region, before the sun was high, was quite enchanting. What a country Andalusia is for a traveller! What fertility, what beauty, grandeur, and variety, and what inexhaustible picturesque! I say this before seeing Granada.

I must now say a word about the bulls, but I shall not attempt to describe a bull-fight in all its details, for this has been done a thousand times, and Mr. Ford's description is minute and exact. I was alarmed on Saturday by hearing at the hotel at Malaga that there were no more tickets to be had; but Portéla somehow contrived that I had one for a very good place. The spectacle was announced at our hotel for half-past four, but this was incorrect, and when I arrived they had begun with the first bull. This was

* One evening early, at a posada, inquiring for my men, who had disappeared, I was taken by my host into the anomalous ground-floor of the establishment, and there, drawing aside a curtain, he showed me the two innocently sleeping on the ground in their clothes.

the better for me as a novice, as I came at once upon the scene in its full glory, and it is one I can never forget. There was the amphitheatre, all full, holding nine or ten thousand people; the audience watching every turn of the game with enthusiasm; men waving hats and caps; women working their fans: a large black bull ranging about the arena; the lancemen on horseback, dressed as you see in Lewis's drawings, waiting for the bull in different parts of the circle; and the men on foot, glittering in ultra-Figaro costume, with red cloaks and streamers in their hands, fluttering and darting in and out of the animal's way. Nothing could be more brilliant and beautiful than the ascending rows of agitated heads, faces, and fans, especially on the side which the sun fell upon; and the agitation took some new expression every moment, according to what went on. The theatre is built on the ground of an old convent; overhead, of course, was the open blue sky; behind the part illuminated by the sun there appeared, over the walls, a palm-tree of the convent, and two antique belfry-towers, and, beyond these, the Moorish citadel on the hill that overlooks the town. It was a scene that carried you out of reality, and almost out of yourself.

But in the mean time I was without a place, for there were no boxkeepers here, at least none who were available; and to find any one to explain what "Terrado No. 5" meant in an amphitheatre of nine

thousand people, and in the middle of a bull-fight, was not so easy. I thought the best way was to offer a reward to any one who would find my place; a man undertoook it, and, taking good care not to part with my peseta (tenpence), or him, till I was actually installed, I got my seat.

The plot of a bull-fight, I believe, is always nearly the same. The first entry of the bull, if a lively one, his curvettings and vain glory, and the surprise that comes over him when he finds such an overwhelming public attention bestowed upon him, are one of the best parts of the show. Then he attacks one or other of the horsemen, who receives him with the spear (evading his rush), and wounds him in the shoulder. If the bull will not take a denial, but follows up the attack though wounded, the horseman is in some danger; but the bulls I saw were generally turned by the wound, or drawn off by the flags and red cloaks of the men on foot, who are always ready for the rescue. When he turns upon them, they fly off with great nimbleness and grace, and spring the barrier for their lives.* After this has gone on till the bull, streaming with blood, is exhausted, or sees the uselessness of the contest, the object is to get new efforts

* At Seville there are wooden bulwarks at intervals, on the level of the arena, behind which the fighters may take refuge without any leap.

from him by greater torments and provocation, and the next part of the performance is darting sharp spikes, with streamers at the end, into his shoulders. The men on foot have a particular sleight of hand in doing this, meeting the bull, for everything is done to him face to face, and this is one of the things which give some nobleness to the diversion, and discharging these into him, one from each hand, so firmly that he cannot shake them off; this, of course, produces a great paroxysm, and new attacks upon the horsemen, and the exasperation is kept up by the same or other means (choice spirits among the audience who are within reach sometimes take part) as long as the bull can furnish sufficient diversion, and it does then become a very miserable spectacle to see so many thousand persons all deriving their enjoyment from the invention of agonies for one poor wretch: if anything happens to make the torment more than commonly intolerable, the joy is heightened in proportion. At last, and a great relief it always was, the matador, at this moment a person of great worship, comes forward with a sword to give the coup-de-grace, which requires infinite dexterity, and steadiness of nerve, for he has to meet the bull, distract his attention by means of a little scarlet flag, and drive the sword into the spine between the head and shoulders. There was a little man with green breeches, named, or nicknamed, Cuchares, who was particularly clever in this and like feats.

Portéla tells me that he is very rich, and would have a thousand duros (nearly two hundred guineas) for his performance here as first matador.* The trick was so neatly done that, the first two or three times, my eye did not follow it. The death of the bull is sometimes curious: for about two minutes he goes on as if nothing had happened; then suddenly he pauses, his limbs seem to fail, he tries to collect himself, but sinks down paralysed, and is dead in another moment. One bull (wounded too by the Green-breeches) did not sink down at all, but sprang clear over the gates, out of the arena, and was lost to the audience for several minutes. Presently the gates were opened, everybody anxiously getting out of the way, and the bull re-appeared, not dead or dying, but ready for mischief: he had not been wounded in the right place, and had to be killed again. Another leaped over the barriers among the groundlings behind, scattering the people and the guard of militia soldiers (who took great care of themselves) at a furious rate; he was massacred out of sight.

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* I have no other authority for this seemingly high amount. There were to have been two performances, and Cuchares came from a distant place. Townsend says that the pay of "the two matadors-in-chief" in his time was thirty pounds (vol. i. p. 349). But I am told that the fee of a first matador, "primer espada," may probably, at this day, have reached the sum above stated.

In all these scenes the only parts that are done with much elegance and dexterity are those of the men on foot; their playing with the bull is sometimes very graceful. The Green-breeches made a sort of set-to with him once, in a comical way, looking like Sir——* when he has just opened a good vein of jokes. This, and everything like a good hit by man or bull, was exactly appreciated by the audience, and as critically watched by them as the footfall of a dancer is at the great Opera at Paris. That which should be the glory of such an exhibition, the horsemanship, was wretched; the horses are miserable hacks, and, whatever dexterity the riders might possess, the animals have not the power to give it effect. Some of them, which I suppose had been at bull-fights before, were blindfolded; and most required *basting* to get them towards the enemy. If the bull was not turned aside by the spear, there was no management to save the horse; once or twice the cavalier actually scrambled over the barriers from his horse's back. The wretched beast is sacrificed not unwillingly I believe, for it is considered a mark of liberality in the manager of the entertainment that a

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I do not take liberties, in print, with names at or near home: the reader must insert for himself whatever colloquial wit of his acquaintance possesses the greatest readiness and à-plomb, and the most quaintly humorous manner.

number of horses are killed. The gutting of some dozen or more is regarded by the multitude not as a disagreeable accident, but as a due part of the entertainment and of their money's worth. Sometimes, when the horse has been ripped up by the bull, and everything that is most loathsome and miserable happens, the rider actually remounts, and the horse is urged on again by beating.* Custom has the usual effect in taking off the horror of these things; you see comely matrons, delicate young ladies, and good little girls, looking at them, amused, or indifferent, or ennuyées as it may happen, but clearly without the perception that something very disgusting and horrible is going on: to say that they do not see it, is idle, for one part of the entertainment is just as visible as another.

The bulls, with only one or two exceptions (eight were killed) were very slow bulls; meek-eyed things, some of them, that seemed to look round and say, "What harm have I ever done to all these people?" Once or twice the bull and horse stood nose to nose, doing nothing: and I may say without exaggeration that during two-thirds of the entertainment you might have danced quadrilles in the arena with safety, if there had been no red dresses.

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* It is a curious effect of habit that the poor animal, even in this condition, obeys the blow and spur.

The end was unpleasant. It seems a Malaga audience comprises a good number of people who are what we call "roughs." During the entertainment there had been a great deal of shouting, catcalling, and blowing of tin and brass horns, which under the canopy of heaven is not unbearable. Missiles of some kind, about the size of a quoit, were thrown at the bull, and presently I observed that, although the fight was not finished, some of the benches had been flung into the arena; and by and by chairs began to fly from the upper circle of the amphitheatre into the lower. I perceived too that one part of the theatre was almost entirely cleared before the performance ended. As soon as it was over, some friendly persons advised getting away as soon as possible, which I did, but did not know whether all that had taken place was not the usual end of such festivities. It seems, however, that there was rather an awkward and obstinate disturbance, of which I afterwards heard two different accounts. One was, that the manager was supposed to have spared his pocket by providing bad bulls and killing few horses; and therefore the people determined to put him to expense by doing mischief: another, which Portéla gave me, that the people cried "Fuego!" meaning, that lighted crackers should be brought to irritate the bull, but that the military governor of the city, who presided officially at the entertainment, would not allow it, and therefore the disturbance was made in defiance of his

authority. Portilla said that if troops of the line, instead of the national militia, had been on duty, there would have been military execution; that, as it was, there were a number of arrests; and that, in consequence of this, or of something threatened, part of the theatre became clear before the last bull was turned in. After hearing this I could better understand the decisive manner in which some of my neighbours recommended getting away, while I hesitated to plunge into the mixed mass that was swarming in the "vomitories."* I am not aware that any accident happened, from the bull-fight or otherwise, though the bulls once or twice rolled horse over man with such violence that I thought the man must have been killed.† The riders are a good deal padded; and their look and action give that idea. Portilla regretted that I had seen so bad a display, but he said the fight at Granada on the Corpus Christi festival would be "divine."

From the manner in which I spent this day I had little opportunity of exploring Malaga; but it has not

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* A second exhibition was to have taken place during the week, but was prohibited.

† The apparent ease with which the powerful brute lifts horse and man from the ground is one of the most striking circumstances in this exhibition. It always appeared to me that the bull, as long as he had a choice, directed his hostility to the horses rather than to the men.

many lions. The Sunday evening Alameda was a very full one. I observe that on high days the graceful black is a good deal discarded, and colours worn. I took a boat across the harbour to the lighthouse on Monday for the sake of the view, which is good;* and I went to the cathedral, which is modern, and no great sight (except one gateway and inlaid wall, a relic of the old building): but I enjoyed a fine panorama from the top of the tower.

On the way up I had to get a door unlocked by a woman inhabiting the belfry; of course she took a fee, but she did not offer to go or send any one with me: she gave a very earnest exhortation, however, which I could not comprehend and was obliged to make her repeat more than once; which she did, and I heard her say, in an "aside" loud enough to be heard by one or two by-standers, "Qué tonto es!" (what a fool he is!). At last I found her meaning was, that I was not to meddle with the ropes, or sound the bells. Imagine me amusing myself by striking the wrong quarters in a belfry to mystify the people of Malaga. When I came down she opened the door to let me out, and

* Its chief landward points being the city and its cathedral and quays; the wild sierra; the ancient Moorish castle and its outworks; and the bold promontory of Marbella, on the way to Gibraltar, where vessels were waiting for a wind.

suggested that I ought to have paid more for going up: I said I thought two reals enough for being merely let through, without attendance. She forked her fingers to denote that she ought to have two reals more, and proceeded to argue the point, to which argument I said, "No soy tan tonto" (I am not such a fool). This settled her claims; or at least left her silent.

I must carry on my journey in another letter: my date now is—Granada, May 22nd—and I write from the Alhambra, with the Sierra Nevada before one window, and the Moorish "Tower of Justice" in sight from the other. After trying in vain to get lodged in the town, I came up hither, and am, I think, comfortably settled, for the time of my stay, in a posada within the walls of the old fortress. The feast of Corpus Christi, and a fair of three days which is to follow, have quite crowded the town. The Alhambra is, to Granada, for the purpose of access, what a near part of Clifton is to Bristol. The place is glorious, and the air a luxury in itself.

Would you believe, after what I have written, that I am going to another bull-fight? The excuse is, that it is a pity to have seen only one, which was a failure. Portéla said he would make strict inquiry whether these were "toros formales" (regular bulls, I suppose, would be the corresponding phrase), and would nôt take my ticket unless they were. He reports that the bulls are quite formal, and has brought my admission,

but I am not half in heart about going. This is the way in which we fine moral English get inured to things we do not approve of.

My present intention is to leave this place for Cordova on this day week. I cannot stay longer, allowing anything like time enough for Seville; but it will be a heart-break to go. The horses are dismissed, but Portéla will go on with me to Seville, if the other man can manage without him in taking the horses home. I have been twice to ask for letters, but this festival shuts everything up. I am sorry to send mine looking so slovenly; but if you knew under what circumstances they are written sometimes,* you would make allowance.

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* Often at night, by the standing brass lamp of four burners (familiar, I suppose, to all travellers in Spain), dispensing its fulsome oil not only upon its own stem, but upon neighbouring objects; and generally without extinguisher or snuffers.

LETTER XI.

Another bull-fight — Turbulent dispositions in the towns — Quarters at Velez-Malaga — Travellers' fellowship — Journey continued — The knifegrinder — Loja lead-mines — Snowy mountains — Alhama — The inn — Baths — Granada — "Ay de mi Alhama" — The Alhambra — Torre de la Vela — Granada by moonlight — Festival night — Dance in the posada — The Vivarrambla illuminated — Procession of the Corpus Christi — Generalife — Departures.

Granada, May 22nd to May 26th

I RECEIVED your letter at the post-office on my way to the amphitheatre, and read it with vast pleasure en attendant the fight.

The bulls were very formal, and killed a good many horses (thirteen, I believe), and were not easily killed themselves. I shall not now go to any more of these sports, though there is to be another "función" on Sunday There was something like a tumult again here on the outside of the theatre, tickets having been sold to more persons than the place would hold. It is not so spacious nor nearly so handsome as that of Malaga. When the ticket-holders began to be excluded there was a mobbing, and the military threatened with their swords, and some of the people

showed knives; but all was settled at last by an arrangement about returning money. There seems to be unwholesome blood in these large towns. At Malaga the lower class are reputed mala gente (bad ones), and some are so in every sense of the word; for the week before I was there a wealthy inhabitant was kidnapped and taken to the mountains, and obliged to pay, I think, 300*l.* sterling for ransom. This is nothing to a casual traveller; but there is no neighbourhood where, if alone, or travelling at lonesome hours, I should so much have expected an adventure. As far as that is a symptom, I did not anywhere see so many travellers with guns as within four or five miles of Malaga.

I had disheartening quarters at Velez-Malaga: the diligence had come in before us and filled the best rooms of the poor posada. My bed-room got its only light and air from a grating which looked into the gallery of the inn-yard. The bed, however, was clean, and the walls of the room newly whitewashed. There must have been a reform of the Spanish inns in this respect. I have nowhere seen the very great horrors people used to talk of, and have only once or twice had a very disturbed night. The system of showing you an empty or half-furnished room to sleep in, and then bringing in a tressel and bedding, is common at all the lesser inns, and I think it is a very

good one. I had not much time to lament about my room, for I was up before daylight and away before sunrise, having seen little more of the town than its towering outlines of castle and church. The landlord of the inn where Portéla had put up his horses at Malaga (a lusty facetious-looking fellow, like a merry country parson) rode with us for the benefit of our company.* The country was South Devon, but en-

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* Among the many incidents of a horse-journey in Spain which call to mind the scenes of Don Quixote, one of the pleasantest is the spirit of confraternity with which travellers meet and join each other. An approaching figure on the horizon carries with it the same kind of interest with which, out at sea, you observe a sail. That a man is travelling over the same solitudes, if he is not quite an ineligible companion, is a reason for your riding together. When you thus meet, or thus join company, you feel (at least a Spaniard feels) that concern in the circumstances and destination of the stranger, which, in a novel, causes people to tell their histories. Perhaps the meeting, or the companionship, occasionally takes a touch of romance from some little sense of uncertainty, in the first case, whether the approaching stranger be friend or foe, and, in the second, from a slight feeling that you and your companion may be each other's safeguard against some common danger or inconvenience. Townsend (vol. ii. p. 279) states that it was the practice in his time for travellers in Spain to associate, by a kind of tacit

livened by the sunny green of the orange and lemon, and producing olive and vine, the silk mulberry, the sugar-cane reed (a pretty yellow-green crop), the wild pomegranate, cypress, and oleander. We passed a mill and work-rooms, which I was told were a fabrica of cane-sugar. The climate was warmer than that of Devonshire; the atmosphere evidently that of a very southerly latitude. Full rills of water running down artificial channels refreshed one's eye and ear on every side. The journey, as long as this country lasted, and in the coolness of morning, was a delight to almost every sense. Moorish ruins (Zalea), and a Moorish village (Alcaucin), reminded you whose industry and talent had nursed all this fertility and luxury; and to English apprehensions the strange and inconsistent thing here was to see on such a road not one habitation of a person of the wealthier class; in common English, not one "gentleman's place."

We presently got into a higher and ruder country, and rested at a venta (de Zaforaya), where I found more than the customary venta courtesy. The hostess was eating some mess with a friend, and made me the usual offer of eating with them.* I returned the

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agreement, for their common safety, on suspicious roads; but the motive was doubtless stronger seventy years ago than it can be now.

* I found this kind old-fashioned form constantly

usual "mucho aproveche!" (much good may it do you! a way of declining), but tasted their cookery nevertheless, and very good it was. The woman repaired the straps of my leggings, and I made her a present of a roll of needles. (By the bye, the needles have been running wild about my baggage ever since I came abroad.) A walking knifegrinder with a savage-looking working man, and a hagard bronzed wife who seemed to devour all her husband's words, came in and got a puchero to themselves. They had a long bota (leathern bottle), which they passed from one to another, and squirted something from it upon their tongues in Spanish fashion; the knifegrinder facetiously called it la niña (the little girl). The fellow had a vast deal of bustle and swagger in his talk, as the Catalonians I believe have, but I understood him better than I do the Andaluces. He declared that the inn at Alhama (of which the travelling books give very melancholy accounts) was un palacio (a palace)! but all the venta agreed that if we were active we ought to reach Granada that night. We found it enough to do, however, by three the next day. Presently three men of the neighbourhood came in telling a long melancholy story about some lead-mines in

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observed, and I believe with real sincerity; it was so at least in this instance, when, out of curiosity, I took a sop from the last remains of the feast.

the Sierra de Loja, in this district, which had been described in a manuscript mysteriously found some time ago somewhere (and they produced a bundle of documents, some in Latin), and which were actually ascertained to exist, but no one would work them. Whether they expected me to invest in Loja mines or not I do not know. I observed that, to make mines answer, people ought to have roads (we had been, as it were, climbing ladders for half the last stage); but this was evidently thought an uncandid objection.

Before reaching the venta we had come through a very grand pass (Huerta de Zaforaya) forming a kind of notch in the limestone mountains, and we now went through a basin of hills, almost as grey and bare as lead itself; then we came into a pretty park country of ilex and cork-trees, and then out upon a kind of heath, where we found the "needy knife-grinder" and his party picturesquely arranged at the foot of a murder-cross. They started up at our approach, as if they expected to be taxed with the fact: then they jogged on by different ways, and the woman strode over the heath like a figlia del regimento.

A mountain bearing some perpetual snow (the Sierra Tejada) had been in our sight for some time; but now, at a greater distance, appeared the snowy top of the Sierra Nevada of Granada.

At the end of a long moorland ride we came to Alhama, about four o'clock. As you approach, it

appears a large white mass of building, dovetailed into desolate hills which rise gloomily round it: on a nearer view you see that it runs partly round the edges of a steep rift, severing the rock like the Tajo at Ronda, but on a less scale, and giving passage to a lively little stream, shaded in part with trees; a romantic scene to the eye, and made still more so to the mind by recollection of the capture of Alhama in the great war of Granada, and the boldness with which the Spaniards resolved not only to take, but to keep, a town almost in sight of the Moorish capital, while the whole country round was still the enemy's. It is a mean place enough now, with staring, wild-looking inhabitants. Spanish townspeople who do look blackguardly look extremely so, with their round turned-up hats not smartly put on, and their dangling scarecrow cloaks gathered up towards their faces as if to conceal the want of a shirt.

As for the palace of a posada, it was a forlorn place indeed. The Handbook speaks of a casa de los caballeros (a house that takes in gentlemen) somewhere else in the town, but we could not discover it. The maidservant of the inn, I suppose aware how much it was decried, urged me quite pathetically to look at the room she offered, and with much misgiving I resigned myself to it. The walls were indeed well whited, and the stone floor not dirty: there was a window without glass, opening upon the noisy plaza

when you could disentangle the heavy wooden shutters to let in air; but how different an atmosphere from the cool, or rather cold, night air which breathes upon me here in the Alhambra, fresh from the snowy Sierra, and fragrant from the trees! As for the door, which Portéla reminded me to lock when I went out, it was such a piece of heavy timber as you do not often see in the inside of a house in England. But after all, I supped and slept well enough.

What remained of the evening I passed in looking at the scenery of the Tajo, and at some natural hot baths about a mile and a half from the town. The walk to them is rural and not unpleasant, and they seemed to be respectably managed and pretty numerously attended. One is an old Moorish bath with pointed arches, and lighted from the top, like that which I saw at Buda last year, but smaller.

In the morning I was called before daylight, but did not get out till half past four. The moon was still shining bright, but it was full dawn. In the first hour's journey the road was graced with as many as three murder crosses; the only one that had a date was as old as 1791. We passed over heaths where we met many flocks of sheep: the shepherds dressed in dark brown, the natural colour of the wool; the dogs with strong spiked collars to puzzle the wolves. At the bottom of one long descent (at Gacin) we came to a river scene among groves of trees, quite English,

and were immediately greeted by the nightingale. The Sierra Nevada burst upon us presently with very striking effect; the upper region alone, which appeared all snow, rising suddenly over a dark-green corn-field. It was still a long, long journey to Granada. We made an hour's halt at La Mala, where there are salt-works, and afterwards toiled up a tract of sandy hills which skirt the plain of Granada and screen the city from view. It was at such a screen as this that the poor Moorish king breathed his "ultimo suspiro" (last sigh) when leaving Granada for ever. I have seen that place since from a distance, but it is in a different part of the plain. Nothing, I think, in all my journey have I felt so intolerably sultry as the passage of this sand tract.

At last Granada and its great plain, and its wings of mountain far stretched on each side, did burst upon us: a princely sight. I have seldom seen a town that had so noble a seat; never perhaps an inland town so graced by art and nature. Its compact mass of white building spreads across a slight hollow, the valley of the Darro, and up the sides of two hills, the one that of the Albaycin fortress, the other that of the Alhambra: thus throned, Granada looks over a vast plain, brimful of fertility, all green with crops of grain, flax, and other farm products, and encased in high mountains, almost all of historical fame. A near neighbour to the town is the great Sierra Ne-

vada, near enough, doubtless, to cool its atmosphere, and refreshing to an eye that roves over the country in sultry weather. Its long ridge and two small peaks are covered with an even snow; the snowy tract, broken as it descends, comes down to the shoulder of the hill; and below that are the Alpujarras, a mass of mountain forms, peaks and chasms, which the eye does not easily disentangle. Far off, to the southward, is another snowy beacon, the Sierra Tejada, marking, though not very near, the situation of Alhama: * there are again the Sierra of Loja, the

* It is, however, so much a neighbour to that town that we may well imagine the Moorish king, after its capture by the Spaniards, looking abroad from the Alhambra, and uttering a mournful "Ay de mi Alhama!" as his eye rested upon the Tejada snows.

This "Ay de mi," &c., has become current in a wrong sense since the translation of the ballad 'Paseábase el rey Moro,' by Lord Byron. M. Ochoa (Tesoro de los Romanceros, &c., p. 369, Paris, 1838), and Mr. Ford (Handbook, Part i., p. 290), point out that the true reading is "Ay de mi Alhama!" Alas for my Alhama! —not "Ay de mí, Alhama!" Woe is me, Alhama! and the former punctuation appears in Duran's comprehensive 'Romancero General,' vol. ii. p. 90, Madrid, 1851. The Byronian reading has a sighing cadence which would be appropriate to such a sentiment as "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," &c.; but the ballad represents a king bewailing the loss of his city.

mountains towards Antequera, and, nearer to Granada, the variegated hills of the Duke of Wellington's Soto de Roma, and the three-peaked Sierra de Elvira, where Illiberis formerly stood, the scene of a famous council.

Not till three o'clock did we reach Granada; and then not to rest, but to work. Every hotel was full. It was travelling from inn-door to inn-door, and inquiring, and expostulating, without any result, till I was quite discouraged. I even tried an upstairs "casa de pupilos," where the sign of a fat boy was hung out at the lower floor for a show; but the room offered me there was worse than Vejer or Tarifa; so I gave the word to leave the loaded horse in the town, and that Portéla should ride up with me to try the Alhambra: and this succeeded, as I have already said. I am glad now to be where I am, for, let people say what they may, the real object at Granada is the Alhambra and its belongings, and it is better to be at a distance from anything else than from them.

You go up to the Alhambra through a stone gate leading from one of the outer streets of the town, still called the Street of the Gomeles,* who were a tribe of Moors, and take a steep winding ascent (good carriage-road) through delicious shady avenues of very tall

* "La calle de los Gomeles
Deja atrás y el Alameda;"
* * * *

Y en

trees, till you come to another gateway in the Moorish style which leads up to the plateau of the Alhambra. You are here within an enclosure, formerly that of the old palace and fortress, and still closed at ten o'clock at night (but not inexorably, I believe), and comprising the great red towers of the old Alhambra, such at least as are still standing; a vacant inner space, commanding magnificent views; a modern palace begun by Charles V. and never finished; a church, military quarters, private gardens of large extent, houses usually let to temporary tenants and a number of more rubbishy tenements, in one of which I have the pleasure to be: an odd jumble, but delightful to the eye in most of its combinations.

"Y en llegando á un claro arroyo
Vuelve airado la cabeza,
Y a la inespugnable Alhambra
Dice Musa con soberbia," &c.
Moorish Romance in Ochoa's Tesoro de los Romanceros, &c., p. 418.

"Musa leaves behind the Street of the Gomeles and the Alameda; and, arriving at a clear stream, he angrily turns his head, and in haughty mood speaks to the impregnable Alhambra."

"Allá en Granada la rica
Instrumentos oi tocar
En la calle de los Gomeles,
A la puerta de Abidbar."—Ibid. p. 364.

"Yonder, in Granada the rich, I heard instruments of music sounding in the street of the Gomeles, at Abidbar's gate."

The posada (de San Francisco) where I am, rather a scrambling place I must own, does the business of an hotel, and a good deal also in receiving persons who come up to see the Alhambra, and rejoice in taking their meals in the small garden; but I have not found any inconvenience from this; I ought to say rather the contrary; for yesterday morning I happened, just as I was dressed, to peep out into the balcony of my bedroom, when a very respectable bourgeois and bourgeoise were taking their breakfast just below, and the man no sooner spied me than he hailed me with the usual sign of requesting me to take a part. I waved a "mucho aproveche" as well as I could, and backed into my own quarters.

After dinner, on the day of my arrival, I went up to the Torre de la Vela (watch-tower) to see the sun set over the Vega, the great plain I described just now. It is the highest in position of all the Alhambra towers, and was that from which, as an inscription tells, the standard of Castile was first unfurled by the Count of Tendilla and other grandees, in token that the Moors had surrendered Granada. The sunset upon these vast plains, and hills, and snows, and upon the outspread roofs and towers of the city, and the groves that wrap the Alhambra, is a scene not to be described: still less the moonlight which I saw from the same tower, the same evening. The moon was rather past the full, and late; it illuminated the town partially and slantingly, while

it shed a soft light over the country. Granada was seen partly shining in the moonbeams, and partly sparkling out of shadow with its own lights, which were all alive, for it was the eve of the Corpus Christi, and the whole town holiday-making. In the midst a more than common brightness rose up from the illumination of a square, the Moorish Vivarrambla, celebrated in so many romantic legends. There were many people of both sexes on the Torre de la Vela, merry and idle; some amusing themselves with tolling a bell which is still sounded through great part of the night in continuance of the Moorish custom of ringing to let the landholders know when they might open the sluices to irrigate their several fields.*

On the same night I walked into the town with a valet-de-place, Ximenez (son of the Mateo Ximenez who attended Washington Irving), and went to the Vivarrambla. It was gaily lighted up, and adorned all round with temporary façades, painted with inscriptions and devices; among them, medallions of a satirical kind in rather flat caricature; in the midst a transparent Chinese temple, with little fountains round squirting

* But on this festival-night the sounding of the bell was supposed to have some influence upon the ringer's fortune in matrimony. I was invited, as a visitor, to ring the bell, and to eat some roasted peas or kernels, on which some of the party were regaling.

upon herbage.* The whole place was crowded, principally with country-people, and was a lively and amusing scene; many showy costumes, and many handsome faces.

I forgot to mention that in the earlier part of the same evening, sitting in "mine inn," I heard laughing and the click of castanets, and, going upstairs, I found the landlord and landlady, and all the posse of the house, in the comedór (salle à manger), dancing boleros to the guitar and voice, under the auspices of a goodnatured couple, an Irish gentleman and his wife, who were just giving up their rooms. My hostess was a well-looking woman, seemingly between thirty and forty,

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* This exhibition was got up by the "Ayuntamiento Constitucional" of the city. The temple contained an altar dedicated to the Holy Eucharist. The devices and inscriptions were divided into "parte religiosa," and "parte profana;" the "profane" display being, if possible, tamer than the religious. Several of the epigrams turned upon the modern style of female dress; comparing the modish lady to a balloon, and remarking how her train saves trouble to the police by sweeping the streets, &c. The jokes were as old as they were dull; heavy things travel slowly to Granada. The humorous pictures represented tooth-drawing, shaving by steam, and other insipid matters. It was near midnight before I left the Vivarrambla, and it was still crowded. Pickpockets were very active; Granada rang with their exploits.

and did her part with a very good grace, and much like a gentlewoman. It was said to be the rule on this holiday occasion that the lady, after dancing, went round and saluted every gentleman: she did not literally do this, but she got rid of the ceremony well, going to each, and making a little arch modest gesture of passing her arm over you, which was very gracious. Afterwards we had Spanish songs, sung in chorus, or in turn; one taking up the stanza after another.

In the morning (last Thursday) there was the procession of the Corpus Christi. I went with Ximenez to the cathedral, a magnificent building in size and material (chiefly white or whited marble), and in weight of decorations, but modern in style, and not very perfect, I believe, in point of architecture: there the Corpus Christi, about to be carried in procession, was exhibited in a large silver shrine, and the whole place was full of moving groupes.* I got a standing in the Vivarrambla to see the procession. All, or nearly all, the houses behind the temporary façades had balconies decorated with carpets, or silks, or religious inscriptions, and full

* There are inscriptions in the cathedral forbidding those who enter to form groups, walk about in the aisles, or talk with women (hablar con mujeres), on pain of being excommunicated, and paying two duros (8*s.* 4*d.*). But I suppose these thunders of the Church sleep on a great feast-day.

of people; but the houses are merely places of trade seemingly not of the first order. The procession was long, but broken, and, I thought, a poor performance, showing anything but a palmy state of ecclesiastical affairs. Few of the clergy looked very dignified, some very much otherwise, and the manner generally was not reverential, nor was there much magnificence in the materials. There were some children in fancy dress, who seemed rather at a loss where to put themselves, particularly a pretty little girl with wings, who seemed quite mislaid. All the people knelt, or lowered themselves, when the Host, in its shrine of silver, passed, and a shower of rose-leaves was thrown from one balcony; but complete indifference seemed to return the moment after. The Archbishop of Granada was in the procession, an ordinary-looking man, not at all answering to the idea of Gil Blas' famous master. The procession ended with a long array of troops, line and national militia; among the last some very well-looking men on handsome horses of their own: they were principal persons in Granada, I was told.* In the afternoon I went to the bull-fight, as I have mentioned;

* From the Vivarrambla the long wavering train dived into the narrow Moorish Zacatin, which was shaded with awnings drawn across from house-top to house-top. It was not easy to imagine how the procession, horse and foot, would struggle through such a defile.

this time the bulls were good, and the men bad; one matador so awkward or irresolute, or both, that I began to fear some harm would come to him.*

I have pretty well given up the thought of riding across the country to Cordova; more than one person tells me that there is not enough to repay the labour and expense; and the diligence journey seems convenient though roundabout. I have called upon the family of Mr. Mark, our Malaga Consul; and Mr. Riaño, to whom Mr. De Gayangos gave a letter, has been very civil.

I have been once through the interior of the Alhambra, and think of devoting to-morrow morning to it.

The Generalife is a kind of pavilion with gardens, in continuation of the Alhambra. If there could be a Paradise within walls, this must have been it. I enclose some of its myrtle. I can now form a judgment of the Crystal Palace Court of Lions, and must protest that, although a very handsome work, it does not in the least convey to your mind the spirit of the place.†

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* It seemed to be a point of honour that, if the matador engaged was in difficulty, no other came forward to undertake the execution; and the scene grew painful when the champion was for a long time unsuccessful, the bull sturdy, and the impatience of the spectators hardly suppressed.

† Supported by the opinion of a traveller who has

There is a great rush from Granada to-day, the fair being over. Two Madrid gentlemen, father and son, who have been here some days, went this morning. I used to take meals and go about with them, and found them good company. The summer seems now coming upon us in full blaze. I regret we have lost the moon, but console myself with the sunsets and starlight, which are resplendent. One cannot here "doubt that the stars are fire,"

NOTE.

Lord Byron's incorrect version of "Ay de mí Alhama" has a precedent in the translation of Mr. Thomas Rodd: Ancient Ballads, London, 1803, p. 93, where the rendering is "Alas! alas! Alhama!" Mr. Rodd attracted some notice in the early part of this century as a translator of Spanish romances (and a very lame one he was), and perhaps Lord Byron's fault may lie at his door.

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seen much of the East (Hoskins, 'Spain as it is,' vol. i. p. 209, London, 1851), I venture to think that it was a mistake to gild the shafts of the columns.

LETTER XII.

Granada — The Alhambra — Generalife — The dog of the Alhambra — Zubia — Robbery of the malleposte — Tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella — Memorials of King Boabdil — Los Martires — Scenery of Granada — The fair — Gipsies — The Albaycin — School in a rock-cave — Churches — Gonsalvo de Cordova — Calle de las Tablas — Zacatin — Suburb walks — San Nicolas — A politician — Dancing and the castanet — Efforts of government to preserve archives.

Granada, May 26th. Cordova, June 1st.

I HAVE devoted nearly the whole of this morning to a long lounge through the Alhambra,* a place I shall probably never see again, and of which I shall certainly not see the like. But I am not going to visit you with a description of it, though I think I could now lionize you over it very well, if you were here. Like

* It is one of the charms of a residence in the Alhambra, that, when you have once made acquaintance with the doorkeeper of the ancient palace, you can at any time of the day gain admittance, with the liberty of ranging through the enchanted halls, unattended and with little interruption, for as long a time as you desire. A chance party of visitors, a workman, or a laborious artist, are your only disturbers.

Venice, it is the most easy and the most impossible thing to describe: the dead material and the arrangement of objects are very simple and familiar from books and pictures, but the magical effects upon the mind and senses are produced by twenty things which you cannot anticipate nor perhaps well analyze, and certainly cannot carry to the mind of a person at home by any array of words.

It is remarkable that, as you view the crumbled walls, and the huge old red Nineveh-looking towers which encircle the precinct called the Alhambra, nothing leads you to imagine that there is more inside than in Conway Castle or Carnarvon: in this it differs from Heidelberg, where you are not surprised to find rich remnants of the Electoral days. But for my own part, I had very little, if any, notion how the interior beauty of the Alhambra was to break upon me, till, upon knocking at a little mean door adjoining the unfinished palace of Charles V., I was at once admitted to that new ancient world of elegance and luxury which we have all our lives heard so much of. This is truly Oriental; a mean, strong, forbidding outside; wealth and beauty within; and but a step from one to the other. The suddenness of the transition from a strong outside to the very bosom of the establishment is Spanish too. More than once (and here, the other day, at Mr. ——'s), after knocking and ringing at a door which seems meant rather to keep you out than let you

in, I have found myself face to face with some of the family as soon as I entered.* Well they may call out, before they admit you, to know what sort of person you are.

At the Alhambra you at once walk into a beautiful Oriental Court (of the Alberca or fish-pond), with Moorish arches, slender white marble columns, filigreed slabs of white marble, chequered-work of blue, yellow, and brown, inlaid upon white; two stories of Moorish arcades, with a latticed entresol between, all highly decorated; and a long tank of greenish water, in which gold-fish are playing between thick hedges of myrtle. A passage of a step or two, like that from one quadrangle to another in a college, but through such an enriched archway as no college I have ever seen can match, takes you into the Court of the Lions and into the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The design of this place you know well, the grotesque fountain itself (admirably proportioned and fancied, however, for its place and purpose), and the exquisite porticoes of pillars, single or coupled, slender and white like ladies' arms, supporting canopies which

* Very commonly, after you have pulled the gate-bell, and answered the usual "Quien es?" the door flies open of itself, and a person accosts you from the first floor; that person may be the master of the house or apartments.

would seem too much for them, were not the material fretted into a delicate lacework. But you cannot conceive the spell that falls upon you when you enter one of these courts, from the monumental stillness that seems to wrap you round, increased, rather than broken, by the low murmur of running water, and now and then the whistle of the swallows: add to this the brightness of all the lights, the spacious blue sky, not veiled by any film of cloud, and the perspective on every side of some farther region of elegance and luxury which seems to promise endless beauties. There is a small interior room, open toward the Lions' Court, where a beautiful window of two arches looks into a little quadrangle (the Court of Lindaraxa*), with a fountain and a garden of roses, orange-trees, myrtles, and syringas. As you sit in this window, turning your back to the garden, you look upon the Lions'

* Whoever Lindaraxa was, no lover of Dryden, looking down upon the desolate little flowery solitude which bears her name, can fail to think upon the fantastic, tragi-comical Lyndaraxa of the 'Conquest of Granada,' who jilts with as high a hand as the hero fights, and is the very Almanzor of coquettes. Her death, at the moment of acquiring the crown for which she has betrayed everybody throughout the two parts of the tragedy, is one of Dryden's most brilliant extravagances, and almost touching, in defiance of nature.

Fountain through a perspective of five successive arches, all highly enriched; the Lions' Fountain itself, as I saw it, illuminated by an intense sun, but relieved by a shadowy arch on the farther side of the court, which opens beyond the lions into the Hall of the Abencerrages. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful; and you will easily judge that the Crystal Palace Court, however well executed, could not, even if it were upon the same scale as the original, be more than a plan or model: it cannot have the effect of a repetition.

One great beauty of the Alhambra is the good taste with which advantage is taken of the natural features of the country. Thus, in the Hall of Ambassadors, which is a highly decorated room, with a rich fretted cupola, and walls that amaze you by their profusion of delicate and intricate carving, and Arabic inscription, and elegant inlaid work, there are windows, in deep recesses, affording just the views which an English gentleman of the best judgment in scenery would have been careful to let in; * a grand prospect, above

* It must be admitted that in the poetical inscriptions which decorate the Alhambra and rehearse its praises (so far as they are cited in Mr. Owen Jones's interesting tract on the Alhambra Court), no notice appears to be taken of the external scenery. But probably the Moors, and the cultivated people of other countries too,

the tops of the highest poplars, commanding part of the town and the Sierra de Elvira; a beautiful view of the Albaycin suburb on the opposite side of the river Darro;* and another view up the same river, where it winds out of the hills between clefts, upon part of which the Alhambra stands. In this river prospect you take in one of the lesser towers of the fortress, on the top of which is a beautiful little pavilion, with Moorish windows, and an outer arcade round three sides, called El Tocador de la Reina (the Queen's dressing-room). The point is conspicuous to all the country, and of course commands noble prospects,† and receives three parts of the winds that may blow from heaven. Mr. Ford repels the idea of a Queen or Sultana having dressed herself in such an exposed place; but the windows

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before the last century, had a sense of the picturesque without having learnt to talk about it.

* But so near that, in the stillness of the Alhambra, I have heard the sound of a loom from the Albaycin.

† The valley of the Darro; the massive tower of Comares (neighbour to that of the Tocador); the Albaycin; the Sierra Nevada; the Generalife, a white-turreted pavilion-house, forming a long straight line, which is lengthened by a line of cypresses; behind these, bold heights of a ferruginous red colour, wildly scattered with bushes. While the eye wanders over these objects, the ear is soothed by the sound of distant running water; either the flow of the Darro, or that of the conduits bringing water from the snow mountain.

might have hangings, and there was an interior room. Probably it was a place for the ladies to gossip in and eat sweets when the Sultana fancied taking the air so high.

To jump at once from the top of the Alhambra to the bottom, the Baths, even in their present forlorn and dismantled state, looked luxurious, and their atmosphere was delightfully fresh and cool.† Three of the bathing-places, which are near each other, one might imagine to have been intended for a papa, mamma, and child of six or seven years old; the last about four feet long, the first large enough to swim in.

Now I will not trouble you with more of the interior of the Alhambra (though I spare you volumes), except to say that there is a good deal doing, and seemingly doing well, in the way of restoration and preservation,

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* Deference must be paid, however, to the opinion of Lady Louisa Tenison, that the Tocador is in "rather an al fresco situation for such an apartment." (Castile and Andalucia, p. 61.)

† The cupolas have small star-like perforations, contrived so as to let in light without heat.

I had noticed with proper respect the blood-stain on the marble in the Abencerrages' hall, imprinted, as tradition says, when that family was massacred by order of Boabdil. Unfortunately, I could not help observing that in the floor of the baths there is such another stain, which (in the absence of tradition) seems evidently to be a natural hue of the stone.

and that the government, for a government which has not too much money, appears to be performing its duty to the place very laudably. I intruded into what appeared to be an orderly workshop in the Alhambra, where new decorations in marble were being prepared; and Don Manuel de Mendoza, to whom Mr. De Gayangos introduced me, says that all these matters are put under a very competent person. I observed that a number of workmen were employed in securing one of the outward walls: I say employed, but in fact they were all sleeping or smoking in the shade when I came upon them; but I suppose sleep and smoke, as the proverb says of meat and prayer, do not hinder work, in Spain.*

The Moorish pavilion and gardens called the Generalife are on the same line of heights as the Alhambra,

* The place under repair was the Sala de Justicia, celebrated for the antique paintings on the ceilings of its three alcoves. One picture, the tribunal scene, had been temporarily removed, on account of the works. Without adding ignorant conjectures to the many learned ones which have been bestowed upon these curious relics of supposed Moorish art, I will notice one circumstance which struck me in the two pictures that remained, and which I have not seen accounted for, namely, that almost all the figures, the female ones especially, have hair and complexions, not merely fair, but such as would be deemed, even in England, excessively light.

divided from it by a little wild ravine under the ruined walls of the fortress, and stretching farther up the Darro. They are now the villa of a private person, but every one has access, paying a fee.

I must rather qualify what I said about this place in my last letter, after a second view. It is in parts exquisitely beautiful; but in the vicissitudes it has undergone it has become narrowed and defaced to a degree that you cannot well shut your eyes to, however willing. The same, indeed, may be said of some parts of the Alhambra itself. The house has a good deal of decoration in the Alhambra style, and you look from it down a narrow but beautiful little flower-garden, with an avenue of cypresses beyond. The garden itself is a terrace, from which you overlook the fruitful levels of the Vega, and the surrounding mountains that sink down, on the edge of the plain, to the low hill of the Ultimo Suspiro. In the garden itself are four very ancient cypresses, one nearly as tall as the largest poplars I know in England, and with a huge stem which seems peeled and mouldered with age. It marks the scene of a supposed scandalous adventure of a Sultana in the time of the Abencerrages. In the centre is a tank with the usual clear rush of water, led down by channels from the mountains; all round are orange-trees, and roses, and other bright and sweet flowers: and this scene, so soft and fresh, brilliant and shaded, is closed by the snowy, lonesome steep of the Sierra

Nevada, the parent of all the waters which refresh the gardens and the plain. The cypress-walk, which leads from the garden to the public walks of the Alhambra, is itself very pretty. Vines are trained up the tall, naked stems of the cypresses to a height which I never saw equalled except once in Italy, I think in the duchy of Massa. The rigid dark tree and the bright luxuriant creeper make a beautiful contrast: one thinks of Lucy Ashton and the Master of Ravenswood.

The Marks, to whom I have made a second long morning visit, tell me that the Alhambra is frequented by a dog (not a spectre) who distinguishes English people, and attends them over the place and keeps off the beggars, and who belongs to nobody. It is supposed that he has somehow been left here by English people, and recognises the language. I have nearly forgotten Washington Irving's 'Alhambra, by Geoffrey Crayon,' which I never much admired, but I have been reading his 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada' with great pleasure: my travels are quite a running commentary upon it.

I rode out yesterday morning (I am now writing on the 28th) to Zubia, about a league off on the Vega,* to see the scene of a very interesting occur-

* It was a sultry, dusty ride over the flat farm country of the Vega. I hired a man and horse for the journey, my own stud having been sent home with the

rence of the siege of Granada, when Queen Isabella brought the ladies of her court to look at the city and the camp, and was ushered with great pomp and gallantry to a station convenient for the show, near a turreted house now called Casa Bevero. There she had, certainly, a fine, sidelong view of the noble city, not three miles off, and the plain spread at its feet, like an arena contrived on purpose for a race or tournament. The Moors, seeing that something more than common was occurring, came out in force and defied the Christians, who had strict orders not to bring on an engagement. One Moor, however, offered so gross an affront that a single combat followed, and

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mozo. The man walked, but jumped up behind me when we had a stream to cross. On the way, there came out of one of the hedges a snake, the largest I had ever seen at liberty, of a dull yellow colour, full five feet long, and of about the ordinary thickness of a man's arm. A country fellow was passing, and he and my guide fell upon the unhappy monster so eagerly, and in such good concert, that one might have thought both had been waiting a month for the opportunity. Sticks and clods came to hand as if they had started up of themselves. Virgil's "cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor," could not have been acted more to the life. The reptile was soon despatched. I was told that it was not of a dangerous kind. I cannot say the same of the deep holes excavated in the road by watercourses, which, in an imperfect light, would have been a real and formidable peril.

then a general one. Isabella and her ladies and ecclesiastics found their position alarming, and fell to prayers, which were so far heard that the Moors lost courage and withdrew into the city. The Queen founded a monastery at Zubia, and planted a laurel, it is said, which is still there, in memory of her susto (alarm). The convent has been suppressed, and is occupied by a sturdy John Bull yeoman, who did the honours of the place bluffly and civilly, and would not take money. No more would the proprietor of the Casa Bevero.*

Here I must stop for the present: to-morrow is my ultimo suspiro for Granada. My place and Portéla's are taken for six in the morning, by the Andaluza to La Carolina, a little beyond Baylen where I stop. I was nearly disappointed, for there was a crowd of competitors on the arrival of the diligence from Malaga

* The laurel stands in a garden, once the property of the convent. The Casa Bevero is a substantial house, in which it is said the King and Queen were lodged. The Miradores (outside galleries or arcades) of its tower command a good prospect, and from thence, probably, the royal persons had their view. One or two circumstances which give liveliness to Mr. Irving's narrative are not ventured upon, I observe, by the graver modern historians, Prescott and Lafuente (Historia General de España, vol. ix, Madrid, 1852); but I do not doubt that warrant may be found for them in some of the chroniclers.

which corresponds with the coach going by Baylen to Madrid: Mr. Riaño somehow dropped from the clouds in the middle of my difficulty, and, being a friend of the officials, got it arranged that I should take my place to La Carolina, and so have the superiority over persons who only asked to go to Baylen. I am to arrive there late to-morrow evening, and wait for the coach to Cordova. I see the malle-poste on this road has been robbed; * but I think this is in my favour, if there is to be robbing at all, as, after such a great coup as that mentioned in the papers, there will hardly be a second attempt on the same road so soon. Besides, it is one thing to pop at a starveling malle-poste, and another to attack a good portly diligence. However, I cannot stay at Granada till Spain becomes orderly, so off I am.

My story of the Malaga bull-fight goes on improving. Mr. Mark tells me that some persons had made preparations to set the theatre on fire, out of spite to the undertaker of the show: but I can hardly believe in such a monstrous piece of wickedness and absurdity, and I think the word "fuego" may have been uttered with the meaning I mentioned the other day, and have given rise to this story.

* Properly, silla-correo. The newspaper statement was that it had been attacked in the neighbourhood of La Carolina, and an English gentleman robbed of fifty pounds.

[LETTER XIII.

Detention at Baylen.

Baylen, May 30th.

You must consider this letter as a parenthesis. I left Granada on Thursday morning and arrived here with Portéla, all well, that night. But the coaches by which I hoped to get on to Cordova are full, and after a blank day here I have been obliged to stay a second night and go on in the old knight-errant style, on horseback. Portéla promises that I shall be at Cordova before the heat of the day on Sunday. I have a letter nearly written which I intend putting in the post there, as I do not like trusting much to the post of out-of-the-way places; if one may say so of a place where the Spaniards beat the French in 1808. At the same time I fear that you may have fancies if you do not hear, and therefore I do all I can by putting this in as I leave the town.]

LETTER XII.—*Continued.*

Baylen, May 30th.

I am here in a *fix* about getting forward, and devote an hour to writing.

Of the sights at Granada, after the Alhambra and Generalife, there is not much to be said. The best, as a work of art, is the white marble tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, at the chapel of the cathedral called Capilla de los Reyes. It is wrought by an Italian. The two whole-length figures, reclining as in death or sleep, are beautiful, that of the Queen especially; it is so simple and so full of ease and repose, yet with a proper dignity. There is another marble tomb adjoining, on the same scale and in the same style, of Philip of Burgundy (called the Beautiful) and his wife Juana la Loca (the Mad), less interesting, but still a very exquisite work: * and in a vault

* Mr. Ford's description of these monuments (Handbook, Part i. p. 320) is vivid and true. Mr. Stirling imagines that the Ferdinand and Isabella is a Spanish work, but the passage on which he founds the conjecture seems hardly sufficient to bear it out if there be any tolerable amount of proof to the contrary. (Annals of the Artists of Spain, vol. i. p. 130.)

below you see the rough unornamented tombs which actually enclose the bodies of the four persons. There is a curious coloured bas-relief at the Capilla, supposed to be a contemporary work, representing the poor Moorish King Boabdil surrendering the keys of the city to Ferdinand and the Queen. This (or the parting with Boabdil after the surrender) happened at a small building about a mile out of the town, where there was a mosque, afterwards turned into a monastery: the monastery is now I do not know what, but the building exists, and is remembered in connexion with the event. Everything about this poor king seems to be recollected with a sort of tenderness: you are shown the postern gate in the walls (the most remote from the city) where he and his family stole out of the Alhambra when the surrender had been finally agreed upon, and from which he went to deliver the keys: it was walled up, they say, at his entreaty, that no one else might ever pass through it, and is now a ruinous out-of-the-way place,* but some endeavours have been made to clear it, and show the arched underground passage by which the King withdrew. His ultimo suspiro completes the memorials of that doleful day.

Tell Mr. De M—— that I visited a place which he

* Ximenez alleged that his father had had the principal merit in disinterring this relic.

recommended as a point of view, Los Martires. A M. Calderon of Madrid, but a native of Granada, a wealthy banker, is building a fine modern house there, and laying out grounds with a great deal of taste, though not unexceptionably. The land was bought for a trifle, but the outlay upon it must be very great; it commands noble prospects, and is itself one of the conspicuous features of Granada in the approach over the plain. I am glad that a moneyed man has such an opinion of the stability of things, and probability of their improving, as to go on with such an investment. The grounds are backed by a wild iron-red ridge of hill, with a commanding rocky point called the Silla del Moro (seat of the Moor) on the top of it, from which you have more extensive views than from the Martires, and a good peep into the depths of the Alpujarras under the Sierra Nevada.

Talking of this mountain, I may mention that, after the 26th and 27th, which I am told were as hot as any days they had here last summer, I thought I could distinctly see a rubbing off of the snow in some parts of the highest region, like spots coming in a planet. The effect of the heat was shown too by little clouds steaming up from the summits, and by the briskness of the rivers in the town, which come fresh from the melting snows. For an alpine region the Sierra is an inferior one, but the combination of its eternal frost with the other scenery of Granada is, as far I know, match-

less. There is a handsome modern street, or esplanade rather, where the principal town hotels stand, and a kind of mall runs down, by the river Darro, to a stately church, and to the bridge and shady alameda of the other river, Xenil, the Kensington Garden of Granada. Immediately behind, and as it were close upon, this fine town scenery, the whole snowy region spreads out, descending to the Alpujarras, which lie tumbled and tossed at its feet, without any apparent interval between them and the groves of the Xenil.

In these walks by the Xenil the fair was held on the three days after the Corpus. The Granada fair is an institution of quite late times, and is said to prosper very well. I went there one day, and saw endless lines of horses, mules, and donkeys for sale, a great many knowing Andalusian figures, with a mixture of hempen-sandalled Manchegans (I believe) and white-kilted Valencians, and the sprinkling of gipsies usual wherever horse-dealing upon a minor scale is going on. I did not see any particularly charming females among them, but their mixture of coquetry and beggary was amusing as usual. As an instance of the first, most of the women, however "wild in their attire" in other respects, had smart open-worked stockings. The fair in general did not seem to me very different from others. I walked there once in the evening; there was a great crowd, chiefly of the upper classes, and the

younger Mr. G——* said he had seen a great deal of beauty. I was rather less lucky, but it was very well. There were lighted booths in the evening for toys and trinkets, but not numerous nor very gay. I remarked that there were no sports of any kind: no roundabouts, jugglers, or gamblers, not even guitars, except make-believe ones, which were sold for children. (I saw a little boy as I went to Zubia putting his to a rational use by ladling water with it.) It was said that the authorities would not allow sports and pastimes, on account of their taking up space.

I should mention, à propos to gipsies, that upon the urgency of my valet-de-place Ximenez, who was a good person on the whole, but always ready to promote some job for his townsmen, we had in an eminent gipsy guitar-player one evening, who brushed and rattled the instrument with great execution much in the style of the gipsies of Presburg and Pest,† and sang in the same

* One of the Madrid gentlemen who were my fellow guests at the San Francisco, as mentioned in page 172.

† Their music reminded me of the expression in Kane O'Hara's 'Midas,' which till I heard the gipsies I had always taken to be merely one of the droll jingles in which that great master, or rather tyrant, of rhyme indulges himself:—

"In these greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine,
Then *his guitar he clatters*
With tinkling divine."

These

taste. I did not take much delight in it, but I had an aversion to the man's face and manner, and his complexion and features seemed to me more African than Asiatic.

There is a large colony of gipsies at the Albaycin. I have hardly mentioned this suburb of Granada before. It spreads up the opposite bank of the Darro. Supposing the Alhambra to be a ship with her stern to the Great Sierra and her head to the town of Granada, the Albaycin is a ship of inferior rate lying alongside. It was, however, an important stronghold, and a rival to the Alhambra, in time of civil wars between the Moors. It is still covered with houses, though of an inferior class, many of them having traces of Moorish architecture and decoration. The rock on which it stands is very easily perforated, and at the extremity of the Albaycin town you see, among bushes, aloes, and prickly pears, the mouths of a great number of caves: some few of them are simply holes in the rock; others, improved with masonry, are inhabited as houses, chiefly by the gipsies, not however as chance settlers; the property is the Queen's, and they pay from four to ten reals (say one shilling to half-a-crown) a year. I peeped into a few of these; in one an old woman, not a gipsy, was keeping a school of little girls, about thirteen or fourteen in number, learning needlework. The place

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These gipsy minstrels, however, wear gentlemanly suits of clothes, and no tatters.

was rather murky, but not cheerless or unclean, and they sat near the cave's mouth. This dwelling was nearly all rock; the whole almost of the interior "fittings" cut in the stone.

The best church I went to see, after those I have mentioned, was one at the Carthusian convent, which was very richly decorated, particularly with sculpture and inlaid work: it reminded me, in this, of the admirable Carthusian church, the Certosa, at Pavia; but cannot for a moment be compared to it in beauty.* There is a pretty villa garden adjoining it, belonging to a lady named Muros; it was part of the Carthusian property, and she bought both this and the convent, but, as she was going to pull the building down, the government made her re-sell it. This is the story. I am glad the government were able and willing to do this; but it seems unlike the proceedings attributed to them in other places.

At another church, San Jeronymo, I saw the only memorials now remaining of the famous Gonsalvo (properly Gonzalo) de Cordova, who was buried there; a small tablet, with a Latin inscription, in the pavement at the foot of the altar-steps; and, on each side of the altar, coloured effigies of his wife and himself in the atti-

* Here is a series of paintings representing the persecution of Carthusians in England under Henry VIII.; poor enough as works of art, but clear, broad, and dramatic, and well calculated for the people.

tude of prayer. I will not trouble you with more of my church-goings, or researches after Moorish remains, in all which I was properly diligent, except to mention that at the convent of Saint Dominic I saw, among some paintings on the wall, of the fifteenth century, a little naked angel with a pistol raised to his eye, taking aim: a new idea to me, though I do not know why celestial beings should not handle triggers and ramrods as well as fiddlesticks.

Aldea del Rio, May 31st.

I am on the banks of the Guadalquivir, which will be my companion now nearly all the way to Cadiz. It has been about a nine hours' ride, but with a refreshing wind meeting us.

To finish with Granada. I went over one aristocratic house, that of the Marquis del Salar, a descendant of the famous Pulgar of the Ferdinand and Isabella days, surnamed El de las Hazañas (he of the exploits). It is in the Calle de las Tablas, the "West End" of Granada, but quite dismantled: the Marquis having, it seems, another house in Granada, and another in Madrid. It has good capabilities, and looks out beautifully to the hills and Vega; but could never, I think, have been what we English should approve of as a nobleman's house. Granada makes very little show, either in the private or other houses; there are

which one may suppose to be luxurious dwellings, particularly near the Alameda of the Xenil, but they do not produce any combined effect. The shops are in general merely open stores, some well furnished I dare say, but not holding out much temptation to the eye: and indeed I was once or twice at a loss in trying to get very ordinary things. The Zacatin, the busy shopping quarter from the Moorish time downwards, has a lively appearance of business, but is as narrow as the Burlington Arcade. None of the shops are glazed. When the sun is on them, they are shaded with curtains. Adjoining the Zacatin is a curious remnant of the old Moorish bazaar. As an instance of the scale on which business goes on at Granada, I tried one day to get ten pounds' worth of gold at the banker's to whom my circular letter is directed; and though it was only one o'clock, they said they had paid away all their gold, and could not produce it.

Of course Granada has an endless variety of beautiful near walks. The tall groves under the Alhambra on the contrary side of the ship to the Albaycin are a delightful refuge from the heat, but rather puzzling when you have to work your way up in the dark to your Alhambra quarters, for there is never any artificial light at night. There is a romantic walk along the banks overhanging the Darro, to what the English call the nut fountain (Fuente del Avellano); a pretty spring, but rather an object to end a short

excursion than remarkable in itself. In returning, I was taken to a walk higher up in the hill, where you can peep into the channels by which water is "laid on" to the Alhambra and Generalife from the Sierra Nevada, as methodically as it is to our houses.*

On Sunday evening I went to a fine point of view at the churchyard of St. Nicholas, and saw a glorious sunset. The Plaza de Toros was at a distance below, the bull-fight was going on, and I could see part of the audience, and distinctly hear their shouts in the stillness of the evening. In the churchyard, while I was admiring the view, a good yeoman-looking man was talking politics behind me to Ximenez and others. It seems there was some Church edict which had put his blood up, and he appeared to be talking very well, and like an honestly intentioned man, though with the petulance of the self-educated, against assumptions of this kind in general. I did not hear

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* Ximenez was my guide; Portéla attending, as he sometimes did on these occasions, without asking any question, but as a matter of course; and I saw no reason to object.

We loitered some time near one of the tanks, in a lone place under the hill, to hear the bellowing (for so it might be called without exaggeration) of the frogs. Ximenez styled them not ranas but ranos; perhaps they are so called in compliment to their masculine voices.

or understand all that he said, but there was so much of the John Bull à-plomb about it, and such a mixture of honest, with some wrong, feeling (for I heard him talk some nonsense about worshipping God in the fields), that I could not help having more respect for him, as he touched his cap and went away, than I should probably have had for Sir —— —— after a popular address upon religious liberty at ——.

In returning home through the Albaycin we heard castanets and voices from the interior of some very humble premises, and asked leave to go in. The place could hardly be called a yard, it was like a hen-house unroofed; but there was a crew of lads and girls, and a dance; the girls playing castanets, all who had them,* and sometimes singing. They made room for

* I have already offended too much in the practice (which I have often disapproved in others) of waylaying the reader with notes, and it would be a mere assassination to discharge upon him here the learning upon the subject of Spanish dances which has been made familiar by so many writers, and among them by Mr. Ford, who does not usually observe the Mosaic precept, to leave something for the gleaner. Every one knows that the description of the dancing Gaditana in Juvenal, Sat. xi. v. 162-164, is better expounded at a baile in any Andalusian town than in twenty columns of German or Dutch commentators; and that the "testarum crepitus" denounced by the satirist, v. 170, cannot be construed by any other words than "the click of castanets." It is

Ximenez and me very good-naturedly, and we saw some dancing. It seems the man who chiefly figured was a dancing-master, so that we did not see so much a genuine dance as his exhibition with his favourite pupils. He was a vulgar fellow, with trowsers and glazed boots, and a rough black jacket à l'Andalouze, with superb silver trimmings, of which Ximenez told me the man had a curious assortment at home, if I liked at any time to go and see them. (I did not.) The dancing was not very remarkable, and there were polkas as well as boleros. A handsome but

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known, too, that there is much good Greek on the subject of these instruments within the reach of any one who will turn a few pages for it. Nevertheless I am tempted to extract a passage (not hackneyed by quotation, I believe) which describes with striking exactness the scene mentioned in the text, of several persons among the bystanders accompanying the dance with castanets.

Athenæus (Deipnosoph. B. xiv., c. 9, xxxix. vol. 5, p. 307-9, Bipont, 1805), after noticing the statement of a much earlier writer, Dicæarchus, that there were certain instruments formerly used for women to sing and dance to, which, when touched by the fingers, made a shrill click (λιγυρὸν ψόφον), adds: "Δίδυμος δέ φησιν, εἰωθέναι τινὰς ἀντὶ τῆς λύρας κογχύλια καὶ ὄστρακα συγκρούοντας, ἔνρυθμον ἦχόν τινα ἀποτελεῖν τοῖς ὀρχουμένοις." "Didymus says it was usual for some persons, instead of playing the lyre, to strike oyster and other such shells together, and with their sound make a kind of timed accompaniment to those who danced."

insipid Jewess figured greatly and almost brushed my head off with her skirts, to the amusement of the girls. The simplicity and good humour of the muchachas were very amusing, but I thought the mozos, who were plain rustics, seemed rather bored at seeing the whole affair usurped by the master. As soon as some cigars came, which I presented to the gentlemen round, I got away.

Cordova, June 1st, 4 afternoon
(just going to the Cathedral).

With much exertion I am at last here: saddle from a quarter to four till past two, deducting about an hour and a half's rest. I find a very pleasant inn (Parador de las Diligencias), which is a repose greater than any other; but grieve that I cannot stay here longer than to-morrow: how we get to Seville I do not know yet. I wrote yesterday from Baylen.

NOTE.

Having mentioned in this letter one or two endeavours of the Spanish government to save national monuments from destruction, I may add here another instance of praiseworthy, though late, efforts in the same direction. Don Pascual de Gayangos, to whom almost

every one who now writes upon Spain incurs some obligation, favours me with the following statement:—

"In 1852 the Spanish government commissioned the Royal Academy of History to search in the Oficinas de Bienes Nacionales for such manuscripts, charters, and deeds as could be of use for historical purposes. But let me first explain to you what Bienes Nacionales are. In 1821 the Constitutional government and the Cortes ordered all the property belonging to ecclesiastics to be sold, and a good deal of it was brought to the hammer: beautiful monastic buildings were then sold off for a mere trifle, and demolished for the sake of the materials; libraries were wantonly destroyed, and the archives of the convents transferred to the hands of certain officers in the capital of each province, whose business it was to sell the lands and houses belonging to the aforesaid monastic corporations, and to administer for the account and profit of the nation the lands and houses unsold. Then came the restoration of the old régime with the assistance of a French army, and a violent decree was issued, re-establishing the convents and the friars everywhere throughout the country, and ordering that their property should be returned to them without indemnifying the purchasers. In 1834 things were again brought to their former state: all convents (with the exception of those of nuns) were again shut, the property restored to the original purchasers or to their heirs, and whatever remained unsold was publicly disposed of. The Royal Academy of History having, though rather too late, urged upon the government the necessity of an inspection of the conventual archives thus collected, lest there should be, among the charters and deeds seized by the provincial officers, papers and books of historical

interest, I was commissioned by the Academy to carry on the inspection in the various provinces. I have done so for several years consecutively, saving from utter destruction upwards of 80,000 deeds and charters, and several curious manuscripts belonging to the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries, besides illuminated missals and other valuable papers, which now constitute a separate archive in the rooms of the Royal Academy at Madrid."

Don Pascual adds that the most valuable collections thus made were from the monasteries of San Millan de la Cogulla near Najera in Castile, Santo Domingo de Silos in the mountains of Burgos, Sahagun and Oña in Leon and Castile, and Melon and Sobrado in Galicia,

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LETTER XIII.—*See page* 186.

LETTER XIV.

Seville — Portéla's departure — Granada — Breakfast company at the café — The guide Ximenez — Diligence journey to Baylen — Spanish coaching — View of Jaen — Arrival at Baylen.

Seville, Wednesday, June 4th.

I HAD the happiness of receiving your letter here to-day, as well as one on my arrival at Cordova, or rather the day after, for they pretended that letters could not be given out on Sunday. I suspect the official was gone junketing, and put up a sanctified mask to amuse strangers. I am glad you find mine amusing; they are the matter of fact, not at all embellished; and it amuses me to write them, though sometimes I go on till the pen literally drops from my fingers; I doubt now and then whether others may not become as drowsy. I am established here, after twenty-seven hours of diligence (having left Cordova at ten yesterday morning), and have now no journey before me but down the Guadalquivir by steam to Cadiz (14th), and thence to England. You may let Mr. —— know that, not having been assassinated as he said I should be, I think he ought in honour to pay me the wager I

proposed upon it, though he did not actually strike hands. I feel rather insignificant in never having, to my knowledge, been even threatened with any harm. Portéla has just been taking his leave: he goes home to Port St. Mary to-morrow, and is anxious to do so (though he would have stayed if I had wished it), as he fears that a storm this morning may have damaged some fields that he has there: but he sees no harm in leaving me now that we are fuera de campamento (out of the field). He is a good barbarian, and I dare say has had more care and thought about me, after his manner, than I have ever been grateful for.*

I think I finished all I had to say about Granada, except that I delivered M. De Gayangos's letter to Don Manuel de Mendoza, and regretted not having met him sooner. Mr. Riaño I mentioned; he was, though a plain man, a most kind and sensible friend: he lives in an odd little place, though gentlemanlike enough, off the Zacatin. Mr. Mark returned to Granada only the day before I made my farewell call. He and his family have a very pleasant residence at

* His dialect was at first a great damp upon our conferences, for the Andalusian is to the Castilian what the Neapolitan is to the Tuscan, or the Austrian to the Saxon. But, by long travelling together, we arrived at such a mutual understanding that he used to interpret between me and his country-people.

the Alhambra for the summer, with a garden snugly and romantically nestled under the Torre Bermeja (Vermilion Tower). There are many places of the kind let in this way, and very eligible for a family who do not mind being out of the world a little.* The general Alhambra in which I lived is, to say the truth, a little blackguard (as to the population, and street or rather lane appearances), though delightful when you are in your own "home and haunts."

I went into the Granada world the day I came from Zubia, by taking a second breakfast in the comedor (salle à manger) of the Café Nuevo, the principal hotel.† For one thing, I wished to know if any of my Gibraltar friends had succeeded in getting here, but none known to me had arrived. There was good company at breakfast, among them two young ladies with round faces, large unmeaning eyes (though I believe they were Spanish women), and long eyelashes; beauty made as if by a printed receipt: and a young gentleman (Spanish), handsome too, with an important, insipid face, laying down the law earnestly to some

* Or for a student or an artist. My guide, Ximenez, professed to have a project of taking one of the Alhambra towers to let in the following spring season.

† The breakfast and general accommodation were very good. They gave here a sea-fish from Motril, something like whitebait, called Boquerones.

listeners, and fanning himself with a fan; a thing to be abhorred in man, let fashion say what it may; especially in Spain, where the fan is part of woman; he might as well wear a woman's stomacher.

I thought myself lucky to get a place in the berlina (coupé) of the diligence to Baylen, but it was a middle seat, with a very uncomfortable back, so that I was thoroughly tired before we arrived. We left Granada soon after six,* and did not reach Baylen till eleven at

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* Ximenez came into the town to see me go, an attention which looked kindly, as I had settled all accounts with him the evening before. He was an alert, good-humoured companion, ready at his duties as a guide, with something of the confident French manner, which, I suppose, may characterize young Spain, and upon jaunty speaking terms with almost every one we met. Not that he discarded the old forms of Spanish courtesy. One day, as we returned from a walk, passing by a house of very humble appearance, he said to me "Esa es su casa" (this is your worship's house). For an instant I was puzzled at such a compliment, but the house was his own, or his father's, and this was the Spanish way of at once noticing that fact and saying "My house is yours." We stopped there once to deposit some money, which I had received at a banker's, while we pursued our walk: and he insisted on counting it before me to the last farthing when we left it, and when we took it again: a business-like proceeding, but showing, as I thought, some want of the national pride.

night. Two people sat with the conductor, and blocked the front windows. One of my companions was a director of the Diligence company, a fidgety old coxcomb, who fussed all day because a hole had been broken in the window-pane opposite to him, and was continually harassing his servant, who sat against it on the outside, to prevent his breaking it more. I had the pleasure at last of seeing all the pane come into the old gentleman's hand in pieces, together with the frame itself. My other fellow-passenger and I exchanged looks of congratulation.

Our journey for the first part of the day was a mountain one, through the pass of Segri (or Zegri), among grey rocks and woods, and sometimes olive plantations, into a chilly atmosphere; then down again into a pretty country of wood, overlooked by an old castle, obra de los Moros (a work of the Moors), of course, as every fine old thing almost is in Andalusia, according to popular report. The road was the Queen's highway from Granada to Seville, but it was dreadfully bad. The arrangements of a Spanish diligence (at least of the two I have been in) are like those of a French one, but more outré. The conductor (called the Mayoral) sits in the same kind of place as those in France do, and dictates, or pretends to dictate, to nine, ten, eleven, or twelve horses and jumping and kicking mules; but he holds the reins of only two. The near fore animal is ridden by the delantero (postilion), who guides his

own and the off horse, and cuts the two behind when he has time: the intermediate ones have to profit by what goes on at their heads and tails. Then there is a wonderful person, the zagal, who sits on the front of the coach, and whose business it is to jump down about every two minutes with a whip in his hand, and rush at the string of mules and horses like a maniac, bounding, screaming, and yelling, and belabouring some chosen beast, the mules all the time screeching in return, and capering and kicking at one another, and the conductor throwing in some noises of his own, more uncouth if possible than those of his comrade; all which keeps the machine going, but not to a certainty, for, soon after we left Granada, there came a sudden shock and stop, and we were axle-deep in a sand; outcries and blows would not do, and we were obliged to send for some men, who luckily were at work near, to dig us out. Then we came to a waggon fixed in the same way, and were obliged to lend part of our team to extricate that.

Between four and five we again came to some fine, bold, and broken mountain scenery, and saw, in the bosom of very wild and abrupt heights, the city and old castle and cathedral of Jaen. The cathedral is a modern building, but very spacious and seemingly handsome, and boldly placed: it reminded me of some of the stately buildings in romantic situations on the Danube. I should have liked much to go to it, but the stay of the coach was uncertain (it did, however,

stay an hour) and a heavy rain came on, and my umbrella is supposed to have strayed at Gaucín. We reached Baylen, of course, long after dark. Luckily the Diligence inn there was a comfortable one. The next diligence and the silla-corréo (malle-poste) did not arrive till evening of the next day; the diligence about three hours after time, which is thought nothing remarkable. There was no room in either, except for three out of some half-dozen who had been waiting longer than I had. A diligence from Malaga and one from Madrid meet at Baylen, and to carry everybody on to Seville there is only one diligence, and the malle-poste which takes two passengers. There were formerly two more coaches, but somehow they did not answer, and were laid down.

How I went on to Cordova, and got here, you shall know in my next.

LETTER XV.

Baylen — The battle-field — Andujar — Robbers and patrol — Travelling precaution — Aldea del Rio — Bacallao — Sierra Morena — Pedroabad — Carpio — Alcolea — Cordova — The cathedral — Site of Abderrahman's palace — Ascent of the Sierra — Recluses — Interesting objects in the town — Diligence journey to Seville — Ecija — Carmona — Arrival at Seville — Cathedral — Notes on the Moorish palace near Cordova, and on robbery in Spain.

Seville, June 5th to June 7th.

Unless one could pass the day in wondering how old Castaños contrived to cut off a strong French brigade, Baylen is a very unfortunate place to be detained in, for it has no object, natural or artificial, to employ the mind much upon. It is a long village, in a good agricultural district, with some substantial village houses, and a remnant of an old castle; when you have witnessed these things, you have to fall back upon your own thoughts. As we had agreed, in case of the coaches failing, Portéla hired a horse for me, and a mule for himself and the baggage, the mule-owner to walk alongside, and bring the animals back. The distance being eighteen leagues or more, to be divided

between a long and a short day, I doubted if this pedestrian feat could be managed, but Portéla said, "Oh, in Spain we do these things easily;" so off we set at half-past five, with man, mule, and horse. I believe I am now accustomed to all the "arrés" on the Spanish roads: "arré mu*lo*," "arré borri*co*" (donkey), "arré caball*o*," "arré ha*ca*" (hack, plodding mare).* We passed over the field of battle of Baylen; it is about three miles from the town, in a wild, heathy, and bushy country of a mountainous character, near the banks of a little rocky river edged with oleanders, the Rumblar, which the French vainly tried to get at in the heat of a burning July day; their surrender was owing in a great measure to this distress. There is a little chapel on the field, dedicated to the Virgin, and she is believed to have done much towards the success. The Spanish and Swiss chiefs who gained the battle hung their decorations upon her image, here, or in the town. I am glad to see that the people of Baylen, or the government, had the grace to name two of the little plazas after the victorious chiefs Castaños and Reding.† The flourishes of my men about Spanish armies as we rode over the field, were amusing;‡ if it had

* I should add "Arré pi*a*," addressed to the piebald steed which I rode from Granada to Zubia.

† A fiesta is still kept on the anniversary.

‡ "The French," said Portéla, "are reckoned the finest troops in Europe, but thirty thousand Spaniards would

been possible to administer a dose of Gurwood to them, I wonder how it would have operated.

Our way, after the field of battle, lay through a rich olive country: indeed olive is the great product of the lands I have gone through for several days past, and it is in vast profusion. Very early in this day we got sight of the Guadalquivir and the heights of the Sierra Morena. My muleteer trudged on patiently, but we had of course to consider his powers, and now and then Portóla took him up upon the mule. In a blazing summer day I saw that this would not do, so I gave orders to pick up another beast at the first town. This was Andujar, a long inert place, where we rested for the noon hours. The inn was little more than a venta, and the hostess, a pretty little black-eyed woman, did not care much for us; but my squire drew some cold cutlets, which he had brought from Baylen, out of his wallet, and with these and a little brandy and water

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beat thirty thousand French at any time." On other subjects his patriotism was more reasonable. When we came to a profusion of corn, olives, vines, or flowers, he would say, "What a country Spain is! it produces everything. What might it not be if it had a good government!" But I am afraid that a people who delight in bemoaning themselves, and find an easy consolation in throwing blame upon their governments, or in changing them, are not the most likely to work out any steady practical reformation.

(for I have never quite finished the flask I took from home) I did very well: moreover, a man came in with lumps of the Sierra Nevada ice, brought from Jaen, and lemonade which he cooled in it. I leave you to judge if we resisted. There was, adjoining the place where we were, a waste dismantled room, which had been the dining-room for one of the now suppressed diligences; it was heaped with bundles of newly-cut grass, very sweet, and on these I spread my manta and slept, not "the sultry hours," but a sultry half-hour, away gloriously.

I observed in this country, and onward, the use of sandals very frequent, instead of the Andalusian leggings: they are quite upon the classical model, and a boy whom I saw at this place, very well limbed, with a handkerchief folded tight round his head, making a cap, and light blue sandals upon his bare legs, would have been a pretty subject for an artist. The costume was Valencian, I understand.

We left Andujar with our third beast about two o'clock, the sun still broiling, and crossed the Guadalquivir, which was something like the Tyne above Newcastle, but less romantic, and had now a fine view of the Sierra Morena, a long range of hills mostly of even heights, dark with brushwood and shrubs and sometimes wood, and here and there showing cultivation. We rode over a good deal of plain, cutting off the windings of the river, and towards evening got

sight of Aldéa del Rio, a large village and handsome-looking at a distance, pleasantly situated on the Guadalquivir; this was our home for the night, a disappointment to me, for I reckoned on getting a stage farther, and being at Cordova very early the next day; but our new man detained us abominably in our starting.

I conclude you read in the newspapers of the robbery of a Colonel Campbell, which happened a few days before this, about three miles on the Madrid side of Baylen. It produced one good effect, for I saw more of the guardia civil upon the road between Baylen and Seville than in all the rest of my travels; in this day's journey we met them in pairs, about four times.* I cannot tell whether the best patrol to prevent robberies, or catch robbers, is formed by twos and twos of foot soldiers in conspicuous white trowsers and square cocked hats, each with a musket and large sabre; but perhaps their appearance may overawe the evil-disposed.† As we drew near Aldéa I heard Portela

* The region of the Guadalquivir east and west of Andujar seems to have kept an ill fame from of old. Townsend (vol. ii. p. 274) and Mr. Slidell (A Year in Spain, vol. ii. p. 96) bear witness to its thievish character.

† I am informed that the guardia civil, though not perhaps fitted to catch flying highwaymen, does effectual service in discouraging the domiciled thieves

say to the other man, "If any one here asks me where we are going to-morrow I shall not tell him the truth, for this is a place where 'hay mucha gente picarilla'" (there are a great many rogues). It seems that he had himself known of some acts of pilfering at Aldéa. He told me, at our parting here, last night, that, wherever we went in cross-country places, he had avoided letting it be known what way we took; but the man now with us was a stranger, and might not have been aware of the precaution. I asked him last night (for I never raised the question while we were travelling) whether he really thought such a precaution had been necessary in the places we went through. He said he did not know, but the way in which casual robberies generally happened was by the loose persons about the entrance of a posada (of whom there is generally a herd) asking questions of the guide, or servant, about the traveller and his movements, and the guide foolishly, and sometimes treacherously, giving particulars, upon which the rogue slips out in the morning, and waits for the traveller at an easy distance out of the town or village. I observed that a great many of the old assassination crosses were situated about three or four miles out. But even if Portéla's answers had been more explicit, I fancy a

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of the villages who vary their rural occupations with occasional plunder, and can be inquired for at their places of residence.

man who had talked with him, and seen his grim though merry face, long limbs, and dragoon figure, would have thought twice before he decided upon waylaying him. About six o'clock we rode into the posada, and Portéla carried all the things into my room as usual, but gave me a strong injunction this time about locking my door if I went out, and at night.

I went down afterwards to order my evening meal in that strange cavern which you ride into on arriving at a Spanish country inn, and which is not exactly stable-yard, coach-house, kitchen, or lumber-yard, but something of all, with the murky chamber stair in the corner. I found two ladies of the establishment sitting at ease to have their black hair combed out, and with some difficulty got an audience of them and the landlord. The usual process was gone through, of bringing the practical bill of fare within the smallest possible compass, and I was to have bacallao and fried eggs and ham. Bacallao is the stalest salt fish, dressed with rice and stale oil, and with a few shreds of salt meat. Presently, as I was rummaging in my luggage, my nostrils were very unpleasantly saluted, and I began to wonder what filth Portéla had suffered to come in contact with my bag; but upon turning round, I found that it was my bacallao just come upon table. I was ashamed to have ordered a thing that I could not eat, and so manfully bolted a few mouthfuls before I fell back upon the

huevos fritos (fried eggs) and tea.* They brought me wine in a decanter with a long tube in the side, to pour upon my tongue from, if I had had that fancy: but the wine was an edged tool, not to be played with.

It was settled that we should start very early; I had gone to bed tired, and dreaded Portéla's knock at three in the morning, but I found that I had slept well and was quite fresh. We soon poked our way out of the cavern, and the gruff landlord took leave

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* Bacallao was the dish with which Don Quixote was regaled at the celebrated venta where the host dubbed him knight. "No habia en toda la venta sino unas raciones de un pescado, que en Castilla llaman abadejo, y en Andalucia bacallao, y en otras partes curadillo, y en otras truchuela." "Trújole el huésped una porcion del mal remojado y peor cocido bacallao" (Don Quixote, part i. c. 2). "There was nothing to be had at the inn but some pieces of fish, which is called abadexo in Castile, bacallao in Andalusia, curadillo in some places, and in others truchuela, or little trout, though after all it is but poor jack." "The landlord brought him a piece of that salt-fish, but ill-watered, and as ill-dressed," (Motteux's translation. "Ill-watered" should be "ill-soaked.")

"What have we here?" says Trinculo, "a man or a fish?" "He smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, poor John." So (if Motteux's interpolation upon Cervantes be correct) I supped at Aldéa del Rio upon the fish that Caliban smelt of.

of me with "Vaya Vmd. con Dios, caballero;" literally, "Good-bye, sir," but how stately and courtly in sound! We were on the road by a quarter to four, day dawning, and the delicate crescent line of the new moon just showing above the glow of the east. We had gained a good start before our enemy, the sun, sprang over the tops of the Sierra Morena. These mountains now extended as far as we could see up and down the river on our right hand, rising to a great height, and richly coloured with tints of green and brown: they a little reminded me of the Black Forest of Suabia, but they have not its superb woods. I suppose the Sierra Morena of Cardenio and Dorothea is not this face of the mountain, but an inner region, more wild and desolate.* Olives, olives, olives, for many miles, were the nearer scenery: the objects on the road, the guardia civil (whom we met about six times to-day), a murder cross three or four miles out of Aldéa, and troops of mules carrying bags of oil to Seville: strange that this expedient should be still in use on one of the greatest highways in the kingdom of Spain. I do not suppose it is within living

* According to the industrious commentator Don Diego Clemencin (D. Quixote, ed. Madrid, 1833, vol. ii. p. 249), these immortal scenes of romance lie far up in the ridges I was now contemplating, where the mountain tops divide the streams which run to the Guadiana from those which fall into the Guadalquivir.

memory that salt used to be carried on pack-horses in England over the mountains between Cheshire and Lancashire and Yorkshire.

We breakfasted about seven at a Moorish-looking village called Pedroabad; this time I had insisted upon going out fasting, to economize the cool hours. The lounging landlord showed me with great vanity a smart gun with an inlaid stock, made in Biscay (à propos to the subject of riding armed), yet his kitchen in which I sat, had scarcely what could be called a table to breakfast upon; there was no milk, though we were on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and, on my taking a second cup of tea, sugar, or a clay so called, had to be sent out for. I mention these things as contrast, not in the way of complaint, for I have learnt to do without almost everything. My men had a tortilla (omelet) made chiefly with onions, which was excellent. I was sorry not to have joined their mess.*

We passed Carpio, where Portéla said he had served as a national militiaman (against the Carlists) in the time of Cabrera's wars; and we then had a long ride over green plains, a marsh in winter, and a scorched desert, I suppose, in summer, but now not unpleasant. Our ride was tedious: I had a tight little horse enough,

* With the eye of experienced foragers, they caught sight of a bundle of herbs laid in a corner, and the whole bouquet was tortilla-ed together.

but who made it a principle to give as little as he could for your money, and my companions, Spaniard-like, could not comprehend the importance of arriving an hour sooner or later. At noon we came to Alcolea, where there is a large, handsome bridge which the Spaniards are justly proud of, and I paused a little to enjoy water, wood, and the nightingale.

In about an hour, after the rise of a hill, the stately town of Cordova opened upon us, with an appropriate foreground for such an oriental place, of sandy plain. Its effect, as you see it here, is dignity and quietness: the domes and turrets stretch out upon a long level,* and nothing seems built upon an emergency or in expectation of one—it looks the city of a people at peace. The famous mosque makes no great show; indeed I had a difficulty in making it out. It was not till near two that we entered the gates, and after a long hot wandering, through narrow, wild, Moorish streets, and over killing pavements, I found harbour in the hotel we were in search of, that of the Diligences, one of the best (after Gibraltar and Malaga) that I have been at in Spain. Its place in the town was marked by a palm-tree in a neighbouring garden, growing upon a high point, and one of the handsomest

* "Cordoba la llana," Cordova the level. Romance of the Infantes de Lara, Ochoa, p. 103.

I have yet seen; the fan of branches the most spreading and perfect.

As soon as possible, and as often as possible, I went to the famous mosque, now the cathedral. It makes but little outward show, being surrounded by high yellow walls which quite mask it, and are unornamented, except at the entrances, which have some rich oriental decoration. Passing in, you find a large court, the Patio de los Naránjos, ranging along the whole breadth of the cathedral and planted with orange-trees; an orange grove with a tank in the centre. Entering the cathedral itself, you are at once in that strange forest of little columns which we have so often seen pictured, the columns joined above by double arches, (one over the other) of oriental character, the whole forming an intricate though never a confused perspective. Wherever shade lies upon the scene, it seems a stupendous crypt; and its solemnity is heightened to the imagination when you reflect that the generation which completed it passed away a thousand years ago. The columns have all capitals like those of the Corinthian or the Composite order, but no bases, which gives a strange rudeness of appearance; they are of various colours, green, yellow, grey, and other hues, sobered by time; and most of them were taken by the builders of the mosque from other buildings still more ancient.* Some

* The mosque is said to have been erected on the site

are plain pillars, some have spiral flutings or other decorations, but this does not destroy the unity of effect. One almost expects to see a sage turbaned Arab pacing the wide brick pavement, and vanishing between the columns. Such is the church when you see it from a favourable point; but it is difficult to keep up the impression I have described, for the place is lamentably spoiled. First, the Christians have built a great choir in the centre, handsome in itself, in the heavily decorated style, but suppressing the grove of columns in all this quarter of the cathedral, and of course abolishing the original perspective through a great part of the building. And, next, they have introduced window-lights over head, destroying the mysterious gloom which the style of the old mosque so much required, and introducing quite another effect, as you too plainly see if you catch a vista where the light does not intrude, and where a Mussulman's ghost might still walk. If the Christians did not do this, I beg their pardon; but I believe they did, and it was about as bad as putting rhymes to Paradise Lost.*

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of a Christian church, San Vicente; and that probably may have borrowed some pagan columns which had seen the days of Seneca.

* I retain this as it was written, but by no means intending it as a presumptuous summary condemnation of Dryden's 'State of Innocence,' which, with all its

Under all its calamities I am very glad to have seen the Mosque of Cordova, and should have liked to haunt it longer, catching the effects of light and perspective, such as they still are, among its nineteen aisles and twenty-nine transepts; but I think it more disfigured than the Alhambra. It has, however, some very beautiful decoration in the Alhambra style, but earlier; and there still remains (now forming part of a chapel) the cave-like recess to which the Moors used to make pilgrimage: it is an octagon with a canopy roof in the form of a shell; the ceremony was to pace this round, close to the wall; the number of paces was sixteen. The Moorish archway which opens into this recess is faced with a richly-coloured mosaic, so elaborate and beautiful, and so perfect, that I am ready to believe Ford when he says that there is nothing like it in Europe.

Cordova lies under a line of green hill or down which forms the bank of the Guadalquivir on the opposite side to the city: on its own side, the Sierra Morena throws out bold promontories which come within two or three miles of the gates. I rode out on Monday after dinner, with a guide on foot, to see the hermitages of the Sierra,* or rather to see a small specimen

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faults, contains some of the most beautiful specimens of heroic rhymed verse in the English language.

* Well described in 'Doblado's Letters,' Letter 7.

of the mountain scenery. A little way up the ascent I was taken to a pavilion house, with a garden, on the site where formerly stood a celebrated Arabian palace;*

* I do not affect, in this trifling work, to marshal historical authorities, but I cannot forbear extracting a passage where Gibbon (referring to Cardonne) describes this palace in periods worthy the magnificence of the subject (Decline and Fall, &c., c. 52).

"Three miles from Cordova, in honour of his favourite Sultana, the third and greatest of the Abdalrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zehra. Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder: his liberal taste invited the artists of Constantinople, the most skilful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was encrusted with gold and pearls, and a great bason in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the gardens, one of these basons and fountains, so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished not with water, but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abdalrahman, his wives, concubines, and black eunuchs, amounted to six thousand three hundred persons; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scymitars were studded with gold." The happy days of his life, according to his own written avowal, were fourteen. Gibbon's comment upon this piece of Oriental querulousness is manly and Johnsonian.

See Note at the end of this Letter.

afterwards, a convent; now the place is a speculation of my Cordova landlord. Its present arrangement is very much like that of Generalife at Granada: on a hill-side a garden of sweet and gay flowers, tanks, and running water, and shrubs, hedges of pomegranate in bright bloom, but all tangled and dishevelled, as the whole garden was. The view of Cordova from these garden terraces was beautiful: you saw it in profile, not so sunk in the plain as it appears when looked at from a greater height. The long line of stately building quietly spread along the level, with the green hill at its back, put me in mind of Oxford, though there is no likeness in the architecture. The villa is to be let in summer lodgings. I peeped in, on the invitation of the housekeeper: the apartments were "the worst inn's" best "room." There are other houses, I believe, lettable in the same way, for the Sierra seems, deservedly, a favourite retreat; and châteaux of noblemen were pointed out to me in more than one place on the dark swelling line of mountain overlooking Cordova and the plain. The situations must be delightful, and I was very sorry I had not a few days to explore them.

The rest of the ascent to the Hermitage was steep and rocky, with many zigzags—the mountain outlines of the Sierra, and its vegetation, very picturesque. The Hermitage itself was trumpery enough, about as respectable as that of Vauxhall. Several people live on the edge of the mountain as recluses, not in any

community except going to the same chapel, nor under any rule that I could make out, but supported by alms. There is an outer gate, where they made a pretence of detaining me and others while a man in quaint dress, who came very tardily to the door, affected to ask leave of somebody for our being admitted. From a stone chair under a cross which is very conspicuous from the valley, you have a good view of the plain and Sierra, but not so interesting as that lower down. I found I had come much too late, and had barely time to get off the mountain paths while there was sufficient light. It was quite dark when I entered the gate of Cordova; and the little oil lamps of the town streets were very acceptable. Seville has gas. The whole excursion took four hours.

I saw some other interesting things at Cordova: the old bridge, still retaining some of its Moorish arches; a good prospect of the town from the tower of St. Nicholas de la Vigia;* a number of picturesque little views and fragments of views up and down the streets; Moresque bits of building, and glimpses of old Moorish

* The view extended as far in the direction of Seville as the castled promontory of the Sierra which marks the situation of Almodovar. This, I presume, is the Almodovar to which the goatherds in Don Quixote proposed carrying the lunatic Cardenio (a journey of eight leagues), to be taken care of. Part i. c. 23.

under-the-rose luxury in the courtyards of houses.* For all these things, and the Sierra, one should have had time and guidance, and a long time might be well employed by a man of taste who could use a pencil.

I saw here Mr. Shaw, the manager of lead-mines, to whom (or to his brother) I had an introduction. He lived at my hotel. He says he has travelled about Spain at all times and in all ways for a long time past, and never was robbed or molested. Mr. Pavon, a medical man, to whom also I had a letter, was very kindly attentive, as far as my short stay allowed.

On Monday Portéla agreed for a carriage to take us to Seville in two days (it was too far to ride on horseback in that time); and nothing remained but to fix the hour of starting, when the carriage-owner insisted that the money must be paid before the journey began. So impudent a proposal was too much, even for my easy

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* A sinister looking thoroughfare called Callejuela de los Gitanos (Gipsies' alley) excited my curiosity, but I had not time to enter it. There is a plaza named, after the famous Gonsalvo, Plaza del Gran Capitan. Antiquated and forlorn as it appears, Cordova is not without some signs of elegance which strike even a hurried stranger. Silversmiths' and china and curiosity shops are more frequent than might be expected in such a place: and the public walks under the old town walls are spacious and prettily laid out, and command fine prospects.

habits, so I refused the carriage and took my chance of the diligence, which was to arrive at seven the next morning. Somewhere about nine it did arrive,* and I thought it a vast good fortune that there was a place in the imperial; the tip-top seat, under a canopy, which you may remember to have seen in foreign stage-coaches, over the conductor's head. As for Portéla, he got leave, as a great favour, to sit upon the apron outside of this imperial, like a monkey, till we got to Ecija (ten leagues), when there would be a vacancy within. It was no very great comfort to know that there is a railway beginning from Cordova to Seville.

My companions were a facetious old fellow of Ecija, a young man who seemed to be half a gentleman (but might be an entire one) and carried a sabre in his baggage, and a woman of the class who wear handkerchiefs on their heads, about thirty, hard-featured, but with a good eye and arch expression. The lady had a great wicker basket, which she insisted upon placing where my legs ought to be. I opposed and she persisted. Portéla, seeing me overmatched, took my part, sitting as it were in the woman's lap on the outside of the apron; and there followed a downright Andalusian row between them, worthy of the stage: it ended in the

* It was to depart at nine en punto, and at actually did start at ten.

basket being put behind-backs, where there was abundance of room, and all was fair weather again. I have remarked several times that the Andalusians, after the most violent contention, will fall back into good humour as quickly and entirely as children do. The basket contained eatables, which I suppose had been contributed in the course of the journey by all the party, and they heaped fire upon my head afterwards by making me partake. Our journey was very slow. My companions in the imperial enlivened it by agaceries to the lady. The waggeries on both sides rather startled my English prudery, a female being one of the party; yet I do not think she was a disreputable person, farther than retorting their raillery and smoking cigarillos which they supplied her with.

There came a lull at last, and I believe she wanted to enlist me in the skirmish of wit, for she said, "El Señor y yo somos los mas sosegaos" (sosegados: the gentleman and I are the quietest). Whatever a younger man might have done on such a challenge, I kept my sosiégo, under the shelter of want of Spanish.

Not long after we left Cordova something under the carriage broke, and we stopped at a venta to get it mended. I paced about, Englishman-like, in impatience; my companions coolly spread their mantas in the shade and took their siesta, which there was ample time for. As I have said before, all these details may

be twaddling, but they are what I see of the country, and do not see elsewhere.

The roads were very bad, deep, and sandy, and the prospects not very interesting. We did not make more than a league an hour, stoppages not included. In the evening, passing over a great plain country, we came to Ecija, a town I regretted not seeing more of; two stately church spires, and the general handsome appearance of the place, gave a great deal of promise, and there was a large palace occupying a great part of the main street, the property of Count Peñaflor. Two very fat domestics were standing at the gate, and civilly invited me to take a view of the patio (court-yard).

My position on the coach was not uncomfortable, and did not prevent my sleeping, but the bad roads, and the starts and struggles of the mules hunted by the zagal, made the carriage reel and pitch so desperately that I own I was now and then in some bodily fear; and the thought of a broken limb on these lonesome roads gave me more concern than I had ever felt for the more remote and uncertain danger of being robbed and thrown in a ditch. We seemed to make a great deal of descent in the night. Rain came on, and there was thunder and lightning in the direction of Seville. A little before seven in the morning the Moorish remains of Carmona appeared before us; a ruined fortress spreading over the top of a bare round

hill, something like the pictures of hill-fortresses in India. It was admirably set off by a whitish dew-cloud behind, which again was backed by an inky darkness.

We breakfasted at Carmona, and still had a long run (waddle rather) to Seville. We passed through Alcala de Guadaira, a pretty place, no doubt, in good weather, where a little Murillo boy set his back against the wall and howled rondeñas while we changed horses. By-and-bye, at the base as it seemed of a line of hill, skirting a great plain, the famous Giralda spire appeared, and the long city of Seville quietly disclosed itself, reposing, as it were, along the banks of its river, without dread and without defiance: like Cordova, it looks the offspring of peace. We arrived soon after, and had to undergo a douane at the diligence office. I then went to the Fonda de Madrid, which seems now to be reckoned the first inn; and I have very fair quarters.

After a table-d'hôte dinner I found my way to the old Plaza, and, without a guide, plunged into the majestic vaults of the cathedral, where the last sunlight was playing upon the painted windows. And here, if I had glided among the seats of the fiéles,* and offered thanks for coming thus happily to the close of a laborious expedition, I do not think there would have been

* Los fiéles; the faithful.

much idolatry in it: what I did you shall know when we have settled the point of conscience.

June 7th.

Both your letters addressed here came safely: I am (as I may say) at the opera (Il Trovatore), but have slipped out to despatch this to-night. I find that, to be safe with the English packet, I must leave Seville on the 13th, though the nominal packet-day is the 17th. As to remaining longer abroad, the places I should have most wished to stay for are already left behind; and the summer will now be upon us fiercely. A short break of bad weather came just as I got here, but is gone. Now that I understand Spain a little, I could begin a second chapter of adventures with a very good heart, if time and the season permitted. I have seen all the great things at Seville, and admire the Murillos; one Immaculate Conception in the museum particularly. But I am inclined to think that, in point of high art, Zurbaran is the hero of this place. I have delivered all my letters of introduction.

Seville does not astonish me like some of the places I have been at, but seems very enjoyable. Much in it must depend on weather and society. The Infanto (Montpensier) reviewed troops this evening, and I

went up the Giralda tower* for a bird's-eye view. Very pretty it was. Numbers did the same.

NOTES.

On the subject of the Moorish Palace near Cordova, Don Pascual de Gayangos, who was employed by the Spanish government to make researches on the site, kindly supplies me with this note.

"With regard to the excavations at the place called Cordova la Vieja, near Cordova, the facts are these:—Abderrahman III. had a palace and city built at the foot of a mountain called by the Arabs Jebel-al-Arús (the mountain of the bride), to which he gave the name of one of his favourite slaves, Az-zahrá (the flowery). The site, according to Al-makkari and other historians, was to the north-west of the capital about three miles. This corresponds exactly with the place now called Cordova la Vieja, at the foot of the mountain where stands the convent of San Jeronimo. For a description of this city and palace, in the time of the Cordovan khalifs, you can consult my translation of that historian. Abderrahman began the building A.H. 330, or A.D. 942, and his successor, Alhaquem II., finished it.

"Medina Az-zahrá was plundered and partly de-

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* It is literally true that an ordinary horseman, or horsewoman, might ride with ease up the interior of this building as far as the first battlements (those of the old Moorish tower); the ascent being not by stairs but by gentle and spacious inclines.

stroyed by the Berbers in A.D. 1012, during the civil wars which preceded the ruin of the khalifate, as well as by the Almoravides and Almohades, who subsequently took possession of Cordova. When, in the beginning of the 13th century, Ferdinand III., called The Saint, took Cordova from the Moors, very little remained of that once magnificent city, with the exception of a strong castle, called El Alcazar, and a mosque. In 1408 a Hieronimite friar, called Fr. Vasco, applied for permission to found a convent of his order on the top of the mountain overlooking Medina Az-zahrá, which was not only granted, but also the faculty of using the materials belonging to the old city. The friars, as you may easily conceive, were not backward in using the licence granted to them, and accordingly laid their hands on whatever remains of stone and marble columns, &c., they could find. But there remained still enough in the plain to induce an antiquary of the 16th century, Ambrosio de Morales, to make a minute description of the ruins, though, mistaken in his judgment of their look and appearance, and believing them to be Roman, he at once pronounced them to be the ruins of a city built by Marcellus.

"The excavations which, at my recommendation and that of Don Pedro Madrazo, the Government caused to be made on the spot in 1853, were badly executed, and soon suspended for want of funds; but enough has been discovered to show that it would not be difficult, by removing the rubbish and the vegetation which now cover the ruins, to find the walls and rooms of the Moorish palace. Pieces of white marble, elaborately sculptured after the arabesque fashion, and bearing inscriptions, are now strewed on the plain, and are suffi-

cient testimony of what still lies concealed. I sent once to Baron von Hammer Purgstall of Vienna a small drawing and description of the ruins, and he published an account of them in the Transactions of the Imperial Academy."

The subject of robbery may appear to have been too often introduced in these pages, considering that, after all, no adventure of the kind happens, and I cannot even assert, as hardly any traveller in Spain has failed to do, that, if I was not robbed, I had on some occasion good reason to expect it. The fact seems to be that this romantic feature of Spanish travelling has been wearing away since the establishment of the Guardia Civil in 1844 or 1845, though it has not finally disappeared; witness (among other proofs) the robbery near Baylen noticed in the text, pp. 185, 213, and the murder of a gentleman near Algeciras in 1855, by ruffians, one of whom was executed in 1856.

A wise traveller will not suffer his spirits to be disturbed, or his arrangements defeated, by apprehensions on this head, but he will so far bear the subject in remembrance as not to omit common precautions. Observing these, he may compose his mind with the assurance that his chance of a hostile encounter is very small, and that, with ordinary good sense and presence of mind, there is no likelihood, worth an anxious thought, of any worse event than the loss of a few gold pieces, a bad watch, which of course he will be provided with, and perhaps some clothes. Such, at least, was the conclusion I drew from my short opportunities of inquiry and observation.

As to inquiry, however, there is no question upon which evidence is so discordant as the safety of the highway in Spain, whether generally or in particular districts. Before I left England an experienced courier advised me to give up travelling by land from Cadiz to Gibraltar, because the roads were too insecure. At Cadiz I was told that the Guardia civil had put robbery out of fashion. The English banker of whom I took money at Gibraltar shrugged his shoulders ominously when I asked if there was any hazard on the road from thence to Ronda. Mr. Shaw of Cordova declared that he had made innumerable journeys of business during his residence in Spain, and met with no mischance.

Authors, as long ago as the last century, disagreed on this subject as living witnesses do now. Townsend, a business-like traveller, who journeyed in 1786-87, shows in several parts of his tour (published in 1791) a decided opinion that Spanish travelling is dangerous, and recommends the gun. His contemporary Don Antonio Ponz (secretary to King Charles III., and author of the 'Viage de España'), a real Espriella, who travelled in England soon after the peace of 1783, writes indignantly from London: "Oyendo los robos que casi todos los dias se hacen en ella y sus contornos, no puedo oir con paciencia, que los ladrones sean en España uno de los embarazos que el viagero Ingles tiene para ir á ella; pues me atrevo á asegurar, por lo que aquí se cuenta, que hay mayor numero de ladrones en Londres, y en las veinte leguas de su contorno, que en toda España. Yo habré andado por ella cerca de tres mil leguas, y no les he encontrado." (Viage fuera de España, vol. ii. p. 97, 2nd ed., Madrid, 1792). "Hearing of the robberies which are committed almost every day in London and its environs, I

have no patience when I am told that robbers are one of the discouragements which prevent an Englishman from visiting Spain; for I dare assure you, from the accounts I hear in this place, that there is a greater number of robbers in London and twenty leagues round than in all Spain. I have travelled over Spain about three thousand leagues, and have not met with any."

It must be owned that, in Ponz's time, Hounslow, Bagshot, and Finchley had a sinister celebrity, and there were many other counterparts to the terrible "Crack-skull Common" of Goldsmith's Tony Lumpkin. Hounslow Heath might have been garnished with more than one murder-cross within the memory of persons now living. But in the first half of this century the troubles of Spain were continually tending to recruit the brigand service, while, with us, robbery on the public roads was nearly put down by an irresistible Hercules and Theseus, the horse-patrol and the enclosure commissioner. And, although the annals of crime in our country are voluminous and industriously kept, it cannot I think be shown from these legends that highway enterprise was ever carried on here with so high a hand as in Spain, or that, in any modern age of England, such a scene was witnessed as the robbery and murder near Amposta in 1826, described by the "Young American" (Year in Spain, vol. i. c. 3; London, 1831).

An entertaining French writer who travelled in 1840, and whose descriptions sparkle more than simple truth usually does, declares that "Un voyage en Espagne est encore une entreprise périlleuse et romanesque; il faut payer de sa personne, avoir du courage, de la patience, et de la force; l'on risque sa peau à chaque pas; les privations de tous genres, l'absence des choses

les plus indispensables à la vie, le danger de routes vraiment impraticables pour tout autre que des muletiers Andalous, une chaleur infernale, un soleil à fendre le crâne, sont les moindres inconvénients; vous avez en outre les *factieux*, les voleurs et les hôteliers, gens de sac et de corde, dont la probité se règle sur le nombre de carabines que vous portez avec vous. Le péril vous entoure, vous suit, vous devance; vous n'entendez chuchoter autour de vous que des histoires terribles et mystérieuses. 'Hier les bandits ont soupé dans cette posada. Une caravane a été enlevée,'" &c.; "'Palillos est en embuscade,'" &c. "Sans doute il y a dans tout cela beaucoup d'exagération; cependant, si incrédule qu'on soit, il faut bien en croire quelque chose, lorsqu'on voit á chaque angle de la route des croix de bois chargées d'inscriptions de ce genre: 'Aqui mataron á un hombre,'" &c. (Voyage en Espagne, par Théophile Gautier, p. 285, Paris, ed. 1845.)

The lively author falls into this train of reflection between Granada and Alhama. Supposing (which I am not entitled to deny) that his picture is truly drawn, I can attest, after making the same journey, that things have greatly changed for the better in the sixteen years since M. Gautier travelled, except perhaps the climate, which may still be "infernal" in August. It is true however, as I have more than once observed in the preceding letters, that the subject of robbery, though one may not care to dwell upon it, is continually brought to mind by the monumental crosses (less consolatory than our gibbets, which denoted the death of a thief, not of an honest man), by the sight of peasants and travellers riding armed, and now and then by other casual incidents, slight but significant. For example: in the

course of my long journey with Portéla I several times offered to pay him two or three gold pieces on account of his wages, but he always steadily refused to take more than was wanted for the cebada (horses' barley) and small current expenses. At last I conceived the reason to be, that, in case of our being rifled on the road, his pay would be lost to him if taken from his pocket, but still due if taken from mine.

I am aware that Spanish literature is adorned by some memoirs of eminent rogues, who, if not strictly historical personages, may be types: but I do not know whether Spain boasts any record equivalent to our "General History of the Lives and Adventures of the most famous Highwaymen, Murderers, Street Robbers," &c., "interspersed with several diverting tales, and pleasant songs; and adorned with the heads of the most remarkable villains, curiously engraven on copper. By Captain Charles Johnson:" folio, London, 1734. And the Captain has had many followers in this walk of literature.

LETTER XVI.

Approach of summer — Seville in curtains — The cathedral and Giralda — Zurbaran and Murillo — La Sangre — Figaro's house — Alcazar — House of Pilate — Lonja — Amateur felonies — Caridad — Duc de Montpensier — University — Cathedral library — Bailly the cicerone — Introductions in Seville — Spanish and gipsy dances — Bull-fight — Dominguez — Italian opera — Promenades and patios — Visit to Italica — Capilla de los Reyes — Tobacco manufactory.

Seville, June 10th.

I SHALL arrive, I hope, so soon after this letter, that it need not be long. I was rejoiced by receiving yours. As to lengthening my excursion, there are many reasons against it; and Spain is getting too hot for any active pursuit: the amount of time lost in the day on this account grows quite important. Seville at the siesta time is a curious sight; it is a city in curtains. Awnings are drawn across the narrow streets; the picturesque and airy outside curtain (generally of some gay colour and pattern; blue and white with a red border are very common) floats from the house windows; and the shop fronts, which commonly are not glazed, are entirely veiled by heavy draperies, just allowing you to see, by a peep, the kind of goods

inside, and some shopman who is compelled to be awake and on duty, looking grim in the twilight.

I shall not half know this town, it is so large and flat. The great landmark is the Giralda Tower of the cathedral, Moorish originally, and very handsome, and raised a story with very good effect by the Christians. The Giralda, I dare say you know, is a female figure, fourteen feet high, holding a spacious banner, and serving for a weathercock. I was disappointed in this tower when I first saw it, but have admired it more and more every day since. The cathedral itself is a grand piece of Gothic, though not, I think, equal in sublimity of effect to that of Milan. As in several Spanish churches that I have seen, the choir is so completely a building of itself, set down in the midst of the other, that the general effect is in a great degree marred. But on the other hand, when you are in this Seville choir, the magnificence accumulated round you surpasses everything of mere magnificence I have ever met with; not only the architecture itself, the arches, the immense masses of clustered columns, the ceilings, decorated in this part of the church with the richest stonework, and the reflections from painted windows, but the gigantic piles of gilt and coloured shrine and screen, the huge organs, one on each side, and the vast gratings, coated with gold, which divide one compartment from another, and rise to more than half the height of the cathedral. You see in the whole of this an all-powerful Church,

commanding, as it did when such things were done, the wealth of the Indies.*

The cathedral is rich in paintings, but they are in vexatious lights. A sitting figure of St. Peter with the triple crown, in the act of blessing, by Zurbaran, is one which I am willing to think very fine, but, after trying many hours of the day, I have not been half able to see it. Murillo's Guardian Angel is quite a lady's picture: the child is beautiful, and the whole very good. But of all his pictures which I have seen (and I think I have not omitted any principal one) I admire most an Immaculate Conception at the Museum, in which the Virgin appears with rather an unusual form of countenance, plain some would call it, but a very heavenly expression, with the half-moon not beneath her feet but at her knee, and a beautiful tourbillon of infant angels underneath. I am afraid it is not engraved. One of the grandest pictures at Seville, in some of its parts, is an Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas, by Zurbaran, also at the Museum, with a great number of figures. Some sitting personages with mitres seem to me nearer to the majesty of the greatest Italian masters than anything I have met with here. I saw too, this morning, some female saints of his at

* In an age, as Mr. Stirling well says, "when goldsmiths were architects who built with the ore of Mexico and Peru." (Velasquez and his Works, p. 29.)

the great Hospital de la Sangre; some of them are bad enough, but one, Sta. Dorothea * with the fruits of Paradise, and another, Sta. Marina, in a coquettish pilgrim's dress, seem to be portraits of his own time, and I should almost venture to say they rivalled Vandyke. But I am getting out of my knowledge.†

A propos of the cathedral, before I quite leave it; a short way from it, and catching a fine view of the Giralda, is a grass-grown plaza near the Alcazar, in which, I do not know for what reason, they have fixed upon No. 15 as the establishment of Figaro. It is a little birdcage of a place, and so much out of the way

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* The heroine of Massinger's 'Virgin Martyr,' where, after her death, the good spirit, in the guise of her servant, appears to the Roman persecutor Theophilus, bringing fruit and flowers, and says,—

"I had a mistress, late sent hence by you
Upon a bloody errand; you entreated
That when she came into that blessed garden
Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy,
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that garden fruit and flowers; which here,
To have her promise saved, are brought by me."

Act 5, sc. 1.

† Mr. Stirling says, in his 'Annals of the Artists of Spain' (which I had not seen when I wrote this), that Zurbaran "frequently painted female saints, apparently preserving in their persons the portraits of beauties of the day, for the rouge of good society may often be detected on their cheeks." (Vol. ii. p. 777.)

that I think Figaro would have been neither "qua," nor "là," so soon as he was wanted.

There are several interesting Moorish places here; among them the Alcazar, which I mentioned in my last letter, and where the Duchess de Montpensier lived while her own palace (now one of the chief ornaments of Seville) was building; it has a very pretty garden, formal, and hemmed in by walls, but as fresh and bright as a garden can be made à la Moresque by running water from the aqueduct of the Caños de Carmona, white roses, scarlet geraniums, pomegranate, and oleander; the myrtle (stiffly clipped), the palm, the palmetto, the magnolia, the cypress, and the beautiful coral-tree, leafless but with a dazzling scarlet flower. Another remarkable Moorish place is the house of Pilate, supposed to be a fac-simile; or the house itself; I am not quite sure which.* A third, now rather wild and forlorn, belonging to the Duke of Alba, was for some time the residence of the late Lord Holland.

* At the close of the 16th century, Mr. Stirling says, "Fernando de Ribera" (Duke of Alcala), "head of a house in which munificence and valour were hereditary, was representative of the Marquess of Tarifa, whose pilgrimage to the Holy Land had been made famous by the poet Juan de Enzina. He kept his state in a mansion, still known as the house of Pilate, having been built by his pilgrim ancestor, after the plan, it is said, of the house so called at Jerusalem." (Velasquez, p. 25.)

Among the other lions, which must sleep for the present, were: The Lonja (the Exchange), a very handsome building, rather for show than for use as it seems, except as a repository of archives: there are many curious ones, relating to the first adventurers in South America, but not to be touched now, in consequence of a lady having tried to smuggle one of them for her album:* the Caridad, a great charitable foundation, for which Murillo painted some of his best pictures, and they are still there; I went there this morning to hear a musical service by way of thanksgiving in consequence of the government having released some property of this establishment from appropriation to public purposes; the Duc de Montpensier was there, a well-

* I was told, but was willing to disbelieve, that the offender was an Englishwoman. The fact is so stated, however, in the work of Lady Louisa Tennison, who says (p. 176) that the robbery was accomplished, and speaks of it with honourable indignation; justly censuring, at the same time, the ridiculous mania for carrying off memorials, even where it is done in less direct defiance of the eighth commandment. This larcenous virtù, in the more flagrant instances, is fitter to be dealt with by the magistrate than by the moralist; but in less aggravated cases it is a mere imbecility of selfishness, where, as most frequently happens, the relic has an historical or sentimental charm while in its own place, but has no more significance when transferred to a miscellaneous private hoard than a silver spoon in the nest of a magpie.

looking gentlemanly man, with a good deal of humour in the corners of his eyes: the University chapel and library, and the library of the Cathedral,* where I was allowed to look over books, and passed some time.

My guide to these places, as I mentioned before, was Antonio Bailly (he boasts himself to be grandson of Bailly the mayor of Paris who was guillotined in the Revolution); he is recommended by Ford and Mr. Philip, and I suppose knows more than any other one could find; he is fat and elderly, and romances a little, but has become a sort of appendage to this hotel, and is the oracle of the English here, of whom (with one or two Americans) there has been a small coterie ever since I came.

The first thing I made Bailly do was to go with me to leave my letters of introduction. Mr. Alava, Professor of Civil Law in the University (Mr. de

* Bequeathed by the son of Christopher Columbus. My cicerone pointed out as a rarity Pine's Horace, and I did not shock him by mentioning the moderate price which this once admired work would now bring in England. I also looked over a copy of Æneas Sylvius, with manuscript notes (chiefly, I think, abstracts of the text), said to be autographs of the great Christopher; but a well-informed Spaniard, to whom I mentioned them afterwards, threw a doubt upon this. Permission was given me to revisit the library and read there; and the kindness and good order prevailing in it made me regret not doing so: but time pressed, and "he that runs" cannot always "read."

Gayangos's friend), has been exceedingly kind, and allowed me a long sitting, went with me to the University, its church, and its library, and gave me a talk about law reform which was quite refreshing.* And Mr. Pavon, of Cordova, gave me a letter to another university professor, Mr. Zapata, who has also been very kind and useful. Farther than this I have nothing as yet to mention, except a call in my absence. Mr. Zapata is lionizing a Spanish acquaintance; and I am glad of the opportunity to associate with the Spaniards still, instead of relapsing into a mere Englishman. And there is much that grows upon me in the Spaniards, both of the higher and lower classes. A more intelligent and right-minded man than Mr. Alava, so far as I have seen, could not have been found in any European country.

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* The court-yard of his house, in the lively Calle de las Sierpes (called by Ford the Bond Street of Seville), was a good specimen of the elegant Sevilian patio; and the library in which he received me had a pleasant air of business, order, and literary affluence. He told me that the subject of codifying the laws had been occupying attention in Spain as it does with us: the arguments there for and against the system seem to run much as in England. I am informed that the criminal law of Spain has been reduced into a code; and that the project of a civil code has gone through the hands of a Commission, but still waits the consideration of the Cortes.

June 11th.

I was up till between one and two this morning with opera dancers and gipsies; is not it time I should come back to sober London? I have been some time inquiring for a gipsy exhibition, but Bailly could not or would not manage anything about Triana; and the only thing to be done was for the English staying at this hotel to get up a "funcion" at a place of their own by subscription, which is not uncommonly done for the purpose of Spanish dancing; the best possible gipsies were to be provided in addition. Bailly hired a place at a lodging-house known to him near the Alcazar, a retired corner of the town enough; the people at first objected to the gipsies, but this was got over.

We marched under Bailly's guidance between nine and ten, and were let into a large patio, an open stone court with colonnades. The space under these colonnades was the ball-room; the floor clean brick, the lights common tin or iron oil-lamps. The dance was under the superintendence of Bailly and a dancing-master from the theatre, an excellent Spanish dancer and very well-behaved man. There were three girls in curtailed petticoats* from the Opera, all young and

* A costume quite inappropriate to boleros and jotas, and one symptom of a Gallican taste which would tame down the superb witcheries of Spanish dancing to the frigid effrontery of the commonplace French ballet.

fresh-looking; one, Enriquita by name, a very good figure, and pretty, in the more vulgar style of Spanish beauty; and the gipsies sitting apart. I rather suppose it was a deviation from strict order that these ladies should appear at the same party. There were a sofa and chairs placed together for the señores; and all along three sides of the dancing-place, indeed all about the patio, was an audience which I cannot well give an idea of: tidy women and children of the lower class; men of the same in shirt-sleeves; a few dressed like gentlemen: all smoking, of course, who had wherewithal. The company, as far as I could learn, were the relations or connections of the dancers, or persons belonging to the place: the coterie at the gipsy end was, I understood, chiefly of that race. With all the odd irregular look of the place (dogs ran in and out; I will say nothing of fleas, because E——* thinks it illiberal), it was impossible that in any ball-room there could have been more perfect good behaviour and good understanding; everybody seemed

* A Spanish friend, who had objected to some allusion of this kind in a former letter. Were the subject permitted, I might introduce, as à propos to dancing, the complaint of an Arabian poet, cited in the 'History of the Arab Domination,' p. 67:—

"There is one thing in Valencia which annoys me most, and puts me out of humour,
Which is, that the fleas are continually dancing to the music of the musquitoes."

just desirous to see what went on, the friends now and then, in addition, giving some little assistance or suggestion to the dancers. We had, I should think, every Spanish dance that could be danced, the simple bolero and fandango, the ole and the cachucha, the Sevillana, the jota Aragonesa, the Manchega (a rattling affair by two boys), the Gallegada by several couples, a grotesque caper with a tambourine by a droll fellow in a costume which I do not exactly know; and fifty more things. I think every trick of Spanish dancing was gone through.

The principal gipsy was a very tall handsome girl, light coloured for one of her race, with handsome draperies though simple; a pink dress with three very slight flounces, so long as to cover the feet when she did not raise it; a yellow shawl crossed over the breast, and pinned so as to make a picturesque fall of drapery; flowers in the back of the hair in the Spanish fashion; a handsomely formed foot, though not small. She danced very quietly, but with a great deal of grace, throwing her eyes to the ceiling, and with a smile which, though pretty, did not look trustworthy. You will say, what public dancer's smiles are? but I mean that the sinister effect was the one that chiefly struck you. She acted with the arms very much, like the Spaniards, but with a sort of princely motion from above downwards, and continually turning from side to side. It put me much in mind of what I recollect of the

Bayadères who exhibited in London some years ago. She danced without castanets; a boy howled behind-backs in her own part of the room. The dance, as dance, was a mere nothing and without any variety, though she stood up three or four times. We could not help thinking that she was a little influenced by the presence of the other ladies; she now and then turned off, and made some smiling half-shy observation to them. Towards the end she introduced some movements, not altogether different from what I have seen in Spanish dances, but certainly not of the most modest, though it was evident that she kept down her style in this respect, and a very guileless person might have seen nothing exceptionable. When she ended her first performance, a bold burly woman, a gipsy in quite common dress, burst out from the gipsy circle and gave a short exhibition which was a sort of grotesque version of the other dance, full of life, for she came upon us like an animal broken loose; and what the other woman insinuated in point of impropriety she put beyond doubt, making it however excessively laughable. She was such a savage that if I had been alone I really should have been frightened, like a lady, at her first onset. It was evident that she did not respect the presence of the opera-dancers, if the other women did.

All this, with an occasional handing round the room of wine and cakes, made time pass not at all heavily for more than three hours, after which the master of the

ceremonies (the dancing man) made a bow and said, in English, "Good night." I forgot to mention a little Spanish girl in full Maja costume who danced some things very prettily, and was a pupil of this master. It was said that all the opera ladies whom we saw were women of correct character, and I certainly saw nothing to the contrary.

To complete the melancholy picture of my habits, I went to another bull-fight. I was told that what I had hitherto seen was not a fair specimen, and that Seville was a classical ground of bull-fighting: moreover everybody was going, and our dinner put off till eight. I still did not come away delighted: the theatre was not so beautiful as that of Malaga: that indeed was a sight I have never seen equalled: the bulls were "below mediocrity:" the men upon the whole good. The performance of one fighter on foot, named Dominguez, a very fine man, was something beautiful; his address and courage were so great, and he knew so perfectly what could be done with the stupid animal, that he moved about him as if the bull had been a pony, not off and on at bo-peep, like others, but keeping up a continued play, in uninterrupted attendance upon the animal's movements.*

* It was a striking picture when this powerful and graceful matador, in his showy costume, marched across the arena, after slaying the bull, and made his obsequious

This, and some other incidents of the affair, create an interest which makes one understand how natives are tempted to attend such things continually; but I shall never improve, I am afraid. The feebleness of the performance on horseback, and the cruelty and nastiness that follow, are things I cannot get over. From what I hear, I think it not unlikely that even with the Spaniards themselves the amusement will go to decay, as prize-fighting did with us. Two men

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yet proud obeisance under the state box. The Duke, with a gracious air, equally suited to the occasion, threw him a purse of money.

During the performances of Dominguez, a lady of no very distinguished appearance or dress, sitting in the seats before those in which I was with Bailly and some of his English class, became faint and was led out. Presently she returned, and went on watching the fight. I wondered at her perseverance, which appeared not to be in very good taste; and I marvelled still more when she again became unwell, and again went out and returned. Some one afterwards explained the reason of her faintness and her pertinacity; she was the mistress of Dominguez.

The heat on this day was excessive, and the cry of "Agua!" (water to sell) more importunate and monotonous than the note of the grasshopper or frog. The seats and passages, after the fight, were strewn with little yellow, and green, paper fans (ornamented with figures of matador and bull), which are sold for a trifle on such days, for the comfort of male as well as female perspirants.

on this occasion got awkward falls: one was rolled over and over by the bull, but did not seem the worse for it. The Duke de Montpensier presided, and brought his two little girls. I hear that nothing can exceed the popularity of the Duke and Duchess with all classes; but I suppose that even in them disloyalty to Los Toros would not be pardoned. The Duchess, however, did not appear this time: it was said her health would not allow it.

I have made a long letter after all: I am like the clerk in Scott's novel, who, though dead drunk, copied a huge pleading off hand, upon having a pen put between his fingers. What more I have to say, however, is soon told. You heard that I went to the Italian Opera. 'Il Trovatore' was new to me; I thought some of the music very pretty, but did not greatly admire the singing. The house is large and rather handsome. The lowest boxes are not closed in front like ours, but have only a light railing which shows down to the feet of the persons sitting in them; and they are more within speech of the pit than ours. I think this a pretty arrangement.

I went to a Spanish theatre with a party from the hotel, but was not much amused, though there was a favourite actor there, in the lacayo line, from Madrid. I have never since I came seen a well-attended public promenade; there seems to be caprice about this, and it depends partly on the military bands playing, which

has not been done of late. Some of the streets, however, are made lively in an evening by ladies standing or sitting in the handsome green balconies, looking at the passers by: some of these balconies, though on the first and second floors, have rejas; for show, I suppose, or to excite the imagination. The patios, as I peep into them, look very pretty and Pompeian; most of them, in the good streets, have large masses of flowers in the centre, sometimes a fountain, statues and casts, prints hung round, and sofas, as for a sitting-room. I have not even yet got quite used to the customs about letting you in. The other day I went to call on a gentleman of this place who lives in a house of modest style, and was let in by an elderly lady, bareheaded, who sat upon the bench by the gate, and invited me to do the same till Mr. —— came home. I did so, and talked to her under the impression that she was the portress; quite respectfully, however; so that I was not confounded, though rather surprised, when I found that she was the lady of the house.

I went yesterday with Mr. Zapata and his friend in a hackney carriage to the village and convent of Santi Ponce, near which is the site of an old Roman town called Italica. Few remains of this are to be seen now; but a pretty rural walk takes you to the old racing circus, which is very tolerably preserved; the general outlines still well defined, and a good

deal remaining of the seats and passages, as well as some massy fragments of walls. It is not unlike the old circus which you may remember at Trèves. We sat down, and one of the gentlemen read us the Ode upon Italica by the Spanish poet Rioja,* which seems to be stately and pretty, and to introduce every remarkable circumstance. †

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* Rioja lived in the first half of the seventeenth century, and was an adherent of the Duke of Olivares. The 'Italica' was his most popular poem, if his; but there has been a controversy upon the authorship. (Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, vol. ii. p. 507, London, 1849.)

† Our first halt, after leaving Seville, was at the wide, unattractive village of Santi Ponce (about five miles off), where we were to see the old convent of San Isidoro. We were expected, and keys had been sent from a distance for our admission into the church. That key, however, which opened the very church door had been left behind. Everything that hospitality could suggest to gain us admission without the key was tried, even to battering the lock with a stone, but in vain; so we departed for the Italica Circus (about a mile distant), and the key was to be sent for during our absence. Time passed quickly in the sweet country air and among the silent and verdant ruins, and it was growing dark before we returned to San Isidoro. The church was open, but could not now be seen without candles; and by this light we hastily viewed the coloured statues, by Montañes, of St. Isidore and St. Jerome, and the tomb and effigy of Guzman el Bueno, the hero of Tarifa.

On another evening Mr. Zapata took us to see the Capilla de los Reyes at the cathedral: a monumental chapel in a very simple and grand style. Alonzo el Sabio (the Savant) and his queen are buried here: their

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It was the night for which Bailly had bespoken the dance at Seville, and I had promised to join our party at the hotel by nine. Not the more quickly did our calesa travel over the uneven road from Santi Ponce. I already felt myself belated, and could not help imparting my trouble to Mr. Zapata's friend. It was much past eight. Never, I believe, was there a more courteous and less hard-hearted man, but he only replied, "O! you will be there at nine; poco mas o menos" (a little more or a little less). The answer breathed the very soul of that philosophy which Spaniards are blessed with in the matter of time. "Poco menos" was out of the question already; "poco mas" was the very thing I was feverish about. Presently the wheels of our slight carriage ran deep into a bed of loose stones in the middle of the road; any struggle of the horse to pull it through was hopeless. After some time, by the combined strength and ingenuity of all concerned, the calesa was liberated. But then it appeared that, in these efforts, something had broken the harness, and it was still impossible to go on. My companions lighted their cigars, and placidly strolled forward. It was a calm moonlight night, and a solitary place; the driver stood silently contriving the cure of his tackle, and I meditating upon my broken appointment. By what wonder of good fortune the harness not only was mended but lasted us to Seville, I cannot say, but it

monuments are striking; each being merely a canopied recess in the wall, very lofty, with only a bier, covered with a rich flowing drapery, and pillows laid on it with the crown and sceptre. Before the altar (upon it, as it looked to me) is a massive silver repository containing the body of St. Ferdinand, the king who recovered Seville from the Moors. Here too is shown an image of the Virgin and Child, which the saint used to carry with him on his saddle; small figures, but uncomfortably large furniture to ride on horseback with.*

One of the grandest buildings in Seville is the Royal manufactory of tobacco, where women, it is said four

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was with unhoped-for satisfaction that I found our carriage entering the street of Triana without further accident, and the "poco mas" by which I sinned against punctuality not so serious as I had expected.

These are trivial details, but may warn a future traveller in Spain what he may have to reckon upon when he proposes a short drive out of town. The moral, in short, of this somewhat prosing story is: If you propose to see Italica and Santi Ponce, you had better not leave Seville at five, intending to be home by nine. But they ought to be seen.

* Above is an effigy of the Virgin and Child on a larger scale, said to have been carried before the King in triumph when he entered Seville. In a vault of this royal chapel is seen the coffin of Maria de Padilla, the mistress of Peter the Cruel. Her bath is shown at the Alcazar.

thousand, are employed in rolling and bundling cigars and stuffing cigarillos. I went into some of the long galleries, where you see in vistas several hundreds of them at a time sitting at tables on which are their work, their eatables, and flowers, or anything else they have brought to entertain themselves with; above, shelves, on which lie the parcels of finished work. The groups, in many varieties of action, working, gossiping, eating, or boldly staring at the visitors, were amusing enough; but I never saw so many ugly women under one roof: I speak of downright monkey ugliness: hardly one was good-looking. In another part of this building was a machinery for chopping up snuff, the wheel turned by very fine mules: an odd sight to us who are accustomed to see manufactures on a large scale carried on by steam. But the mules may be the best thing, here.

In memory of Figaro I had my hair cut at Seville, but the barbers of to-day seem to be a very different race; mine was a dull republican fellow enough. By-the-bye, I saw one the other day shaving a customer under a tree in the Old Alameda; the looking-glass and apparatus not immediately in use hanging to a peg run into the trunk.

I have now had another deliberate view of the Murillos at the Museum, and must confess that, taking all qualities into consideration, I do not think anybody here can be ranked above or with him. He is extremely unequal, but his genius was truly a rich one.

June 12th.

Mr. M——, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction, called yesterday evening, and I saw him to-day. He was prevented by ill health in his family from calling sooner. I now find that the mail, "viâ France," is stopped by inundations, which accounts for my not hearing again from you. I can only put this into the post to take its time, hoping that in another day the road may be open. To-morrow I leave Seville, by the river boat, at seven in the morning, for Cadiz. As the Peninsular boats sometimes call there two days before the time, I dare not be later. We have very fine weather, but great heat. Having no family acquaintance at Seville, I am very willing now to leave it, though I have not quite seen everything; and shall enjoy another evening at the reja at Doña C.'s, if the packet does not hurry me away.

LETTER XVII.

Southampton River, Tuesday, June 24th.

I write this by Mr. ——, a fellow-passenger, who will go to town during the night. I am too late for the last evening train.* .....

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* We arrived about seven, but had not done with the custom-house before nine.

In the old times of Greece, according to Thucydides, strangers arriving at a port were asked, as a matter of course, and with all possible urbanity, if they were pirates; nowadays you are welcomed with a like courtesy all over the civilized world, only the question is, not whether you are thieves, but whether you are smugglers: an attention which often constrains you to pass a night with the hospitable natives instead of continuing your journey.

LETTER XVIII.

(A LETTER TO THE READER.)

Fate of toreros — Bull-fighting — English censures upon it — Its effect on popular character — Triana — River walk under walls of Seville — New Plaza — Zurbaran and Murillos at the Museum — Remark on pictures of the Virgin Mary — The Caridad — La Sed — San Juan de Dios — Murillo's house — Supposed Zurbaran at the University — Seville students — Steam voyage from Seville to Cadiz — Cadiz in June — Lampoon on Espartero.

Voyage to England — Cape St. Vincent — Lisbon — Cintra — M. Barbès — Signalling the Madrid for news — Vigo — Pratique — Crossing Bay of Biscay — Ushant — The Channel — Southampton.

THE correspondence here ended was necessarily left imperfect, as the author could not well (after the manner of some heroes and heroines of epistolary novels) write in the form of letters that which he might expect to relate in person as early as the post could carry it. It may, perhaps, be allowable to add a few pages for the purpose of finishing the narrative, and gathering up some incidents and observations which might have been the subjects of a letter if the tour had continued longer. And, first, a final word upon Los Toros.

Evil befel the two favourite matadors, Cuchares and

Dominguez, whose performances I admired at Malaga and Seville. Before leaving Spain I heard that Cuchares had had his ribs broken at Port St. Mary. The newspapers of 1847 announced that Dominguez had been tossed and dangerously wounded, and I hear he is since dead. Some persons might suppose that such tragedies, which have never been uncommon,* would make the sport odious. With us, no doubt, they would excite a discussion which, if it did not end in legislative interference, would shame away educated persons from such exhibitions. But in Spain there is less nicety; and the very sense that a real danger is being incurred, that a life is at stake, though under high chances in favour of him who risks it, gives a zest to the entertainment and heightens the enthusiasm of the spectators. And I fear that the exaltation of spirits from this cause is shared, though perhaps unconsciously, by some who boast themselves to be more scrupulously nurtured than the majority of Spaniards.

It is certain that, on cool reflection, the English traveller finds difficulty in justifying to himself the curiosity, heightened by the contagion of popular feeling, which carries him again to a bull-fight after he has seen one. On his first visit the novelty is so surprising,

* Blanco White, writing in the beginning of this century (p. 157), says that few of the matadors have retired in time to avoid a tragical end.

the spectacle so brilliant, the occurrences so interesting, that the horror of some parts of the show and the tediousness of the whole are lost in more powerful impressions. Townsend, though a clergyman, fairly says, "I am ready to confess, that the keenest sportsman cannot be less attentive to his own danger, or to the sufferings of the game he is pursuing, than I was to the sufferings of the bull, or to the danger of those by whom he was attacked; nay, so inattentive was I to my own danger, that, although by a shivering I knew that I was taking cold" (this was at Madrid, where colds are often deadly), "I had not resolution to retire. My cold was attended by an ague," &c.—(Journey through Spain, vol. i. p. 351.) When, indeed, a second occasion tempts, the traveller should be able to reply, as a learned person is said to have done when asked to go out a second time with fox-hounds, "I have been: does anybody go twice?" But if the reader ever visits Seville, or Malaga, or Granada, he will find that, in spite of strong resolutions, or stronger indolence, the sight of a gigantic placard, headed "Toros de muerte" (literally, Death-bulls), has a fascination, even after some experience of the amphitheatre, which is best vanquished by going out of town.

We must not, then, too arrogantly condemn the Spaniards for their attachment to this diversion, however justly we may, on a clear view of right and wrong, disapprove it. Our own former practice, as well as the

consciousness of our own present feelings, would rebuke such an assumption. Secretary Ponz, on his visit to England (Viaje fuera de España, vol. ii. p. 91), declares that an English prize-ring is much more barbarous than the Spanish amphitheatre. Without admitting the justness of this comparison (for a prize-fighter, unlike the bull and horse, is a willing candidate for glory), it must be remembered that bull-baiting flourished in England at a time much within living memory; and worrying a bull with dogs was perhaps less humane than the Spanish practice with spear and sword. In the time of Queen Elizabeth bulls and bears were baited for the amusement even of the Court: and Strutt (Sports and Pastimes, &c, p. 194, 4to. 1801) cites an advertisement of sports at Hockley in the Hole, in the reign of Queen Anne, introducing "The famous bull of fireworks, which pleased the gentry to admiration;" "variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting;" and "a bulldog to be drawn up with fireworks."

I have ventured in a preceding letter to anticipate that, in days to come, the Spaniards may renounce practices which we now deem barbarous, as the English, late and not without reluctance, suffered bull-baiting to be proscribed, and as they have abandoned prize-fighting to the lowest order of patrons. But the bull-fight is associated with nobler recollections, appeals, in some of its incidents, to more refined and elevated tastes, and has a more extensive influence on the imaginations of

the highest as well as the lowest classes. And the English censor must not refuse some tribute of respect to assemblages in which many thousands meet without discord or confusion (except in rare cases), and for hours give eager attention to a game of skill and chance, without any stimulus from drink or betting.

The institution of bull-fighting in Spain has not in modern days enjoyed an uninterrupted supremacy. The eminent writer and politician Jovellanos assailed it in the last century (1796) with a burst of stormy satire, in a declamatory pamphlet, still popular, entitled 'Pan y Toros' (Bread and Bull-fights), which exposed, in a strain of ironical reprobation, too high-flown and monotonous to cause any salutary pain, the decay and corruption of Spain in all her institutions. He displayed in glaring colours the inhumanity of this spectacle, the unseemly mixture of ranks and the rudeness and licentiousness, which it promoted,* the idleness it encouraged, and even the opportunities it afforded

* It is remarkable that in this work Jovellanos uses almost the very phrase, "a swinish multitude," which drew such clamorous obloquy upon Burke in 1790. "Una España muchacha, sin instruccion," &c.: "*un vulgo bestial.*" (A Spain, childish, uninstructed, &c.: a bestial populace.) The expression of Burke, if fairly read with the context, is less affronting than that of the philosophic Spaniard. I have heard doubt from a well informed quarter, whether 'Pan y Toros' be really the work of Jovellanos, though it circulates under his name.

for a popular outbreak; and he declared that it made Spain singular among the nations of the earth. Authority for a time enforced what the moralist preached: Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, exerted his influence against bull-fighting, and it was, by royal order, discontinued for a few years; but, about the beginning of this century, the prohibition was withdrawn,* and amphitheatres, formerly seen only in the great cities, sprang up in every considerable town. That the amusement may nevertheless decline and go out of use without any new exercise of authority, has appeared to me not improbable, partly from the tendency of all distinctive national customs to melt down as knowledge becomes more general, and intercourse with foreign countries more familiar; and still more from the degeneracy of the entertainment itself in that part which is most associated with noble recollections, the performance on horseback. When, instead of the cavalier who

> "With a graceful pride
> His fiery Arab dextrously did guide,"†

you see a padded picador, wretchedly mounted, unable to save his horse, clumsily scrambling over the barrier to save himself, and leaving the poor jade to be miserably butchered, it is difficult to suppose that many more

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* Doblado's Letters from Spain, p. 135, Letter 4.

† Conquest of Granada, first part, act i. scene 1.

generations will be satisfied with an exhibition of which this is a principal feature. Spaniards themselves speak of it in a tone of apology which is ominous to a public amusement, and from which I have more than once augured the downfall of this.

What moral effect might result from the suppression of bull-fighting it would be rash, especially in one slightly acquainted with Spain, to anticipate. The change would probably be one of several which would operate gradually. Many persons, no doubt, would expect from it, as numbers did in England from the suppression of our ruder sports, the extinction of manliness, without any advance in virtue or Christian benevolence. It was a paradoxical saying of Mr. Windham, that "cruel sports do not make cruel people."* Of course this, if true, would be an imperfect justification of the sports. But what is meant by "cruel people"? If cruelty be implied in the habit of looking upon the pain of other beings with indifference or inattention, few of us are not cruel in some instances,

* Speech on Cruelty to Animals Bill, June 13th, 1809 (Speeches, vol. iii. p. 322). And see his Speech on Bull-baiting, May 24th, 1802 (vol. i. p. 348). There was a strong mixture of downright good sense with some extravagance in these speeches. Mr. Windham certainly went far when he urged that a baited bull "felt a satisfaction in the contest," and, while he "had the better side, did not dislike his situation."

where the sufferings are familiar to us, and we have no ready means of preventing them. There is also cruelty where suffering is inflicted, consciously, but without pleasure in the infliction, the pain given being incidental to the prosecution of some purpose which engrosses the whole attention, as in some of our field sports and contests of the turf. The Princess, in Love's Labour's Lost (Act iv. sc. 1.), touches exactly upon this point:

> "If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
> That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
> And, out of question, so it is sometimes,
> Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
> When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
> We bend to that the working of the heart:
> As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
> The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill."

How far the sportsman may be answerable at the rigorous tribunal of conscience for pain which he may thus create wantonly and for mere glory and pastime, is not now the question. Such as he is are not, in the sense of Mr. Windham, "cruel people." Their amusement, though continued through life, does not make them cruel in other respects. A lady who would tenderly relieve distress, and shrink from the detail of some dismal accident, will not refuse to see the greyhounds run; yet the agony of a coursed hare is not less affecting than that of a bull in the amphitheatre.

But in bull-fighting, as I have seen it, there is a different and a worse cruelty. During a great part of the sport, torture, as torture, is, if not the end, the

direct and desired medium. The beast, if exhausted, is to be urged upon new efforts; if cowardly, to be excited, and to be punished. No sight more pitiable can be seen than a fatigued or what is called a "bad bull," when he stands perplexed in the arena, foiled in all his attempts to escape, or to overthrow his persecutors; his shoulders mangled; his hoof scraping the ground, not in fury but in distress; his mouth half open, parched doubtless with intolerable thirst. A faint bellow may be heard issuing from his throat amidst the boisterous uproar of the theatre; perhaps in impotent desperation he rushes aside and gores a dying horse, then returns to his helpless quietude. No one pities him; the active spirits all hate him; strike at or goad him if they can; invent new torments for him, and call for fire or dogs. This is cruelty in act, and cruelty tending (though it may not always have that effect) to form a cruel character. When the poor horse receives his last injury in the service of man, we pity and are shocked, avert our eyes, and may forgive those who see the catastrophe and think no more of it. But the persevering, inventive tyranny which rages on all sides against the great victim of the theatre excites not only compassion for the sufferer, but a recoil of feeling against the tormentors.

Were I one of those lawgivers who are pictured from time to time as fashioning the whole habits and manners of a people, I would teach them to deal with

the brute creation as given for man's use and support, yet in the spirit, if possible, of Wordsworth's precept,—

> "Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

But if this maxim be too angelic for human practice, I would at any rate, for the love of mercy and also for the safety and well-being of the commonwealth itself, prohibit them from amusements in which the assembled many rejoice over the distress of one.

My walks in Seville were abridged by the heat. In passing the Triana bridge, where the river, by its size and character as a stream, reminded me of the Ouse at York, I often saw gipsies of picturesque figure and strongly marked countenance; but, though I once strolled through the suburb, and enjoyed the view of Seville and the Golden Tower from the Triana bank of the Guadalquivir, I did not explore this region under good guidance. Bailly never listened willingly to any proposal of going among the gipsies; and it struck me at Granada that Ximenez (though he introduced me to one of the race) did not go about with his usual easy off-handedness in the Albaycin. The gipsies, in the early part of this year, if I recollect rightly, had alarmed the community in some places by scenes of desperate riot; whether this conduct had made them obnoxious, and quiet citizens unwilling to meddle with them, or whether my remark upon the conduct of the ciceroni was unfounded, I cannot say.

I walked one evening along the malls, shaded but deep in dust, between the old city walls and the river, re-entering the town at a gate beyond the Hospital de la Sangre. The promenade was not cheerful. The most striking groups that peopled it at this time were a file of children from the Institution for Foundlings, with their nurses, and a troop of galley-slaves escorted by soldiers. As I approached the stately edifice of La Sangre (which at this time, I was told, had four hundred patients), a slovenly waste ground and a stagnant ditch under the ancient Moorish wall seemed inviting the cholera. The life of Seville in an evening, during my short stay, seemed to reside chiefly in the streets and in the bright, verdant, and bustling little Plaza del Duque.

The picturesque ancient sites of this city are not so many or so remarkable as might be expected from the place it has filled in history during so many centuries, and from the monuments of old magnificence which it still possesses. The visitor must seek for happy points and combinations. Of the improvements which modern taste would effect if a career were opened to it, the new square, Plaza de Murviedro, is not a hopeful specimen. Mr. Ford (Handbook, part i. p. 190) anticipates that it will be a place "in which the picturesque and national will be superseded by the comfortable, civilized, and commonplace." Comfortable I trust it is, though he who crosses its bare

expanse in the daytime runs a severe gauntlet of hot sunbeams; civilized it is, no doubt, if regular lines of apparently spacious and substantial houses denote civilization; but to call it commonplace is almost a flattery, for in baldness and poverty of style, and the absence of any architectural idea, it exceeds ordinary meanness. Frontages more bleak and flat could hardly be found in the most penuriously "run up" Paragon of the most unambitious suburb or watering-place of our own country. Fortunately the old Plaza is at hand, where the famished eye may refresh itself with Moorish and Gothic forms.

When I revisited the Museum my attention was again absorbed by the majestic figures of the four enthroned sages of the Church in Zurbaran's great picture. Those who have seen the artist only in his spectre friars and gorgeously robed priests can scarcely imagine the broad, solid, daylight grandeur of this noble group. Above it is an Immaculate Conception by Murillo, which the visitor is evidently expected by those who attend him here to distinguish by his especial wonder. It presents a very handsome woman, suspended in the air, with a very rich and ample drapery: her position in the picture (as it seemed to me) uncomfortably inclining to the diagonal. Though I do not doubt that it is a fine work, I bade farewell to it contentedly; but it pained me to take a last view of the countenance, so heavenly yet so human,

of the Virgin in the Sala de Murillo, which enchained my attention on my first visit; a countenance breathing all the tenderness and thoughtfulness, the piety and self-devotion, which make up the character of the Blessed among women; and these imprinted upon features so far homely, though engaging and expressive, that the feelings are not lowered to the admiration of mere beauty. In the Romish pictures of the mother of our Lord it is too much the practice to forget the saint in the Virgin. The painter gives a face of waxen purity and clearness, purged of all human expression, unless indeed he can infuse into it (as some of the greater masters have so well done) a mild beam of maternal tenderness: his chief aim is to present a mother who is an unsullied girl. He does not attempt to indicate the devoted faith which said, "Be it unto me according to thy word," though the decree involved temporary shame and the danger of being made a "public example:" the heart which treasured all the sayings of her divine Son while he was still subject to his parents: the assured Spirit which said at the marriage in Cana, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it," before he had yet manifested forth his glory by any miracle: or the love powerful as death which pressed to the foot of the cross when men had forsaken their Master and fled. For this reason, though the subject of the Madonna with the Holy Infant has called forth so many master-works of art, I think the

image of the Virgin less impressive in these than where she is exhibited at a more advanced age, and where, therefore, the character of immaculate and unperturbed innocence no longer predominates; as for instance, Titian's great Assumption at Venice, and the beautiful medallion of a Pietà in bas-relief by Michael Angelo in the Albergo dei Poveri at Genoa.*

If any one could appreciate imperfectly the greatness, exuberance, and versatility of Murillo's genius after seeing this collection, the measure of his admiration must be filled up when he visits the Caridad.†

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* It is right to acknowledge that I have not yet seen the Madonna di San Sisto at Dresden.

† M. Gautier (p. 365) mentions this hospital as founded by "le fameux Don Juan de Marana" (there is no Don Juan in the case, see Stirling's Annals, vol. ii. p. 853; Ford, vol. i. part i. p. 190); and he gravely imagines that the benevolent individual was Don Juan (Tenorio), the famous Libertine of Sevilian tradition, and Burlador of the drama; whereupon he observes "Un hospice fondé par Don Juan! Eh mon Dieu! oui. Voici comment la chose arriva," &c. Assuredly Sterne had some reason to say of the French, "If they have a fault, they are too serious" (Sentimental Journey). As to the morals of Don Miguel (Mañara Vicentelo de Leca), the real founder, the two English writers differ; but according to Mr. Stirling, whose account (following that of Cardenas) seems the accurate one, Miguel's only sensual infirmity was a fondness for chocolate.

Here, opposite to each other, are the two famous pictures of the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, and the Israelites receiving Water from the Rock (la Sed —the Thirst): both, but especially the last, marvels of invention and expression. Both want, perhaps, that epic greatness, if the term may be so used, which a subject of this kind requires, because the composition does not, in either, sufficiently rally round a predominant figure, or carry out one entire action. But they teem with life, nature, and character, with incident at once surprising and probable, and handled with a grace and facility which charm the uninstructed beholder as well as him who can render scientific reasons for his applause.* These pictures are, in painting, what

* "Far be it from us," said Sir David Wilkie, "to envy the taste of those who despise in matters of art the sympathy of the untutored mind; this, when unoccasioned by trick or deception, is perhaps one of the most solid and most lasting evidences of the power of true excellence" (Life of Wilkie, vol. ii. p. 516). He remarks, as other critics have, that there is something in these pictures which at first disappoints; they are far from the eye, badly lighted, and the colours not brilliant: in the Moses, he says, "the chief figure wants relief: the great merit of the work lies in the appearance of nature and truth" (p. 515). In another passage, which conveys a great deal of criticism in two or three words, he speaks of Murillo, in Spain, as one who might, by thoughtless observers, be "despised, like Goldsmith, for his very excellence." (P. 522.)

the best passages of Ovid's Metamorphoses are in poetry. Glad may the visitor of Seville be that they escaped the Boca abajo of Marshal Soult.*

Another work of Murillo in the Caridad, which strongly marks the versatility of his powers, is the San Juan de Dios, where "the good Samaritan of Granada is represented carrying a sick man on his shoulders by night, and sinking under the weight, of which he is relieved by the opportune aid of an angel." † The opposition of vivid light and stern shadow in this picture is very striking and Rembrandt-like; and there is a circumstance in the design which indicates great nicety of conception. Though the angel is visibly assisting San Juan by the touch of his outstretched hand, and partly encircles him with his arm, there is no muscular exertion; the figure is perfectly at ease, and evidently sustains the good man by the mere communication of a miraculous impulse. The picture embodies the thought expressed by the spirit in Comus:—

> "And, if virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her."

By the kind introduction of Don José Maria de Alava I obtained admission to the house and picture-

* Boca abajo! face to the ground; the phrase in which robbers, it is said, invite the traveller to lie down while he is being rifled.

† Stirling, Annals, &c., vol. ii. p. 860.

gallery of Dean Cepero, situated at an extremity of the town near the river, and approached by a narrow Moorish street which reminded me of Tangier. The collection was attractive, intrinsically and by the elegance of its arrangement; but the great object of interest was the house itself, the last which was occupied by Murillo. It has a pleasant, gentlemanly air of retirement and elbow-room, and the upper story, in which Murillo painted, looks over the city wall and a kitchen garden of the Alcazar to the flat fields of the Guadalquivir, where the half-African peasant is represented ploughing in Mr. Ansdell's picture of the Spanish Husbandman.

I had been told that there was a remarkable painting by Zurbaran at the University, in the Rector's rooms. The Rector, on Mr. Alava's introduction, obligingly showed me the picture, which was evidently not Zurbaran's, and, as he believed, was by Lucas von Cranach. It was, if I recollect rightly, a half-length figure, of the natural size and of forbidding aspect, and called the Anatomist. In two visits to the University I was well pleased with the grave and scholarly aspect of the place; and the students, of whom I saw a good many, were of a good academical demeanour, and dressed without any affectation of peculiarity.

At seven in the morning on the 13th of June I was at the river-side, to embark in the San Telmo steamboat for Cadiz. Though the walk was long, my good-

humoured friend Bailly was there to see me depart. The boat moved, and the Torre de Oro, the Montpensier pavilion with its orange-bowers, the great Tobacco palace, and the queenly Giralda, soon glided out of sight. To be within the grasp of steam again was having one foot in England.

Passing by the old château (obra de los Moros) of San Juan de Alfarache, and the adjoining village and kilns, we descended the opaque stream through a country which had little to excite the imagination;* low and often sandy banks, with here and there an orange-plantation, and afterwards pastures grazed by horses and horned cattle; in the distance, as we advanced, hills, the outskirt of the Ronda chain; on the river itself, occasionally a lateen-sailed boat. Gradually the higher mountains of the Ronda district began to show themselves, cloud-like, against the sky; among them San Cristobal, a towering landmark from whatever side you approach it. At Bonanza we discharged passengers at a landing stage, and had time to contemplate

* "Below Seville it divests itself by degrees of every feature of beauty till it becomes little else than a mighty drain, meandering leisurely through a vast flat."—Cities and Wilds of Andalucia, by the Hon. R. D. Murray, p. 92, 3rd ed.; a book which, with sufficient liveliness of style, has a solidity and apparent trustworthiness in the general narrative, not always to be found in the minor works upon Spain.

the town of San Lucar, rising not ignobly from the sands, with its Moorish castle, its Oriental palm, and its church or convent dome and steeples. On the other side of the river, now beginning to expand into salt water, was a mass of forest, part of the famous sporting ground called the Coto of San Lucar. Passing the point of Chipiona, we were fairly at sea; and as we ran down the bleak, sandy coast upon which stands Rota, the snow-white pavilions of Cadiz (for so its buildings look at a distance) started into my sight once more from over the waves, and seemed welcoming me to a home. We landed early in the afternoon, and I again rested in my pleasant little seaward rooms at the Alameda Hotel. They had been honoured, while I was away, by the residence of the "King of Portugal."

In no part of this excursion, except perhaps between Antequera and Malaga, was the change of climate so marked as in passing from the sultry atmosphere of flat Seville to the sea-breezes of Cadiz. They fanned the blood with a drowsy influence hardly to be resisted. Cadiz was now a watering-place in season: the Alameda was not unfrequented, but too much thronged; grace of manner and movement were almost lost in the uniform flow of a crowd; and the persons of most distinguished appearance preferred reposing upon the wooden settees on each side of the promenade to walking. The Plaza de San Antonio and Plaza de Mina were full of lively groups to a

late hour on these summer evenings; the first spacious, town-like, and communicating with principal streets; the other verdant with rows of small trees, and here and there opening pleasantly towards the sea. Once more I enjoyed for two or three evenings the charm of good Spanish society at the house of the excellent Doña C——.

The Tagus steamer, in which I was to go home, passed eastward on her way to Gibraltar on the day after my arrival. No time was named for her return. Lisbon, I was told, was the only place from which the Steam Navigation Company's packets depart on, or at least not before, a fixed day. They arrive at every other port as soon as wind and weather permit, and depart as soon as they can; and if this leaves time to spare, the stay at Lisbon is lengthened by so much: a necessary arrangement, perhaps, but harassing to those who are waiting to embark at other points of the voyage. To be in expectation of a passing ship is, of all the kinds of idleness I have experienced, the most slavish and least pleasurable.

The sea-baths and the Casino were among the resources against ennui and the heat. The baths were a spacious building in the port, not very elegant, but commodious enough, with compartments opening into the sea. At the Casino I had time to bring up arrears of news. I think it was in these latter days at Cadiz that I was struck by some stanzas in a

Spanish newspaper, reflecting upon General Espartero with a bitterness and audacity which showed the press to be more unshackled, or the Minister less potent, than I should have thought possible in Spain. The theme of the drollery, if so it might be called, was the General's military hat; the insinuated topics were the General's want of spirit and of regard to the national honour. I had a final interview with Portéla, to wind up our long account. It amused me to meet him again in the streets of Cadiz, with the Mozo (whom I never knew by any other name) deferentially attending him as in our travelling days. The worthy Mozo grinned recognition to the top of his gums.

At last the long narrow streamers upon the consular houses announced that the Tagus had come in: and on the 16th of June the departing guests of the Alameda (there were two or three beside myself) followed their baggage to the embarking-place, our little host, Mr. Blanco, bustling between his house and the mole, and pregnant with the double responsibility of dismissing those who were to go, and speeding those who might be on the way to his establishment. About ten in the morning we took boat for the packet. Scorching summer had set in, and my vacation had already been too long; yet it was not with a light heart that I quitted the soil of romantic and friendly Spain; and when I paid away my last Isabel I could have said with great truth,—

"Invitus, regina, tuo de littore cessi."*
Unwillingly, O Queen, I left thy shore.

The Tagus was already well-filled with passengers; and I was obliged to accept an upper berth in a narrow slip of cabin containing four. Three were occupied by English military officers, two of them from the Crimea and one from Gibraltar. They had established such comfort for three as the little cage admitted of, and there was hardly a nook, hook, or peg which was not consecrated to their arrangements. I felt that I was a disaster to these gentlemen, and that I myself had a week before me which must be an age of uneasinesses. It passed, however, much more tolerably than I expected; and I trust we all did our best to lighten the common calamity. Happily we all kept our health.

Cadiz and the inland Sierras gradually faded out of view. At night we were off the point and lighthouse of Cape Santa Maria. About four in the morning, having desired to be called when we were at Cape St. Vincent, I was awakened by an arm silently thrust into my berth through the open door of the cabin. With difficulty I executed the nice manœuvre of letting myself down peaceably to the floor, and on mounting to the deck I saw the famous promontory, with its lighthouse and convent, lying

* Virg. Æn. 6, 460.

dark against a gloomy sky; on its flank, buttresses of cliff, square and perpendicular, confronting the Atlantic. It was a bleak morning, the sea rough, though not boisterous, and the ship labouring against a head-wind. Chilled, and fearful of qualms, I was glad to retreat and bury myself again in bed-clothes and darkness.

By half-past five in the evening of the 17th we had made eighty-four miles from Cape St. Vincent, and were off the stony cliffs of Cape Espichel, beyond which appeared the round hill of Palmella, between Setubal and Lisbon. About nine we anchored at Lisbon, and the usual official visitors came on board. After some tiresome formalities I and other passengers obtained leave to land; and, though impatient of the delay, I could not help rejoicing to hear that we might, if we chose, stay on shore two nights. I went to the Braganza, which was kept by an Englishman, and was, in its style, the substantial, business-like hotel of a large mercantile place: exactly the quarter for a man arriving from sea on a day's leave.

The best occupation I could plan for the next day was a journey to Cintra; and in this three of my fellow-passengers joined me. Our carriage (from Lisbon and back) cost about thirty shillings English. The journey, over a tolerable road but with a good deal of ascent, took about three hours. Arriving in the neat little town of Cintra, we alighted at a pleasant inn, an

offshoot of the Lisbon Braganza and bearing the same name, and were provided with donkeys, the only beasts at hand, to make our tour of the environs.

It would lengthen this supplemental chapter too much to attempt a description of Cintra; and my recollections of our hurried day are but imperfect. The features that most strike on a general view of the Cintra region are the savage boldness of the crags, the grand masses of wood, the majestic pine towering amidst a luxurious depth and breadth of softer foliage, the villas which seem to associate all the elegance of civilized life with all the majesty of nature, and, at a distance, the bright unbounded expanse of sea. To bring these together in a description which the fancy of a reader could grasp is hardly practicable; at least it has not been accomplished in any work within my knowledge. Lord Byron's celebrated stanza in Childe Harold "The horrid crags," * &c., presents a separate circumstance in each line very beautifully; but although

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" The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of th' unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow-branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."
Canto I., stanza 19.

he speaks of these as "mixed in one mighty scene," the description, taken as a whole, is not a picture but only a rich chintz.

One fault which renders the general scenery of Cintra imperfect is the tract of bleak, comparatively flat land which intervenes between the region of beauty and the sea, so that rocks, groves, and pavilions, which should be mirrored in the Atlantic, look to seaward over a forbidding moor.

We ascended by rock paths to the Penha convent, purchased, since the suppression of monasteries, by the ex-Regent, and turned into a castle, but keeping a great deal of its original form. Much care has been bestowed upon it. The chapel is adorned with some good painted glass from Nurenberg, of the date 1841. From the summit of La Penha the view extends to Mafra and far over the sea, and commands the lower reaches of the Tagus, and the point where it rolls into the Atlantic a volume of discoloured waters, turbid, as the ancients fancied, with gold. But nothing, especially on this 18th of June, was so affecting to an English mind as the distant range of elevations running along the hill-sides of the Mafra country, and broken here and there by small protuberances, which marked the immortal lines of Torres Vedras.

After a visit to the Moorish tower and bath, on a neighbour height to the Penha, we proceeded to the famous Cork Convent: and this book will not have been

utterly useless if it prevents any future tourist, whose time is short, from following our example. We crossed the country to the rearward, and out of sight, of the fine Cintra scenery, and passed the best hours of the day in toiling over a rugged, rocky tract, like a moor in the interior of Cornwall. The convent itself, as scenery, is pretty, but not enough so to reward a long journey: the reputed curiosities are a series of small cells and a chapel, formed among, and partly in, the rocks, where so much damp penetrated that the chambers required in many places to be protected by cork linings, as delicate persons in wet weather use cork soles. Hence the name. Apart from the other cells, and still more narrow and sordid, is the den in which Honorius, a hermit, secluded himself, and died at the age of ninety-five. What edification there might be in such a lone, damp, foul, darkling state of existence, I do not pretend to judge; but, to estimate this kind of self-sacrifice at its just value, one should know whether it was actually disagreeable to the recluse to be idle and nasty, before he renounced the world.

A far more interesting scene was the house and ancient chapel of Penha Verde, with the beautiful pine-crowned promontory from which the place takes its name. And, in our return home, the boy-guides who belaboured our animals were importunate with us to look at a villa below the road on our left, belonging, they said, to an English lady. What made it pecu-

liarly interesting they could not explain. There was great natural beauty surrounding it, but the house itself had a forlorn and exposed look, suggesting discomfort. I found afterwards that it was Montserrat, formerly the residence of Mr. Beckford, dilapidated after he left it, but since restored. Our last lion was the Moorish palace at Cintra, modernized in parts, but still abounding in the fantastic elegance of that accomplished people. There were some rich windows, in themselves a jewel of beauty, and adjusted with critical discernment so as to command and blend with the fine surrounding scenery. In the more modern part of the palace are the small Council-room where Don Sebastian held his last audience; the Hall of Arms, in which are the blazons of the Portuguese nobility (but two have been erased (in 1759) for an act of treason, and the obliterations left conspicuous, as the figure of Marino Faliero is blotted out at the ducal palace in Venice); and the Magpie Saloon, whimsically painted all over with magpies of heraldic stiffness, each holding a rose in its claw, and each uttering the words "Por bem" (for good), which flutter from its beak in a label. Perhaps these birds are akin to the card-playing magpies in Antoine Hamilton's Fleur d'Épine, which could utter nothing but "Tarare!" Murray's Handbook gives another explanation, but not more satisfactory. We reached Lisbon again by nine at night.

Between seven and eight the next morning we were

on board the Tagus. A gilt barge, in the government service, came off, bringing a lively, middle-aged gentleman, evidently of some importance: I heard afterwards that he held a public employment (I forget what) and a government contract. With him, and apparently under his patronage, came a tall, gentleman-like Frenchman with a melancholy and not unpleasing countenance, of a somewhat Quixotic character. This, it soon became known, was the once formidable Barbès, whose enterprises, in the French Revolution of 1848, were cut short by imprisonment, greatly to the public advantage. Our head-wind was still inexorable. We passed between the mainland and the Berlingas rocks; in the distance, little islets emerged above the sea, looking like porpoises. Not till eight the next morning did we approach Oporto. We lay off it about half an hour. Four or five miles beyond, a place on the coast was pointed out where a harbour of refuge was making, or about to be made, under the direction of Sir John Rennie: an accommodation well placed near the inhospitable bar of the Douro.

About three we passed the mouth of the Minho, and began to coast the stern mountain shore of Galicia. There were a few Gallegos on board, returning home,*

* I was told that, according to the habits of these people, some of them would probably make another trip before the end of the summer.

and they hung over the landward side of the ship, contemplating their native soil, if soil it might be called. To any but a Galician eye it was forbidding enough; stony highlands, without heath, fern, or bush.

Approaching Vigo, we met my old friend the Madrid, marching gaily with the wind towards Oporto. Public feeling on board the Tagus was in a state of suspense as to the fate of the wretched murderer Palmer, then under sentence in England, and, as some thought, likely to be reprieved. The Madrid was lately enough from London to know what had happened. Signals and the signal-book were hastily got on deck for the purpose of asking the question "Is Palmer hanged?" As Nelson, when he sent aloft his last memorable injunction to the fleet at Trafalgar, was unable to find a signal expressing his own name, and therefore substituted "England," so, to compare small things with great, our querists were at a loss for the name "Palmer;" and upon such hurried consultation as the time allowed (for the Madrid was fast going out of reach) they substituted "prisoner." For a minute or two the Madrid was mystified, but, just as we feared we had lost her, she caught our meaning and signalled "Yes."

We arrived off Vigo at half-past eight, and were condemned to lie there twelve hours, being too late to obtain "pratique." John Bull imperiously demands why he should be detained because two or three foolish

questions cannot be asked between eight and nine on a summer evening. As wisely might he inquire why, if he turns up a certain number at the game of Goose, he is to stay three turns in the Well.

Though the delay was vexatious, it was a comfort to be motionless all night in that sheltered bay. Early in the morning came on board, as usual, the Vigo traders with fruit, flowers, vegetables, and other temptations. One only of my former female acquaintances presented herself, notable as before, and awake to every sort of gain, down to a single cigar. We issued from the bay to be again buffeted over the "loud hoar foam"* by cold and adverse blasts. Between two and three we were off Cape Finisterre, a bleak headland with a lighthouse, projecting from a line of stony cliffs, which threw out other promontories still more to the north-eastward, in the direction of Corunna. The wind, which always bears down like a cataract over a low mountain screen, rushed ruthlessly upon us from the cape. The day ended with a windy haze and much sea. In the morning no land was in sight; we were traversing the Bay of Biscay, with fine weather and on smooth water. It was Sunday. Our Captain called over the men of the ship, fifty-six in number, and summoned all of the passengers and crew who could attend into the principal cabin, where he read the Church of England

* Tennyson. 'Lotus-eaters,' (1833).

service. Those who have not experienced it can scarcely imagine how affecting the act of common prayer is in a ship alone on the sea and out of sight of land.

Cast upon their own resources, without even a point of coast to pore upon, the passengers beguiled their time with books (travellers usually prefer one another's), and rope quoits, and conversation. No colloquial scene on board amused me so much as the dialogues between Barbès and his patron, and the persons, male and female, who took part in their discussions. The Social republican and ex-colonel of revolutionary National Guard stood on the deck propounding his broad theories with a calm ingenuousness of manner which might have been almost persuasive, but that the vivacious Portuguese continually broke in and put him down before he could finish his sentence. His arguments could only be compared to the fossils found in some places, which appear to have been snakes, but invariably have the head snapped off. It seems the fate of M. Barbès, formidable as at times he may have been, to be easily checkmated. On board the Tagus, at any rate, his genius quailed under the brisk peremptoriness of the Lisbon functionary, and he took refuge at last in the conversation of one or two ladies. Female ears are always open to a "celebrity;" kindly open to one that has been under clouds. This evening we were able to carry a sail.

On the 23rd, early in the afternoon, one of the ship's

officers quietly let fall that he had seen Ushant. Great was the rejoicing; but it was long before untrained eyes could make out the island, even with a telescope. By six in the evening, however, it was in full view, a down, sloping away into a promontory, and crowned with a lighthouse; beyond it the line of French coast northward of Brest. Our course now lay diagonally across the mouth of the British Channel. Morning brought a new delay; a fog had come on; our pace was slackened, almost to stillness, and the captain kept men perpetually sounding. An hour or two were thus lost: but at half-past one we discerned Portland; the sky cleared; presently St. Alban's Head and the Dorsetshire hills came in view; then good eyes distinguished the Needle rocks. By-and-bye the variegated cliffs of Alum Bay opened upon us, and at half-past three we passed "through" the Needles. Smoothly and rapidly beyond expectation we ran up the Solent and the Southampton Water; and at sunset our ship disembarked her sixty-eight passengers in the harbour of Southampton.

In the summer of 1857 the author made a short excursion to the Pyrenees, and some adjoining parts of France and Spain. The following letters are selected from a number written during that journey.

LETTER XIX.

The Landes — Spanish frontier — The Bidassoa and Isle of Pheasants — Fuenterabia — San Marcial — Boy guide — Diligence journey to San Sebastian — Fonda de Beraza — Fortress and town of San Sebastian — Scene of the attack in 1813 — Military mass.

[THE author entered Spain from Bordeaux and Bayonne. Part of the journey by railroad between these places was described in a letter of June 17th, as follows :—

I travelled over the great Landes, but was disappointed in them. They are talked of as a desert, half African and half Siberian; but I might have travelled them without noticing the country at all, except to say that it was very flat and dull. The worst part of it was like Chat Moss. Soon after three, when we had passed a station called Rion, I caught the first view of the Pyrenees, a far-stretched line of mountains dimmed with cloud and haze, but showing here and there wide beds of snow, lighted up by the sun. . . . I saw in the Landes one man on stilts, no more. Probably this district has altered a good deal. Pains have been

taken to encourage vegetation and fix the sand ; and I saw a great deal of young fir planting.]

Irun, June 19th, 1857.

I am once more in Spain, and have been this evening, after a very short dinner, up the high rocky hill of San Marcial, to moralize upon the river and mountain boundary between this kingdom and France, as Mr. Ford instructs one to do in the Handbook. There is to be a great fête there at the end of the month, in memory of the Spaniards who fell in a battle of the Peninsular war where, as at Baylen, the Spaniards unassisted beat the French. All the little Castilian I had last year (little enough) comes to my tongue's end, I do not know how, and I already find an advantage in it: here a great many strangers travel, and comparatively few of them know Spanish: in the south there are fewer strangers, and it hardly occurs to natives that a foreigner does not come or ought not to come into the world speaking gross Andalusian. . . . . .

I left Bayonne about half-past eleven in a little open calêche, which cost me a napoleon, but on this fine day it was really worth the money to lounge at one's ease in open air from the Adour to Spain, with no restraint or hurry, and with a sensible driver, which I had, to ask questions of. Not far out of Bayonne I passed

what remains of the château of Marrac, a villa seemingly embowered in trees, where Napoleon* met the stupid royal family of Spain, and drove them into a surrender of the kingdom. The road runs very near the sea, and in nearer and nearer view of the lower Pyrenees which form the border of the two kingdoms, and are about as high and bold as Shap Fells, and not much unlike them in character. At Bedart, a dreary village on the declivity of a hill near the sea (much spoken of in The Subaltern), you enter the Basque country. My ears were pierced by an unintelligible halloo from some boys, and, as we drove out of this place, something fell on my head: it proved to be a handful of roses and jessamines, and a little hooded girl appeared by the carriage wheel with eyes that said R. S. V. P. The R. of course went in the shape of copper sous.

I continue at

St. Sebastian, June 20th.

The next remarkable place was St. Jean de Luz, which has a neat white street and some ancient houses, partly surrounding a basin of the river Nivelle. In one of these, a comparatively stately building with three tiers of arcades, Louis XIV. was married to his Spanish queen. My driver pointed this out to me,

* It was his residence for this occasion. Thiers describes it (Consulat et Empire, vol. viii. p. 573, liv. 30).

as well as a conspicuous red house in which the bride was lodged before her marriage. By this time the Arrhune mountain, part of the battle-grounds of 1813 and 14, unfolded itself in very grand dimensions; farther on, the smaller but more wildly shaped height, Les Trois Couronnes, pointed out the entrance of Spain, for this mountain is within it. A little before three we came to a plateau from which, in one direction, I could see the lighthouse of Biarrits, and in the other I looked down upon Behobia, the last place in France, and Irun, the first in Spain.

There is trouble and expense in taking carriages and horses across the frontier, so it had been arranged that I should have my calêche as far as Behobia only, and get a chance conveyance to Irun. A man appeared and proposed a boat, and it was settled that this should take me first down to Fuenterabia, which is a lion, and then land me at the customhouse of Irun. The boat was prepared while I was taking some bread and milk at Behobia, and then I found myself, in a fine sunny and breezy afternoon, floating upon the river Bidassoa between France and Spain, in the bosom of the wild green hills of the frontier. A man, and a little boy worth fifty of him (Behobians), punted the boat. They pointed out to me on the side nearest Spain a low grassy islet, about large enough for a middling cow-house to stand upon, but without any culture or habitation: this was the Isle of Pheasants, famous in

French and Spanish history for acts of state and meetings of great personages.* Down the stream, in Spain, were a group of houses and a spire, rising from the river's bank with an air of majesty which nothing at this day entitles them to: this was the little old town of Fuenterabia, called by Milton and Scott Fontarabia, and connected by them with the disaster of Charlemagne's army at Roncesvalles, which is many a long mile away.

We landed at the river-gate of the town, under huge stone walls, from which great masses of ruin have been rolled down towards the river. Through this entrance appeared the perspective of a long, narrow, dark, forlorn street, the more depressing because it had traces of a heavy magnificence. It was like a place seen in a painful dream. Huge penthouses projected from the roofs and shut out the light; many of these were elaborately carved on the under side. There are a town-hall, and a great mansion ponderously decorated in stone, of the style, I suppose, of Charles the Fifth's time, but the building a mere shell: it bears a fine emblazonment of the arms of a Countess or Marchioness Torrealta. The ordinary houses have not the reja of the south

* Most noted, perhaps, as the rendezvous of the great duel in diplomacy between Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro, in 1659. There is much interesting detail as to the island in Stirling's 'Velasquez,' ch. viii.

(this, indeed, I have not seen yet), but heavy wooden jalousies and screens. The few inhabitants were for the most part sitting lazily in the shade in unglazed shops. The church is handsome, as Spanish churches generally are. At the end of the town you find yourself close to the sea.

I was glad to have seen this place, and glad to leave it. Punting upwards again for Irun, we had both tide and a great deal of wind against us, and but for the boy I should have doubted whether we could make our port, though the river is not much broader, I think, than the Thames at Hampton Court. On landing I had to go through the ceremonies of passport and douane, the last in the usual way in which well-meaning officers try to reconcile duty and civility. I was very fairly accommodated in the Fonda Echandia at Irun.

I went up the steep rocky hill of San Marcial guided by a boy of about seven years old, whom I was much pleased with. I have observed several times that boys of this age and a little onward, in Spain, are remarkably vivacious and forward; troublesomely so if ignorant fellows. This lad told me his proper language was Basque, but he had learnt Spanish at school, and this seems not to be uncommon. Some other things he mentioned which interested me; but as I found afterwards that he told me some lies, I will not entertain you with his facts.

This morning I left Irun by a diligence with six horses which runs between that place and St. Sebastian, and, though a "short stage," is a well-conducted affair. We were little more than two hours on the road. Two young Spaniards were with me in the coupé: one of them kept up a badinage with a rather pretty countrywoman, who sat on the driving seat in front and rattled away in return. I was struck with the difference in manner of speech between people here and the Andalusians. All that this woman said, voluble as she was, was soft and sweet-toned: the Andalusian's talk in the same case would have been high and clattering and jarring: the same instrument but all out of tune. We passed through a green mountain-country with some cultivation, very pleasantly varied in surface. At Renteria I saw a cotton-mill * worked by steam, a far different thing from ours both in appearance and in size. I was glad to get a sight of the little port of Passages, which we used to hear so much of in the latter part of the Peninsular war, when almost all interesting Spanish news came that way. It is very picturesque and singular, almost locked into the land; the houses looking pasted against the bases of the hills. By neglect, it is said, the basin is so choked up as to be of little use: yet there seems some traffic; there is a large porcelain manufactory, kept by a Frenchman,

* Of about six years' standing, as I was told.

and a rope-walk. My Spanish companions were very ready in pointing out the places which were remarkable in General Evans's campaign in 1836.

I am very fairly lodged here (Fonda de Beraza), looking to the sea, but with intermediate bad sights and smells.

June 21st.

I discovered last night that my bed-room was over stables, though I believe it is not much worse than the other single gentleman's rooms in the house. This and the atrocious racket of the other inmates, who came in late from the theatre, gave me rather an uncomfortable night. My next neighbour is a principal singer at the Opera at Tolosa, a smarter place than St. Sebastian, it seems. His roulades, but during the day only, have been formidable; though I fancy he does not sing badly. Altogether I do not much like "mine inn."

St. Sebastian looks very grand and Gibraltarish as you approach, but it cannot be compared to *the* Rock in grandeur. You know it well by pictures, and the features are so marked that a picture cannot well be unlike. I walked all round the citadel, and a very fine succession of views you have from the terraces: first, the low strip of land which joins the fortress to the main country; upon it the Plaza de Toros, looking from above like a great wheel thrown

down upon the flat; the sands where people bathe, and a pretty meadow and Alameda walks; then the narrow entrance of the port between two rocky hills; then a series of grand sea-prospects over the Bay of Biscay and the north-eastern Spanish coast. Some of the advanced points of the fortress beetling over the sea are just the sort of place to which Hamlet's friends were afraid the ghost would tempt him. On one of the steeps to seaward are memorial stones of officers who fell in the Peninsular war and in Evans's campaign. Passing round towards the town, you overlook the little river Urrumea, which helps to make it a peninsula; and, on the other side of the river, a line of sand-hills, on which the English batteries were stationed in the great siege, a place which looks as much made for this purpose as the stone walls and rocks of the town for defence.

The place in the town walls where the breach was made and entrance forced is marked on the inside by a fountain with cannon-balls on the top. The houses of the town come close up to the walls, and seem timidly peering over them. As soon as the walls are passed from the outside, long narrow streets open up in parallel directions from end to end of the town. Along these on the night of the capture ran the torrent of destruction and confusion which made such a dismal tragedy in the history of this unfortunate place. I say along "these;" but the houses are mostly

new, though upon the old sites; for the greater part of the city was burnt. I walked over to the place of the English batteries by the wooden bridge of the town: there was no bridge at the time of the siege, but our army waited the fall of the tide and then waded the river. It is awful to think of the advance of a body of men over this wide open space (eight hundred yards) of sand, water, and rock, in broad daylight, and in the face of a defending army fully prepared, and who had already repulsed one attack. The place tells its own story exceedingly well.* The citadel, to which the French retreated when the town was taken, is a small massive building on the top of the mountain.†

I have settled my journey for to-morrow; not to

* I sat for some time upon the Chofre sand-hills in the stillness of a scorching afternoon, and saw and heard the tide running down under the sullen walls of the fortress; and as the black shoals gradually rose above the surface, making the stream fordable, my thoughts pictured with painful distinctness that dreadful ebb, watched in suspense by so many thousands of brave men, which made way for Sir Thomas Graham's final attack on the 31st of August, 1813. It was from the Chofre battery nearest to the town that Graham watched the assault, and ordered the British artillery to re-open fire over the heads of our own troops (Napier, vol. vi. p. 202).

† This, and I believe every part of the fortifications, is open to the lounger without question or restriction.

ride, I am sorry to say, but to drive. I find more difficulty in such arrangements than I had expected in this part of Spain. Mr. March, the English Consul, has been very kind in helping me to negotiate this matter, and goes with me as far as Elizondo. We set out at five.

I have just been to a military mass at the church: no great spectacle, but striking enough: the church is grand and simple: there were some three or four hundred, at most, of soldiers, in green regimentals, and a tolerably numerous congregation. Just as I came there there was an elevation of the Host; they all, of course, fell into the attitude of adoration, and the soldiers stooped and advanced their muskets. At this moment the military band struck up a jolly tune,* so inconsistent with the sentiment one would have expected to prevail, that even I, who had only Church of England views on the subject of the Real Presence, was scandalized.

All the world will be running to a bull-fight at Tolosa this week, but not I with them.

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* The Royal anthem or march, always used on grand public occasions, and therefore considered duly respectful to the Majesty of the Host, notwithstanding its secular joviality.

LETTER XX.

Great square of Pamplona — Cathedral and cloister — San Sebastian — Alameda — Casa de Misericordia — Dance in the market-place — Theatre — Calesa travelling — Valley of the Bidassoa — Vera — Valley of Bastan — Elizondo — Smuggling — Prospect of France from the Puerto de Maya — A veteran of Cabrera's wars.

Pamplona, June 24th.

I WRITE from the most Spain-like place I have seen in this year's travels, and the weather, now pure midsummer, favours the impression. An unblemished sky, blazing sunshine, the keen bright light which in the North we seldom see but in pictures or in hard frosts, the windows of the great Plaza de la Constitucion shrouded in outside curtains, so that, as Wordsworth says, "the very houses seem asleep,"—all make you feel that you are in a southern country. It being a saint's day, I have been to the cathedral to hear the high mass, which was performed with stringed instruments as well as the organ. The cathedral is a poor one, but I wandered through it into the cloister, and was enchanted. It is spacious and perfect, and the arches of a late, rich Gothic: the stillness was improved rather

than broken by the distant music, and the coolness only qualified here and there by a reflected warmth from the flowers, shrubs, and cypresses in the centre. When the music paused, you could hear the faintest chirping of a bird. A sumptuous marble monument has been placed in the wall of this cloister to the memory of the great Navarrese warrior Espoz y Mina.

There were a number of well-dressed women, chiefly in black and in mantillas, sitting and kneeling on the floor of the church, their fans vibrating like leaves of trees in the wind; and the effect of this kneeling arrangement is the more striking, as they place themselves in divisions one behind another, where they can get a sight of the altar uninterrupted by pillars, so that a number of black radii are formed diverging from the points of view. Now I have left the streets to the dogs and Englishmen* (of whom I do not see any, though I think I heard the language last night in a café), and will try to bring up the history of my proceedings.

I did not much admire my hotel, though the individuals in it behaved kindly enough, especially a

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* This Spanish by-word against the noon-day restlessness of the English is not confined to our countrymen. M. Gautier says (Voyage, &c., p. 200), "Il n'y a dans les rues que les chiens et les Français, suivant le dicton vulgaire, fort peu gracieux pour nous."

smart young lady, the landlord's daughter, very brown and something like pretty, who knew French, and was going to learn English, and patronized me, as much as came to my share, but would not relieve me from the stable room. I suppose she thought it good enough for me, as her own wardrobe hung in a closet of it, which she kept a right of access to (at due times of course); and I noticed that she wore different dresses three times at least on Sunday.

On Sunday evening I had an interesting walk out of town with the consul and Mrs. March. We passed through the great gate towards the meadows and Alameda;* the gate faces the site of a convent, San Bartolomeo, now destroyed, which was occupied by our troops during the siege and gave a plentiful sprinkling of cannon-shot to the walls of this gate, as they still testify. We went to a place called the Misericordia, a little way from the town: it is the poorhouse of the district, and supported partly by bequests, which have been very large (one equal to 25,000*l.* of our money), and by contributions, which are not voluntary, but like a poor-rate. People who have no apparent means of subsistence must go there, and they are not let out unless

* The Alameda is a pretty suburban walk, contrasting pleasantly with the frowning mass of the city defences. On this Sunday evening it was well filled, and a lively scene of rural enjoyment.

they can certify that they have resources. At present there are about four hundred inmates. It is as pretty as such a place can reasonably be, with a court-yard and fountain, and a profusion of flowers, and trees some of which you would long to cut down as unwholesome; but it is a pleasant shade and lounge for the poor people. The house is attended by Sisters of Charity, one of whom always sits up all night to keep watch. It was delightful to see the simple good manners and unassumed cheerfulness of these good women, and the kind greetings between them and Mrs. March. The visits of my friends, I perceived, were no unusual event, and many of the poor people seemed to be aware that their coming was for good. The rooms and arrangements were remarkably neat and English-like; the air, except in one or two places, quite unobjectionable. The attendance of the sisters here is by no means an affair of sunshine. One of them said the men were manageable, but the women not at all so; if, for instance, they have the least suspicion that they do not get equal shares of food, they throw it about and quarrel like tigers. To convince them that the bread is equally shared, the whole loaf is exhibited with the cuts in it before it is divided. Men and wives are separated, as under our workhouse system.

About eight o'clock on the same evening I walked into the great market-place. There was a lively

concourse of the lower order, chiefly young men and women, making a great noise, when there came into the square three steady-looking men playing a kind of flageolets and small drums. There was a sort of clamour of pleasure in the crowd, and you began to see heads and bodies swaying from side to side, and those who were encumbered with babies brandishing them with a kind of grace over the heads of the rest: presently the convulsed movement subsided into a number of boleros, fandangos, and I do not know what, but there was hardly a corner in which there was not a set busy. The dancers were almost all women; now and then a rough-looking mozo would propose himself, but I observed that, if he was a stranger, he seemed to be rejected. The dancing was not first-rate, but in all of it there was a grace, or at least an appreciation of grace, which you would hardly see among us from one end of England to the other. It put me something in mind of the reels I have seen suddenly started in Scotland. The babies went on figuring over head, as at first. It seems the musicians are public servants; and, when they thought they had given enough, which was rather of the soonest, they went about their business, and the whole scene of excitement fell away of course.

On the repeated urgency of all the Beraza establishment I went for a time to the theatre: it is a pretty place enough, and was half-filled with tolerably

good company. Coming in late, I did not understand the piece, 'Las Travesúras de Juana;' but I was sure that there were very loud dissonant talking, very tame acting, and very uncouth men and women. The clumsiest female took to man's clothes before I went away. My young hostess was in a principal box, which thwarted my arrangements, as I was going at five in the morning, and wanted to get through the "sweet sorrow" of "parting" from my hotel, overnight. But there was left at home a good creature calling herself the muchacha Angela, with a yellow complexion and Yorkshire face, who volunteered, if I would have her called at four o'clock, to deliver my bill, and moreover give me my chocolate and a packet of provisions which I bespoke, rather needlessly as it proved; and this she did. Mr. March arrived with the carriage soon after five, and we set off. He had assisted me in bargaining for it, and a dear bargain we were obliged to make.

I had wanted much to go through some of the valleys of the Lower Pyrenees in which, and near them, our movements and those of the French were made in 1813; both on account of the scenery and of the historical recollections. You may remember (or may not) that after the battle of Vittoria, which finally drove King Joseph out of Spain, the Duke had to take St. Sebastian and Pamplona before he could move into France; and, while he was about this, Soult

made a grand march from the French side of the Pyrenees to beat up his quarters and relieve Pamplona, which led to a good deal of hide-and-seek and hard fighting in these valleys, and at last to the defeat of Soult.

The first part of our journey was back to Irun: then we followed the Bidassoa up a very pretty mountain valley to the village or rather little town of Vera. In going to Irun we passed a second time by the harbour of Passages, and I was shown a good deal of land reclaimed, and about to be reclaimed, from the sea. The author of some of these improvements lives in a great square house, comfortable and wealthy looking, just above the port. Before arriving at Irun we had a slight adventure. Our cattle were two mules; and one of them, when he had got us fairly away from St. Sebastian, fell to kicking and plunging like a thing possessed. The driver was evidently overawed. We bore the matter as long as we could; but when we saw the mule on the wrong side of the pole, and the pole, which was a mere toy, snapped in two, we began to think ourselves in bodily peril, and let ourselves out. The pole was spliced at Irun with an infinity of string well wetted. We insisted that, at least when we got to Vera, there should be another mule: I knew, however, by the way in which the man hung his ears, that there would not. Things went better from Irun to Vera; but the pleasure with which we looked down

from our high terraced road, often having no parapet, upon the romantic little stream of the Bidassoa far below, was damped now and then by thinking how soon we could get out of the carriage if there began a new attack upon the pole.

Vera is a place quite secluded in the green hills, but with a large church, a town-house, and several large private dwellings. We saw here a disgusting elderly idiot, roaming about in a blouse, and holding out distorted fingers for money. At the posada they gave us a very indifferent breakfast, but plenty of it: trout from the river of course. We continued our journey upon an excellent hard road (like all I have yet seen in the north of Spain *), far different from the caminos perdidos (ruined roads) of poor Andalusia, or even its mail roads (caminos réales), which pretend to be kept in some order; but making much higher ascents and descents than engineers would now suffer anywhere in England. Rocks, wood, and river were all delightful; the scenery of the valleys generally was something like that of the Styrian, though scarcely on so large a scale. We passed the beautiful narrow defiles of Yanzi and Echalar, from which the French extricated themselves with great difficulty after Soult's incursion. As to our own wars, we found our friend the mule still at his post, but quieter, for they had tied his

* They are under provincial, not government, superintendence.

tail tight to the crossbar in front of the carriage; and our man said, moreover, that he had visited him in the stable at Vera and admonished him by a good drubbing. The road opened at last into the spacious cultivated valley of Bastan, a place evidently inhabited by substantial people. Indeed I hardly know where I have seen on the Continent, in what may strictly be termed the country, such a succession of large, square, solid-looking houses, fit to be the residences of moderate country gentlemen, or a high class of yeomen. It is a kind of old Tory district, and has always been a stronghold of the Carlists.

At Elizondo we had comfortable quarters enough at the posada Archea, and a pleasant evening stroll. Elizondo stands very prettily, and with something like town pretension, with its back to the little river. More than one of the houses have large coats of arms in stone let into the walls. One stately-looking mansion, all desolate and shut up, was the house of a lady of fortune living at Madrid; descendant, as we understood, of the famous General Tilly; two little girls of the colour of Indian half-blood looked from an upper window and gave us the local information.

I wanted to ride early in the morning to the Puerto de Maya and back in time for the diligence, but there was difficulty about a horse; a burly man, a relation of our host, with one arm (he had lost one in South America), and wonderfully like Henry VIII. in the face,

talked the matter over with us in our balcony; at last he said that, if the worst came, he would lend me a good little horse of his own. Thought I, "This is the prelude to some grand extortion:" but I was soon ashamed of myself, for the magnanimous Tudor said I should have the horse as a matter of friendship, only giving anything I pleased to the man who went with me; but he warned me to keep a tight rein, as, if the horse had a fault, it was stumbling. At any rate, after a day's kicking, stumbling was a variety.

We breakfasted soon after five. Mr. March was to return with the carriage, and there came a petition to him to take a lady with a little girl who wanted to go to San Sebastian; a job of the driver's, of course, but he was not hard-hearted enough to refuse. The lady was wife of the chief of the Carabineros at this place, a decent housewifely-looking woman, and without much baggage. The husband came with her to pay his respects, and escort the lady and señorita. There is a strong party of Carabineros (eight) at Elisondo, for the contraband traffic with France is carried on very briskly, especially in small matters such as cigars and eatables; and very much by women.* We saw a "difficulty" while we stayed; a country waggon stopped on suspicion; the driver very innocent, and hot, and fussy. I do not know how the search ended.

* Among the lawful merchandize I saw on its way to France was Navarre wine in skins borne by mules.

My horse was a pretty little chesnut pony enough, with gay Valencian housings, and a saddle of red Moorish leather. The attendant was an old Basque, old at least for this kind of work; in a blue beret,* white shoes sandalled upon his bare legs with black, a loose jacket, a scarlet sash, and trousers. When we left the village he went into a steady but fast run. The horse followed him at a trot like a dog, but walked again when he whistled and held up his stick. In this way we trotted and walked more than half the way to the Puerto, which is some eight or nine miles from Elizondo. From the village of Maya, where, on a mount behind, the site of the English camp is pointed out, it is a continued rise among high downs, growing more and more bleak till you reach the Puerto, the pass between the mountains, where you begin to descend towards France. Though it was a fine morning, the view was not clear, but it was enough so to give all the sentiment of this prospect, and enable you to conceive what the victorious English army must have felt when, after toiling through these bleak heights, they looked across the green and woody hills of Navarre to the plains of France which they were going to invade. The French country which I had passed over the other day by St. Jean de Luz was in full view, though dulled by haze,

* The Boina; a miniature of the flat lowland Scotch bonnet.

and the Arrhune, and all the great French landmarks between me and France; a wild undulation of hills and many variegated valleys*: in direct view beneath, the distant French village of Aynhoe.

I was at the Puerto at eight, and had a warm but shorter ride home, as it was down hill. My guide talked a great deal about the Carlist wars, but his Basque Spanish was hardly intelligible. He spoke much of Cabrera, whom he had served under, and it was quite interesting to see the old man's open eyes and high colour as he described the chief, when he went to an attack, striking up his hand to his Basque bonnet and flattening it off his forehead, and throwing his right arm bare to the elbow. My guide had received wounds in the wars; one of them," he complained, interfered with his running.

I got back to Elizondo (with hardly an attempt at a stumble) in good time for the Madrid diligence passing through Pamplona; and I arrived here after a journey of about seven hours.

Pamplona is a place I could lounge in many days, but the eternal "en avant" is in my ears, and, for a hurried traveller, I have given it time enough.

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* It is said that the Biarrits lighthouse may be seen from this point in clear weather.

An English soldier's first arrival at the camp on the Puerto is well described in Captain Sherer's 'Recollections of the Peninsula,' p. 251; London, 1824.

LETTER XXI.

Wedding supper at Pamplona — Throwing beans — Journey to Pamplona from Elizondo — Bridge of Sorauren — City of Pamplona — The great square — Walk round the ramparts — Cathedral—Roman Antiquities — Alameda — Equestrian performances — Opera — Landlord and family at the fonda — New police at Zaragoza — Journey from Pamplona — Canal of Aragon—Moncayo mountain—Don Quixote—Site of the Duke's palace — Zaragoza.

Pamplona, June 25th.

AN odd scene goes on here to-night. Returning from the play, I found, arriving, a party of uproarious vulgar men, and tidy women, but of the lower class, thirteen or fourteen in all, who sat down at the farther end of the table where we inmates supped, and had their own supper served apart. It was a wedding from a village a few leagues off. It seems that the bride and bridegroom, wealthy country people, have been married by proxy, a thing not uncommon in Spain, and meet to-night with their friends to celebrate the wedding in a place where there is good entertainment. The married folks stay: the friends go about their business. The man is a scrubby-looking person

enough: the woman a good sonsie body, and seemingly not much daunted by sitting with her bridegroom at the head of the table; in appearance she might pass well enough for an Englishwoman. The amusing feature of the entertainment is that none of the party has a word to say, but every now and then somebody sends a smart shower of small dry beans (habas) down the table, smiting not only their own party, but all the rest: I think they chiefly come from the ladies. Our host says this is an old custom; but the steady-going Spaniards near me deny it, and get disgusted: something of the kind has been done with almonds, they say, but pelting with beans is unknown. As it grew late and nothing new took place, I had not the curiosity to stay longer, and have gone up to my room, locking my door, contrary to my habit, for fear of some other old custom. A gentleman near me, but he was a prim person, charged me not to give out that what I saw was the practice of Spain. I have heard since, in the café here where I take chocolate, that the practice of pelting is usual, only in good houses it is done with bonbons.*

I must hasten over my journey from Elizondo. I had a corner place in the berlina, but we were three, and the berlina most uneasily constructed; there were

* It seems to be the old Roman practice of throwing nuts: "Sparge, marite, nuces."—Virg. Ecl. viii. 30.

three windows in front, but the driving seat was on a level with them, and three hulking fellows sat there, each filling a window with his back.* For the first stage the heat, dust, and confinement were almost intolerable. We were still travelling through a beautiful country, towards one source of the Bidassoa: and in the second stage we ascended to the pass of Vilate, through scenery of wood and mountain on a far grander scale than I had hitherto seen in this journey, rising and rising by terrace roads till the view down was stupendous. All this time there were the usual frantic scenes of mule-driving; urging and swaying the ten wild beasts with lashes and uncouth cries up hill and down dale, the mayoral working the break as if he was rowing a boat.

After Vilate we descended to an easier and more open country, and had horses; the woods were still fine, and we passed some huge decayed oaks which in an English park would have been the pride of a county. Approaching Pamplona, we passed, in a bottom between high hills, the venerable stone bridge of Sorauren, where you may recollect (for there was a picture of it in the diorama of the Wellington

* This arrangement, which shows a singular inventive cruelty in the coachbuilders, did not always occur in my diligence travels; perhaps it may disappear from Spain as civilization advances.

campaigns) the Duke penned or pencilled a hasty order on the parapet, just as the French were coming up. The grey arches and the quiet river bordered with poplars make a tranquil country scene not at all congenial to "stratagems and spoils."

At last we emerged from the hills, and entered the wide green basin of cultivated land where Pamplona stands, overlooking the level from a natural platform under which runs its little river the Arga. The city itself stands out detached from the mountains, but the horizon on every side is filled with the Pyrenean peaks and ridges: those nearest are of the height, and something of the character, of the Pentland hills near Edinburgh. It was a beautiful clear evening, and the outlines of the town, and the towers of the cathedral and the church of St. Firmin, were finely marked in shade against the declining sun, the mountains beyond standing out in still darker shadow. We arrived about half-past seven, and I got (not without a battle) a good room in the Parador de las Diligencias, looking upon a kind of boulevard street, where the principal alameda begins, and peeping into the great square del Castillo, or de la Constitucion.*

* At night I took the cool air in this noble plaza, and heard the guitar. It was St. John's eve, which I suppose made the out-door scenes more lively than usual; and I was told something about a custom of going into

It is a semi-barbarous inn after all, but the people are kind in their way, and things are not unclean. The company I cannot say much for; but it is not all low; and there is a quiet lady with whom I have, not very easily, established some conversation in French, and who is said to be a person of rank.

June 26th.

Pamplona is quite a little toy city, its beauty is so compact and regular, and lies in so few features. No part of it has yet strayed beyond the walls, which are still important as a fortification; consequently the interior, except the magnificent Plaza del Castillo,[1] is rather crowded, and the streets narrow; and they are not otherwise handsome than in such beauty as Prout might find in them or give them, when bright sun and strong shade are contending in their depths, and hundreds of white outside blinds fluttering different ways in the wind. The sheps are not very showy. You may walk all round the town upon ramparts slowly in an hour and a quarter, and a beautiful walk it is. The greater part of Pamplona stands upon the edge of the bank or platform over the little river which surrounds about three parts of it, and the rampart

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[1] the meadows and drinking chocolate there at two in the morning; but I was content to take this fact on report.

walk gives a continual variety of pretty panoramas. The features of these are green plains, over which the great roads run into the passes towards Madrid, Bayonne and other places; mountains near and distant; windings of the river among trees, chiefly poplars, and under two or three antique bridges; groups of women washing in the stream; and picturesque projections of the ancient walls and turrets. The river-side does not harbour the nightingale as it would in Andalusia, but the frog is indefatigable. They say that the climate of Pamplona is subject to cold from the mountains, and part of the river freezes in winter. I called on Mr. Illareguy, who has pretty rooms on the Grand Plaza. We went together to the cathedral, and he showed me in the cloister a beautiful iron reja, a trophy taken from the Moors at the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa. In the choir I saw some exceedingly bold and graceful carvings in wood by an old Spanish artist. How works lose their immortality by being unluckily placed! If these things had been at Nurenberg they would have been renowned through Europe. I went up the cathedral tower, and walked, as many times as I could during my stay, in the beautiful cloisters. The style of their Gothic is that of Melrose.*

* The cloister contains several remarkable monuments: the most ambitious, that of Mina already mentioned; but its inscription is quiet—"Navarra Á su

In the choir is rather a fine tomb of a king and queen of Navarre (Charles "the Noble," and Leonora) with marble effigies: but the musicians pile their books upon the reja which covers it, with no great regard to majesty. The cathedral is supposed to stand where the old Roman city was. Mr. Illareguy showed me two good mosaics which have been found on Roman sites: the most curious, singularly enough, they have let into the pavement at the foot of the stairs of the Municipality, the ground most to be trodden upon, one would suppose, in the whole town.*

On St. John's evening I walked on the Taconera, the Alameda walk leading out of my street. Never have I seen anything of the kind more beautiful in scenery. There are several deeply shaded alleys between elms, but in the two principal ones the trees, after rising to a good height as handsome trunks, fork and meet each other, forming just such arches as a

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esclarecido hijo Don Francisco Espoz y Mina:" the decorations, a medallion profile of Mina, and a palm-branch crossed by an agricultural prong.

* At the Casa Municipal Mr. Illareguy showed me a New Testament in Basque, presented by the Prince Lucien Bonaparte: only a very small number had been printed. I was introduced to a bookseller's shop, said to be a great repository of literary rarities: the stock was large, but it seemed to have been carefully picked of nearly every thing worth having.

landscape artist would desire, and the walks end with exquisite points of the river and walls, and far-off views of the mountains. It being holiday, there was a very crowded promenade, but very few gentleman or lady-like looking people, though there were many gay colours. The best style was in black. The fascinating Andalusian walk was not to be seen; or I fancied it was not.

On the same evening I went to the Plaza de Toros to see some equestrian performances. I must with shame own that, when I saw the place, not filled, for the sunny side was empty, but partly crowded with the noisy eager holiday people, and I glanced over the well-known points of a bull theatre, I could not help repining that el toro himself was not to make his appearance. The performances were very poor: what I chiefly went to see was the Andalusian smuggler pursued by the carbineers; a favourite moral with the Spanish public. The smuggler came in on horseback in exquisite majo costume, or what was meant to be so, with two bundles of contraband something at his saddle, caressing and making much of himself as Punch does. After a time two soldiers appeared, on foot, with muskets; there was a chase, and all the parties fired at each other; the smuggler lost one of his bundles, and got off wounded with the other, leaving the two soldiers scuffling and rolling over each other in the dust. There was another contrabandista affair in a

lower style of drollery.* Both gave immense delight to the Pamplonians. The Diamans de la Couronne was played one night at the theatre: it was a pretty little place enough, and well attended: the best people, I suppose military grandees: some inferior Madrid performers act.

I am now (June 27th) in the immortal city of Zaragoza, and have only to raise my eyes to look upon the famous street of the Coso, the great scene of the Guerra á Cuchillo (war at the knife's point),† where the besieged fought with the besiegers after they actually got into the city, across the street, each making one side their stronghold. One of the largest buildings in it bears many honourable marks of the

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* The smuggler was distended behind with a mass of something brittle, and the smashing of this was the catastrophe.

† This is Southey's rendering, and more exact than "War to the knife," which has become proverbial with us. The French chief, having gained a lodgment in the city, played his decisive card, as he deemed it, by demanding, in two words, "La capitulacion." Palafox trumped the card by answering "Guerra á cuchillo!" "Á cuchillo" here implies, I believe, a fight à l'outrance, in which it is understood that the knife may come into play. The challenge was, to close quarters and all weapons. Toreno (vol. i. p. 232, book 5) makes the French demand "Paz y capitulacion," and the patriots answer "Guerra á cuchillo!"

shells and cannon-balls. But I must let you know how I got there.

The wedding party kept it up on Thursday night, novios (bride and bridegroom) and all, till three in the morning, and were flitting about the house again early the next day. Things are so primitive at this Pamplona house that I had various partings as if I had been an acquaintance of some standing, though I was here only a couple of days. The landlord, a large heavy-browed man, asked me quite seriously, the first day I dined there, if I could do or advise anything about getting his son (there he was at table) established in a mercantile house in London. To be sure he proposed to advance money, which made the matter a little less romantic. All I could say in answer, after trying to explain the subject a little, was, that I would consult the Spanish Consul in London, and would let Mr. Otermin (my host) know the answer. The young man had been at school at Bayonne, and, though gawky, seemed to have the materials of a smart lad. When I was going, however, Mr. Otermin came and explained in proper diplomatic terms, through the medium of the quiet lady, that his son had decided against going into mercantile life in England, as he wished to try his fortune in South America, where he had two or three brothers. The quiet lady, whom I was sorry not to have seen more of, was a Spaniard, married and resident at Bordeaux. The Basque maid

who attended my room, and was rather bluff with me upon my first taking it, brought me my breakfast, or luncheon, lamented that I did not eat, and went through the catechism I have before undergone: was I married? had I children? had I ever had any? why did not my wife come? &c. I set out with a corner place in the coupé or berlina at noon for Tudela.

I must again interrupt myself, things come upon one so oddly. I forget if I mentioned that they have at St. Sebastian a blue police, just upon the model of ours, at least as to the private men; the officers are more military and wear swords. There is the same imitation here; and when I went out to-day after dinner I found two of the police aux prises with a little urchin whom they had caught in some act of vagabondism. Imagine two actual "Bobbies," in their leather belts and oilskin-bound hats, in the streets of Zaragoza, attacking a wild scared Spanish niño, and setting him down with "Hombre!" (man), the gravest form of familiar remonstrance in Spain; a ring of other niños looking curiously on. There was more fright than hurt I believe after all.

After leaving Pamplona and passing a grand limb of the aqueduct which brings water to it from the country, we approached the hills and got into scenery which was dreary without much grandeur; but it grew prettier again as we approached the handsome-looking town of Tafalla. Here we were met by an elderly Spanish

gentleman, well known apparently; one of those kings of the road whom you meet occasionally on all roads, and who claimed my corner place as having been bespoken for him from Pamplona, and paid for long since. He made his claim with such an unnecessary hauteur that I was strongly inclined to dispute it, but the way-bill was referred to and was against me (they had purposely, I believe, not given me the ticket of my place at Pamplona, where the coach took me up), and, being in a minority, or rather being *the* minority, and not having Spanish enough to argue against an official document, I was obliged to subside into the middle seat; the corner one was not too comfortable, and this of course was less so, though we had not the former wretched arrangement of three sitters before the windows. Had I passed immediately out of Aragon, I should have considered this man's ungracious manners a confirmation of the unamiable character usually given to the Aragonese; but I have travelled with others to-day who certainly did not deserve it, and breakfasted with ten or eleven of the middle and of a somewhat superior class, whose manners were as obliging and gentlemanly as any I have met with.

Towards the evening we were crossing the sandy wastes of Aragon, and passed dun-coloured cliffs and villages of dun-coloured houses: the spacious plain of the Ebro stretched far away on our right and left, and (after diverging from the Madrid road by way of Val-

tierra), we crossed the long ancient bridge of Tudela about nine o'clock. Here I left the diligence, though it proceeded to Zaragoza, and slept at an inferior fonda, where the coach stopped.

To-day I was called at four, and at five set out with the canal party, which went by three omnibuses. We reached the canal in an hour, and the boat, drawn by three mules, started punctually at six. I found the voyage very pleasant and refreshing: we were not too many: every place was common to all ranks, but there was good room on the deck and in a reasonably large saloon. The boat, I was told, will carry ninety passengers. The canal (of Aragon) seemed to me equal to one of our best. We did not pass a single lock. The Ebro was near us on our left hand all the way. We had a bright day and a fine breeze, and the immediate neighbourhood of the canal was verdant and pleasant, but the more distant views, especially in the latter part of the day, were dismally arid, ending in lines of cliff which were quite Egyptian. A high lone mountain of Aragon, the Moncayo, laced with snow, was in view most of the day. It is one of those ill-reputed mountains which are supposed to have particular relations with all the stormy and unwholesome winds.* At

* "Sus negras alas desplegó la noche;
Y como en su alba cima ve Moncayo
Las oscuras tormentas apiñarse,
Y al viento desafía,
Al ronco trueno y al ardiente rayo:

Tal,

a very early hour too (about eight) the High Pyrenees to the northward began to make a grand though far off display of eternal snows.*

Feeling rather hungry, I had made some inquiry after boiled eggs; but our host of the canal-boat told me there would be an almuerzo fuerte (a strong breakfast) about ten. It came up at last: soup, strong indeed, but which even the Spaniards made wry faces at; a very good dish of little eels, and a good dish of omelet, almonds, and little cakes. We were to make maigre it seems, because the day after to-morrow is St. Peter's: for the same pious reason, I suppose, we had not enough, and paid as if we had. But

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Tal, al mostrarse la vecina aurora,
Zaragoza impertérrita veia
Desparecer, bajo contrarias huestes,
Las cercanas colinas y llanuras."

MARTINEZ DE LA ROSA. Zaragoza, poema. Obras, vol. iii, p. 14.

"Night spread her black wings; and, as Moncayo sees the dark tempests gather about his hoary summit, and bids defiance to the wind, the hoarse thunder, and the lightning's blaze; so at the ensuing dawn did Zaragoza unperturbed behold the surrounding hills and plains disappear beneath the hosts arrayed against her."

* We made a great halt at Gallur, a village with a large church and houses in the usual dun-coloured livery, to discharge and take in passengers and luggage.

the other guests seemed submissive, so I tried to keep my Lutheran stomach from repining. The passengers, as I said, were very courteous; only one, in the name of the breakfast party, expressed a curiosity to know how old I was. He had the politeness however not to say caramba! (the deuce!) or anything else, when I told him. They all expected to see me very much impressed when we came to a place where the canal is carried over a little river: some made allusion to the Thames Tunnel. About breakfast-time we passed the village of Pedrola on the Ebro, near which, according to Ford,* the Duke and Duchess who entertained Don Quixote had their castle. The village rises on a slope, a pretty site enough, near a great olive-wood of the Duke of Villahermosa. Between one and two I heard that Zaragoza was in sight, and it was really with veneration that I saw the towers of the noble town emerging from the vale of the Ebro. We took to omnibuses again at a place, called Casa-Blanca, and arrived at Zaragoza about three.

NOTE.

The merry grandees who entertained Don Quixote are supposed to have been the Duke and Duchess of

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* Handbook, Part ii., p. 941.

Villahermosa, whose seat, near Pedrola, was the palace of Buenavia. The conjectures on this subject, and on the topography of this part of Don Quixote's adventures, are stated in Clemencin's edition, notes on part ii. c. 29; vol. v. pp. 111, 117. Boquiñen, a village in the plain a little above Pedrola, is imagined to be the scene of Don Quixote's adventure of the enchanted bark. Ford, part ii. p. 941.

I know few sentences of prose more musical than Cervantes's description of the Ebro in this part of its course. "Llegáron D. Quijote y Sancho al rio Ebro, y el verle fué de gran gusto á D. Quijote, porque contempló y miró en él la amenidad de sus riberas, la claridad de sus águas, el sosiego de su curso, y la abundáncia de sus líquidos cristales, cuya alegre vista renovó en su memoria mil amorosos pensamientos." Part ii. c. 29.

It is remarkable that two of the greatest humorists, Cervantes and Fielding, should have been pre-eminent also in the harmony and sweetness of their prose. Rabelais is a third instance, when the bells of his cap are not jingling too loud.

LETTER XXII.

Zaragoza — The Portilla gate — The heroine Agustina — Cathedrals — Virgen del Pilar — Kissing the Pillar — Church treasures.

Zaragoza, June 29th,
Fonda de Europa.

WE had a thunderstorm this morning, and a pretty smart one, though I did not at first distinguish the claps from the many other loud and lumbering noises which I sleep through at this place. The air is now (eight o'clock) delightfully fresh and balmy, and the people moving gaily about in their holiday best, it being St. Peter's day.

I have made two pilgrimages here; one to the famous Virgen del Pilar (Virgin of the Pillar), the other to the Portilla gate, where Agustina, the Maid of Zaragoza as she is called, though it seems that she was a married woman,* manned her gun so nobly against the French in the two great sieges. Nothing can well be less imposing than the appearance of the yellowish brick gate and walls which fence in the city on this side;

* Perhaps not at the time of the first siege.

indeed on every side. At the Portilla there is now a sort of rough broken place on a level with the top of the gate, which you might imagine to have been the scene of struggle only yesterday: either it has remained a ruin or it is undergoing improvement. It looks out upon a rural scene, now part of the walks round the city, but has nearly opposite a mass of building, formerly the Moorish alcazar or outside fort, which was then in the hands of the French. All that you see now connected with the siege, and it is not much, calls up the idea of a town riot more than a military resistance, though it was one of the most glorious resistances ever known. I do not see any memorial of Agustina or hear any talk of her.

The cathedral of El Pilar is a vast building, but in the taste of the last century, and not very interesting. The Pilar chapel is at one end of it, parted off by an enclosure, which I was told that none but royal persons enter (ecclesiastics excepted), and having its own roof or canopy. At this time there was some special ceremony connected with it. The altar was in a blaze o wax candles, and dressed out in all its riches: a great crowd of all ranks kneeling before it and stretching away in a file quite to the cathedral door, in the direction which gave a chance of seeing the sacred image. The illuminated mass of faces immediately before and round the altar was very striking. It was a good while before I could make out what or where

the sacred object was. It is a very small figure, not four feet high, I think, and was nearly lost in a stiff pink and silver robe, which spread out angularly on each side: and it is not in the centre but at one end of the altar. The pillar (of jasper) on which the figure stands is a very short column, not much seen from the front. Whether it, or the image of the Virgin, is supposed to have descended from heaven, I am not sure; one or both did, it is said. The crowd was so great, the light so dazzling, and the drapery so spacious, that I cannot be quite certain whether I saw the pillar or not, in front; but, going round the chapel, you come to an opening, about as large as a small face, under a narrow arch, where the back of the pillar is laid bare and the people kiss it. It is quite bright coloured, and worn with perpetual kisses. People of every rank, a man, for instance, who might be of my own station in life; peasants of the fiercest appearance; ladies, maid-servants, children; in short, all things human, were pressing up to this little arch, where only one at a time could do homage, and they had to stoop. It was like the money-taker's box at a theatre on a full night.*

* And there were money-takers at hand, who seemed actively enough employed. This cathedral is devoted expressly to the Virgin; vast as it is, I do not remember seeing in it a single representation of our Saviour (except as a babe), though I do not presume to say that in so large a building none may exist.

As I stood gazing, the chorister-boy whom Canon C—— (M. de Gayangos's friend) had sent to attend me, said, "Se besa el Pilar" (it is usual to kiss the pillar): but I was unintelligent, and I dare say gave the poor lad much scandal. I am far from being censorious, as you know, about Romish practices which I think wrong ones, but this scene does carry one too far back towards the middle ages.

By the Canon's order to the Sacristans I was shown a great deal of the church wealth in ornaments, at both this and the older cathedral, the Seu. At the older cathedral the Sacristan threw open quite a treasury of jewellery and trinkets, which had been presented from time to time by persons from royal downwards: magnificent jewelled orders of the St. Esprit and Calatrava; miniatures, jewel bouquets, a fan, a snuffbox, very trumpery watches, and even a little bronze gilt bull, presented by some torero sixty or seventy years ago in memory of an escape; but this was not locked up with the grand relics. When it was perceived that the treasury was open, numbers of people flocked in from the church, and I found myself in the front of a crowd, peasants and others, which, if it had been a London instead of a Zaragoza audience, would have alarmed one a little for the treasures, none of our blue friends being at hand; but the Sacristan did not show any misgiving, and seemed rather pleased to exhibit the curiosities to the chance

spectators. A handsome jewelled cup was shown to me at the Pilar. I asked at both places how these things escaped when the French took the town: at one I was told that the capitulation reserved them;* but the answers were not clear.

I have been comfortable enough here, though in a place of awful racket in-doors and out; table and bed good, and people intelligent and attentive. I did mean to go to the Cuatro Naciones, but when I got there the Intendente asked me how long I proposed staying.

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* At both cathedrals it was said that the church treasures were respected by the French. The terms on which Zaragoza surrendered are known, and, too clearly, made no reservation of property. The Duchess of Abrantes complains (Mémoires, vol. xii. pp. 213-222) that all the treasures of the Pilar were appropriated by Lannes, after the manner of the lion who went hunting with the Junots and Mortiers of his forest, while the poor Duke of Abrantes carried off nothing but an inventory of the jewels, which, with a sublime indignation, she puts in print. See also the Narrative of the Second Siege, by Don P. M. Ric (Translation: London, 1809), p. 33. It does not seem to me unquestionable, on the various testimonies, that the whole jewellery even of the Pilar was taken; whether one church or both preserved some portion, whether the present exhibition consists wholly or in part of new acquisitions, or whether there be any other explanation, it is too late for me to inquire.

The Seu has some Zurbarans, in the Sala Capitular. A John the Baptist seemed to me a fine picture.

I said, two or three days: he answered, "We are going away to-morrow, because the house is tumbling down, but our other house is ready; and if you like to take a room here to-night and move with us to-morrow, we shall be happy to receive you." But the place he showed me looked so forlorn that I declined; for a pleasant room I might have risked a crash.

NOTE.

Among the travellers who bear witness to the ancient splendour of the Pilar church is the Cardinal De Retz. He was there in 1654, and the story of his visit has a touch of the racy eccentricity which characterizes so many of his adventures. In his day none but the priests were admitted within the balustrade which fenced the Pilar, except sovereign princes and cardinals. De Retz had access of course, but he was travelling under the name of the Marquis de St. Florent; and when the sacred precinct was opened to a gentleman in a cravat and a black velvet juste-au-corps, all the town, which had assembled to see the ceremony, imagined that the favoured stranger must be the King of England (Charles II.). "Il y avoit, je crois, plus de deux cents carrosses de dames, qui me firent cent et cent galanteries, auxquelles je ne répondis que comme un homme qui ne parloit pas trop bien Espagnol."—Mémoires, liv. iv.; vol. xlvi. p. 281, of Petitot's 'Collection of French Memoirs.'

LETTER XXIII.

Zaragoza — Ruins of Sta. Engracia — New walks — The Coso —Scenes of the two sieges — The town and country people — Costume — Walks under the town walls —The streets and houses — Cathedral of the Seu — The leaning tower — Application for the key — A Mayor's siesta — View from the tower — Night journey to Huesca — Scenery of the town and suburbs — Salto de Roldan — Churches and La Campana — An Aragonese gentleman — Departure for Jaca — Mountain venta.

Huesca, Fonda del Turco, June 30th.

I ARRIVED at this old-world town at eight o'clock this morning per diligence, and have been taking my cigarillo with Mr. de Gayangos's friend, Don Manuel de Miranda, and talking over my plans of progress. He seems an excellent person, and, besides devoting the day to me (with the exceptions a Spaniard always makes of the hot hours), he offers me anything I can want, even money if I had occasion for it, con toda franqueza (with all frankness).

I had intended riding to Jaca to-morrow, but it is a very long journey; one should start, it seems, at three in the morning; and he recommends dividing it and taking a few additional hours here to-morrow.

Liking my adviser, and having been up all last night, I am inclined to listen, so Spanish am I grown on the subject of después and mañana ("by-and-bye and to-morrow"*); besides, I rather fancy my present quarters, though they are of the most primitive. My diligence journey was a very rough one, the roads almost as bad as the best by-roads in Andalusia; some parts quite dangerous for a carriage.

I have left little to be said about Zaragoza, for there are not many details that can be given of it with advantage: the general impression is what you study and enjoy. We entered it by the ruin of the Convent of Santa Engracia, consisting now of little more than the highly enriched stone portal, where the religious carved imagery stands peaceful and perfect, after surviving all the fury and horror that raged round it in 1809; for it was here that, by battering and mining, the French fairly forced their way into the town: they then worked up, from one small street to another, house by house, till they got to the Coso, or Corso, the main street. But the very destruction which took place then has rubbed out the recollections of the siege, for all these streets and houses were demolished, and there is now a wide

* The unction with which a Spaniard says "Mañana por la mañana" (to-morrow in good time) is irresistible when your own inclination is for resting to-day.

boulevard-walk in their place, with trees, and large new houses built and building: and this is the favourite evening promenade on a holiday and Sunday.

When you get to the Coso, which is a good handsome street, thirty-eight short paces wide in the broadest part, twenty-one in the narrower, you are, as I mentioned before, in the scene of the great street conflict, where the French ranged themselves on one side and the people on the other, pushing across, as occasion offered, to skirmish, to remove dead bodies which made the air intolerable, or to capture a gun from the enemy. My hotel was at the corner of this street and of the Santa Engracia walk. The streets, on the two days of holiday when I was there, were full of a population who seemed just fit to fly to the same work again; idle, hardy looking fellows, with strong active frames and little or no intellectual expression. The well-dressed Aragonese peasant is as picturesque as the Andalusian, and there is about him sometimes that startling revival of the Roman, in costume and figure, which I noticed last year in some of the Moors at Tangier, but in a slighter degree and without any air of a statue. The man wears a showy fillet (a handkerchief knotted into that form) about his brows, is in his shirt-sleeves, has a coloured sash, perhaps a coat slung upon his shoulder, knee breeches or white drawers, leggings which come down only to the ankle, a sandal just

covering the toe, with garterings of black on the bare foot and leg from the toe to the ankle; making such a sandal as I have seen Kemble wear in Roman parts, and often showing very fine sinewy limbs. And if, with such a dress, he wears, descending from his shoulders nearly to the ground on one side, one of the dun mantles of the country with broad black or blue bars, and has, moreover, a face as dark as that of the tawniest Moor, though with no African character, you have a figure which a person of taste will certainly look at twice. I saw these men trooping about together in crowds and files, sometimes following some paltry tambourine or guitar,* and I hoped they had more to do on workdays, but I am told work is not plentiful, and they say there is very little more commerce in the town than depends upon the traffic with passing strangers and some intercourse with Barcelona.† The women, though with pretty

* In some hovels adjoining a great open space near the Pilar Cathedral I observed people dancing jotas to the voice.

† There is a gay appearance of traffic, though of an humble kind, in the Plateria, a very long, narrow street, full, on each side, of silversmiths' shops, all making profuse display of large, antique-patterned ear-rings, and models of the sacred image of the Pillar, upon many different scales, to suit the various means of votaries.

features, are much less picturesque, and I miss all through the north the graceful Andalusian custom of decking the hair with flowers. It is neatly clubbed behind, and some, but not as far south as Zaragoza, wear it in tails: these, I believe, are the Basques.

I walked at two different times nearly round the town, under the walls, and saw the places which were remarkable posts during the siege; and followed, some way (but it was not very pleasant in sultry weather), the paltry little river Huerba, fringed here and there with poplars and with olive-trees, which was for some time a line of separation between the besieged and the enemy. Loopholed walls occasionally remind you of war, otherwise the scenery is now tranquil enough and pretty in places. The streets are singular. The ancient taste in houses has been massive and magnificent. You see vast numbers (compared with the size of the place) of great square buildings with heavy pent-house roofs, the pent-houses richly carved underneath; the house itself, perhaps, showing a great deal of architectural decoration: looking in at the great gates, you find, appropriated perhaps to some mean use, a handsome court-yard with palace-like staircases, and beautiful mouldings in the heavy rich Renaissance style. These things often appear in narrow lanes, where a man might give a light to his neighbour's cigar across the way. You wonder what obscure princes lived in such houses. It was one of

the difficulties of the French that these places, so solid and so roomy inside, were so easily turned into a succession of citadels. Again, you spy here and there narrow abysses of lanes of a meaner kind, closer almost than the Edinburgh wynds, running up as if into the bowels of the town: looking at these, you would say you were in a city of rats. Here and there the reja is seen, but I have hardly observed this ornament or safeguard in all my present journey.

This is my siesta; now I am going to dine, and then to walk with Don Manuel. Huesca is as full of wandering groups, in comparison to the size, as Zaragoza; but in both places this is accounted for in some degree by the harvest-time, which brings men from great distances to seek field-work: and I attribute to this some varieties of costume which have rather puzzled me.*

July 1st.

My first day's ride from Huesca sets me down at a venta, a large, lone stone house on a moor, under a rough ridge of mountains, but with a pleasant country in view. It is so cool an evening that I have been very willing to sit by the wood fire on a great hearth-

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* Besides this, it was the season of the Quinta (drawing for the conscription).

stone in the kitchen, and watch my chocolate boiling, while my guide stretched his great limbs and sandalled feet on the bench opposite, as fond of the fire as myself. We are to sally out again at three in the morning. The beds are extraordinary: masses of bedding in recesses something like berths in a cabin, but not one above another. They are sweet and seem clean. I have my choice, for nobody else is here. The people of the house are a brother and two sisters, peasant-looking people, but intelligent and able to understand a map. I see a guitar; several cats bask at the fire, a bad omen for the beds; and what is very ghastly and wizard-like, they are all without tails.* I have declined having a fowl killed, and am waiting for an egg supper.

I had nearly done with Zaragoza. I called on the Canon C——, and he received me very graciously, and appointed me to meet him in the sacristy of the Seu cathedral the next morning. I did so; but, as it was a great feast (St. Peter's), when he would have to be on grand duty, he put me in the hands of some officials, who were properly attentive. The old cathedral, the Seu, is a very fine thing, though much spoiled; the architecture of a sombre ancient Gothic, very lofty and very massive, and with no light

* Born so, I was told; but cats and dogs meet with some foul play in Spain.

except from a few circular windows just under the ceilings, and from a lantern above the altar; no arched side windows or rose lights: so dark, stern, and sepulchral it is that, when you come into it from the blaze of a Spanish morning sun, you at first perceive hardly anything but a gloom; the grand outlines dawn upon you by degrees. Afterwards you observe that all the lower parts of the building are overlaid, to a degree quite wonderful, as the work of industry and prodigality, with decoration as thick as that which you see on Dresden china, and in a style comparatively as minute. There is a great deal in the several chapels that is worth seeing, but I could not go over it in detail.

You may remember in prints the leaning tower of Zaragoza, the Torre Nueva, one of the highest buildings in the place,* but a mere tube of masonry with a staircase and clock. It is of brick, rather handsomely flourished on the outside, and stands in a small plaza; its singularity is that it has swerved nine feet from the perpendicular. The brickwork has several ghastly-looking cracks, but I do not know that they have anything to do with the leaning. But for my appointment with the Canon, I should have gone up on Monday morning; unluckily I did not, and

* 312 Spanish feet in height, according to the topographical Dictionary of Madoz, Art. Zaragoza. The English foot is 13 Spanish inches. Ford, Part i. p. 71.

great was my plague in consequence. The key was to be had from the mayor in person. I thought it judicious to reserve the adventure till the midday heat was past, and went about four. The mayor is a Catalonian cloth-merchant, living in one of the old decorated houses, in a good narrow part of the town, a sort of Mark Lane. I went with my attendant from the hotel; and upon our ringing a blue policeman came to the door, which opened immediately into his worship's apartments. He told us in a whisper, and seemingly with trepidation, that the mayor was asleep still, and could not be disturbed. We were advised to return at five, the very hour of my table-d'hôte. Nothing could induce the man to see a possibility of doing anything for me. The stupid fellow would not even take the hint of a bribe: he was evidently terrified to his policeman's heart's core at the image of a sleeping mayor of Zaragoza. We went away, and returned at five, and then we had still, for a long time, not to faire antichambre even, but to sit on a bench in the open arched corredór of the first floor; where, however the decorations were worth looking at. It was rumoured that the mayor was awake: what he was about was a mystery: a second policeman was now in waiting to receive orders. Our first stupid friend presently came out with some recommendation about returning at eight. All this time I was famishing, not, like Ugolino, because I could not get out of a "hor-

rible tower," but because I could not get into one. I then insisted upon sending in a card and a message; but at this moment the potentate made his appearance, dressed, and smart, and going out. We stopped him, and our business was at once done.*

The tower, though high, is very easy to ascend; and the view from the top over the Ebro and the distant hills and neighbouring fields and olive-woods, the tile-roofed city, and the suburbs so gloriously fought for, is very interesting. You see to great advantage that important position in the two sieges, the Torrero hill, a little way out of town. The leaning of the tower does not strike you much as you look down, but the pigeons hovering about it half-way up gave me a strong impression of its great height.†

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* The great man fixed an inquisitorial eye upon me, and then conceded the key to the livelier of the two policemen, who attended me very obligingly, and, when I offered him his fee, hesitated unaffectedly about taking it.

† Johnson, in his criticisms upon Shakspeare's description of Dover Cliff (Boswell, vol. iii. p. 88, ed. 1835: Note on King Lear, act iv. scene 6), blames the introduction of "crows and choughs that wing the midway air," because it "peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror:" "it should be all precipice—all vacuum:" "the crows impede your fall." On such a point the senses are the best critics,

At ten that night I got into the berlina of the diligence for Huesca: companions, a young slight man, condition unknown, and a niño of ten or eleven, travelling by himself, who was not very troublesome. As we passed over the long bridge of the Ebro, the cupolas of the Pilar cathedral, showing dark against the moonlight, were very grand and oriental. We entered upon a kind of heath country, where the night air was scented with thyme; and, I believe towards two in the morning, we approached a wide water, the Gállego river, without any bridge. The passengers alighted, and, with due deliberation, a vast ferry-boat or stage was moved across to us, large enough to take the diligence and half a score of mules. I asked the mayoral what time it was: he shrugged his shoulders and did not know: how different from an English coachman or guard, whose watch would have been an oracle! It was in very proper time, however, that we caught the

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and every one, I suppose, has experienced that the disposition of the brain to whirl and the heart to sink, when he looked from a precipitous height, has increased, not lessened, if a bird has sailed out from one of its hollows and skimmed between the summit and the base. Mere vacuity is not that which most impresses: to make the void felt, it should be slightly broken; a solemn stillness by a faint momentary sound; an expanse of desert by a remote diminished figure; a shoreless sea by a sail in the far distance.

first sight of Huesca; its cathedral on an eminence, and the town gathered round its feet; the prospect backed by a ridge of bold, stony mountains with some very romantic outlines. Before we gained this view we had joined a new road which they are making, with an electric telegraph, from Zaragoza. The old road near Huesca was, as I have said, frightfully bad; there were cracks and deep gullies, which in the dark must be seriously dangerous. We arrived about eight.

I went to an hotel which had been recommended to me, called El Turco, kept by a Frenchman, who boasted of having held an under place in the kitchen of the Duke of —— (I do not remember the name), but said that he forgot all his cookery in Spain. He was rather satisfactory nevertheless.* Huesca is a very primitive town even for this country; there is a bleak, blank, backyard look about the staring whitewashed houses, with their fluttering curtains, which it is impossible to describe. In places it reminded me a little of Tangier; and the Moors did occupy it a very long time. It has, like Zaragoza, its Coso, a main street, but formerly the walk on the outside of the town walls; one or two of the towers of the walls, and an antique gate opening from the Coso inwards, are still preserved. When you catch any of the more prominent parts of

* And the Turco generally commendable, for a small provincial inn.

the town in connexion with the neighbouring scenery of the alameda,* river, and romantic mountains beyond, the effects are admirably picturesque. One part of the opposite ridge of mountains makes a chasm about a furlong wide, guarded by a turret-like rock on each side; it is called the Salto de Roldan, from a tradition that the Paladin Orlando once leaped his horse across it.

I shall not have time to tell you much of the lions I saw under the guidance of Don Manuel. The first was a very antique church indeed, San Pedro, with a curious little tottering cloister, in which are some capitals of columns, with figures, apparently of the earliest Christian times. I should mention that we were joined, soon after we began our rounds, by a gentleman to whom I was kindly introduced by letter from a casual neighbour at the Zaragoza table-d'hôte, and he and I went up the cathedral tower together.† He is a

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* The alameda is more rural and less trim than such places usually are; it is shaded by elms, and skirts (on the outside) a part of the antique town wall.

† We enjoyed the fine view from this eminence, while our good friend, Don M., who was not light of foot, rested below. But I was less interested by the prospect over the mountains, the well-cultivated plain, and its little rivers, than by the simple manners and conversation of the man in charge of the belfry, who beguiled his lonesome hours on the second floor with a cage of small birds. The birds had a little carrillon of their own to entertain them, but were sometimes indulged

Latin professor in the University of Huesca, and in consequence we spent some time in looking over the lecture-rooms, halls, and museum of Natural History. The University has four hundred students. The buildings are modern, and seemingly convenient, but not very remarkable. The next day I went with Don M. into the cathedral, and saw several notable things; one picture which I thought good; but the boast of the place is the stone retablo or carved altar-piece, reaching high up the church, and crowded with delicately executed figures. We went also to the church of St. Lawrence, where everything about the gridiron is multiplied and magnified so that the dullest capacity cannot be at a loss about it; and to St. Dominic, chiefly remarkable, to my mind, for a striking coloured effigy of our Saviour bearing his cross, which is carried about the streets on Good Friday. Don Manuel continued his kindness to me till the last, and sat waiting in my balcony for more than an hour on my going, to help me in my bargain with a man who was to find me horses for Jaca. He is, I suppose, a true old-fashioned Spaniard, for he says he has never been away from Huesca in his life, except twice to

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with liberty, and flew up among the great bells of the church; and they were punctual in returning.

We duly visited the vault of the Campana de Huesca, but it is no otherwise remarkable than for the legend which is associated with it; and this appears not to be undisputed.—Handbook of Spain, part ii. p. 937.

Madrid, once to Barcelona, and now and then to one of the Aragon towns.*

Jaca, July 2nd.

I left Huesca not on horse but on mule back, with a mounted follower taking care of my luggage, about half-past one yesterday, and had a pleasant ride enough

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* The persevering kindness and delicately cordial manners of this excellent Aragonese gentleman were such as I have seldom seen equalled, even in our own country, and I have many times thought with pain that my acquaintance with Don Manuel is not likely to be renewed in this world.

As we strolled about Huesca in the evening, two or three gentlemen of the place fell into committee with us (as the manner is in country towns) upon my plans for the next few days. The tones of civilized conversation, and its subject, the pleasure arrangements of a tourist, contrasted strangely with the African-looking street and the wildly-vestured groups that loitered through it. It was not very easy to find a guide and animals for my journey. The person most recommended (but he was engaged) was a man occupying a cottage and garden at the end of the town. In our parley with his wife, a smart, intelligent little woman, I met with a complete Spanish rendering of Wordsworth's 'We are seven.' Don Manuel asked how many children she had. "Why," she said, counting on her fingers: "one at ——, another at ——, one at home, y dos en el cielo" (and two in heaven), "make five."

over the fine plains called the Hoya de Huesca, a sort of little Vega, very well gardened for this country, and bounded on one side by the line of wild mountain which I have said so much of, the Sierra de Marcuella. The plain is crossed, in places, like all the plain country I have seen in Aragon, by high, straight barriers of sand-hill, looking like artificial bulwarks, or like the mounds in which the remains of Nineveh have been found. The ill-omened mount Moncayo was in the distance; and the chill wind that blew in the evening was one he might glory in. I found the Venta de Benito very tolerable for such a place, and my bed neat and clean, though the pulga family had a scattering of representatives in it. One of the women, a sensible well-spoken girl, told me that the place is kept by the three young people I mentioned; the father and mother live in a village a mile or two off and keep a school; the brother, besides venta-keeping, is secretary to the Ayuntamiento there; the younger family live at this bleak place all the year round, and the pack-horse and other horse and mule traffic never leaves them unoccupied for a day.*

* The brother joined with his other employments the cultivation of a little land round the venta.

LETTER XXIV.

Journey from Huesca to Jaca — Oroel mountain — City of Jaca — Posada del Catalan — Journey to San Juan de la Peña — Scenery — The modern convent — Voto the hermit — The ancient cloister — Chapel of the hermitage — Pantheon of the Kings — Jaca canons — Santa Cruz — A Cura's house and housekeeper — Chronicles of San Juan de la Peña — Spanish manners and language.

Pau, July 5th, Hôtel de France.

UNLESS you could have battled through Spain within five or six days from Zaragoza to the Pass of Jaca and out of it, including a trip to San Juan de la Peña, you could hardly imagine the heavenly feeling of repose with which I sat down to-day at this beautiful and comfortable place, to rest after a really hard week. I have here one of the finest views of the Pyrenees in Pau; this evening, after a slight summer storm, the moon is shining upon it; and in another direction I see, through the trees, the walk of the Place Henri IV., and the lights of a gay café on the other side. Now for rougher matters.

I left off at the solitary venta between Huesca and Jaca. The journey was about six leagues, and pleasant enough, over the great plain, farmer's country of

the Hoya, bordered by the rugged Sierra de Marcuello, which always produced something of interest. On one of the horizontal bars of sandstone mountain which I mentioned before we passed a curious old town or village, Gallur, formerly Moorish, dovetailed between two yellowish headlands of the hill, and itself nearly of their colour. An old watchtower near is still called by the Moorish name Atalaya. In ascending to the moor of Sarsa, where I slept, we saw in the valley to the left Ayerbe on the main road from Zaragoza, which our bye-road finally dropped into. It appeared to me that it would have been an easier and almost as speedy a route, though longer and probably not so interesting, to keep the lower road from Huesca to Ayerbe. Of the night at the Venta Benito I have said enough. The mule-travelling was not very comfortable. My man "made me up" well enough with the manta and alforjas and a cushion beneath, which was the only piece of talent he showed; he was a good-natured willing fellow, but a boor and not at all bright. My mule had a tiresome trick of not keeping up with the other, so that I was constantly obliged to fetch up with a little trot, and nearly dislocate my shoulder with beating the animal. There was a high wind all Wednesday night. We began our journey again at four on Thursday morning. My guide had stipulated for three, but in Spain threatened folks lie in bed long. We had to finish the mountain

ascent which was interrupted by our stop at the venta. The wind was bitter, and in my comparatively light clothing I felt very naked, but the worst was over before I had time to resolve upon unstrapping the manta. The view of plain and mountain from the top of the pass was very fine. The heights near us were crowned with the remains of an old tower, "Obra de los Moros," as usual. We entered upon a glen which took us downward again in a new direction, and here the great Pyrenees themselves opened upon us: bleak ghastly hills of wild outline, not candied over at the top with pure white like the greater Alps, but slobbered with snow: the expression is vulgar, but precise.* We were descending into the valley of the Gállego river, by a steep staircase of loose stone and rock: around us were wild hills and woods, in which my guide said there were bears, and that they sometimes did a good deal of mischief among the cattle.† I was not so far favoured as to see one. I breakfasted ‡ at another venta

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* Horace (Sat., lib. ii., Sat. 5, v. 41) immortalizes an older writer, one Furius, for using a phrase something like it:

"Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conspuit Alpes."

† A guide who attended me on the French side of the Pyrenees told me that the bears of these mountains do not attack men, unless under extraordinary provocation or necessity. "C'est un animal raisonnable," he said.

‡ Between eight and nine, at the venta of Auzánigo.

(but the Benitos gave me chocolate before our setting out), and was attended by a mother and daughter, both of whom, if they could have been produced at a London party as foreign ladies, and had not had to speak, or do anything trying, might have passed for distinguished-looking people. We joined the Zaragoza high road by the side of the green river Gállego, and had then good riding. In the latter part of the morning we rounded the great promontory of Oroel, one of the finest mountains, of the class which does not retain snow, that I have ever seen. It stands proudly detached from the range of which it forms part; and if you see it foreshortened and against the light, looks like a little Peak of Teneriffe: if you catch it sideways, it seems formed of layer upon layer of gigantic masonry, as if it were a remnant of one of the ruder Indian pagodas, but on an immense scale. Lastly, we came upon a full view of the green vale in which Jaca stands, bounded on the farther side by the great barrier of Pyrenees, which, however, is cloven by a deep gorge on the mountain side beyond the city, the pass of Jaca. This is said to be the most practicable pass of all the Pyrenees till you come to the sea-coast, and is open all the winter. Jaca is placed right opposite to it, like a cat to watch a mouse-hole: and an odd, primitive little place it is: more of a toy city than Pamplona, though not so pretty. It stands quite level on the flat, like something upon a waiter: the little

quadrangle of its grey walls is not broken by anything, nor has anything grown up beyond them; the place is quite self-contained: its houses, and its squat little ancient cathedral, all comfortably tucked in, and its prim lines of poplars parallel with the walls on the outside, seeming to bear witness that nothing ever takes liberties with the perpendicular.

We arrived at Jaca about four o'clock, and then I had to find out two gentlemen of the place, to whom I had letters, to help me about my visit to the Convent of San Juan de la Peña. One of them promised me an introduction, which, however, did not come: the other, a Canon Ena, received me in a very kind and gentlemanly manner, and wrote me word at night that a party of the Jaca canons were going (but not he himself) to San Juan the next morning; he had mentioned me to them, and I might perhaps join them. In case they should not go, he gave me a line to the cura parroco (curate according to our old use of the word)* of Santa Cruz, who could give me access to the convent and would do all that might be needful. I had no means of knowing when their reverences the canons would set out, and could only send back word that I was going at six.

Jaca is a poor forlorn place: its chief signs of life

* The person having the cure of souls, as the word implies in our Common Prayer-book. Fletcher's "Spanish Curate" was the vicar of his parish.

seemed to me to be the garrison, and the coming and going of diligences. The people, though not bad souls I dare say, have less of the instinct of courtesy than any I ever met with, at least inhabiting a town or village. My posada (del Catalan), the best in the place, was singularly uncomfortable in this way. You were provided for, if you took things in their fashion, but nobody asked what you wished, or said you should have it; sometimes they said you could not. There were two or three sharp little girls, from twelve to fourteen years old, who ran about the house, and should have been useful, but came up to stare at you and be amused with anything strange in your appearance, laughed at your mistakes, and, when you inquired for anything, looked at you as one does at a dog begging: all very well perhaps, if with this you got good-natured attention; not so well otherwise. The woman of the house was a smart body, but always very busy about everything but what you wanted. The only bedroom I could get was a place opening out of a hall which was common to other bedrooms and without any door or partition from the hall but a slight curtain at the bed's foot. It was only by express request that I got a basin and towel put into one corner of the common apartment. I sat down to a bad table-d'hôte dinner with some diligence travellers disappointed of a passage to one of the watering-places some leagues onward. At dessert, by way of a confection, they gave us what

was meant to be buttered toast: strips of bread slightly branded with the fire, and rank Spanish butter, disguised, as they hoped, by strewing sugar over it.

The few notable things in Jaca were soon seen. There is some curious and very ancient carved stonework about the cathedral;* and in the streets some remains of handsome private buildings in the Zaragoza style.†

About six on Thursday I set out for San Juan, with my man and his mules. My keeping him on was partly from indulgence, a great deal more from indolence, and because I did not like to face the loud impudent extortion of the hangers-on at the posada: with my own man I knew my bargain, and it was moderate. Prudently, as it turned out, I carried some cold cutlets, bread, and hard eggs with me. The journey to San Juan takes about four hours.

My intention was to breakfast at Santa Cruz on the way out, and scale the Peña (cliff) afterwards. We first went two or three miles down the pleasant open valley of Jaca by the side of its little river, and we then turned into a mountainous glen on the left, in the

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* Some capitals of pillars in the porch are enriched with groups of figures extremely quaint, and seemingly of the most venerable antiquity.

† If you pass out at one of the town gates, which are soon reached, you are at once in a solitude of green fields and hills.

mouth of which was a little old tower just like one of the peel-houses on the Scottish border. A great deal of box grew in the valley, indeed it is common over all these districts; and it gave one a home feeling to see the lane, if it may be called so, in which we travelled, bordered with hedgerows; fields of corn and of hay were on the other sides. Some grand limestone cliffs appeared before us, and for a short way the road near them lay through a second glen, not unlike some of those in what are, or were, called the Wilds of Monmouthshire. By-and-bye a new valley scene opened. It was bounded on the farther side from us by enormous reddish-coloured cliffs, or rather faces of a mountain, moulded into huge reddish peaks and rounded buttresses, which, after a while, were lost in wood, but evidently to reappear at some distance. Our road now mounted rapidly. As we went on I had found reason to suspect, from his frequent inquiries, that my guide did not know much about the way; and I now perceived that he had got some direction which led us to San Juan indeed, but quite away from Santa Cruz, for I now, about half-past nine, saw that longed-for place lying far below us in the bottom. There was no help, so on we went, right up the mountain, mastering a very precipitous ascent by rugged zigzag paths, under a sun which was now scorching.

The upper part of the mountain into which we thus wriggled ourselves took the form of a vast deep-red

alcove, crowded with wood and echoing to the songs of birds. Pine-trees crowned the higher parts, and in places grew out of the front of the cliff, as if rooted in the stone, shooting perpendicularly up the face of the rock. The valley we had left was now a deep distant gulf: on the other side of it a line of hill, arid-looking though not uncultivated, and behind this the high Pyrenees and their snow, and the towering Oroel.

The road presently turned aside, coasting the front of our mountain, and directing itself towards another huge recess like the one we were leaving. We now moved on a comparative level, on a well-kept ride, five or six feet in breadth, among fine trees: it reminded me of some close ride through a domain in England, and my mind was running upon Bowood and Stourhead, when we emerged into open space, and I found myself in what at the first glance might have passed for a complete English park. I had not anticipated it, and have seldom been more taken by surprise. There was the modern Convent of San Juan, a reddish-coloured building, surrounded by outer walls, enormously large, but without any architectural beauty or curiosity: a wide cleared (at least clear) space round it, in front a spacious down, such as we see in our parks, clothed with good green turf: adjoining this, a handsome wood of firs, and on the other side a moorland height towering up green to the top, but wild,

and scattered over with pines, not unlike some of the park scenery in the West Riding of Yorkshire: near the convent a good sprinkling of pines, larches, and hollies.

We arrived at the convent gate about half-past ten, and my guide turned his mules out to roll themselves in the grass. Some snug-looking nags appeared near the door, and I found that the Canon party had arrived some time, and were gone with the cura to the older convent some distance away, and were shortly expected back. The modern convent is one of those now suppressed, but is taken care of, and on this day several people were there in a large hall, making kitchen preparations for the reverend visitors. What the ordinary establishment of the place is, I could not quite understand. "Since there is nothing to be done now," I thought, "I will sit down and get my own breakfast, and see the place as I can by-and-bye." But, just then, a man who seemed to be the principal servant came to me and said that there was a horse that I might use, and he would go with me to the place where the cura was. This was reasonable, though hard upon a famished traveller; so I bolted a hard egg with the desperation of a man committing suicide, and mounted the pony. As I went the canons were returning: they seemed to know about me, but referred me to the cura Don Tomas Garcia, and I found him quite ready to attend me. He was an honest, middle-aged, parsonic-looking man, very

quick and intelligent, and did the honours most patiently and kindly; a great politeness, since he had gone through the whole thing on this hot morning already.

The ancient convent was under the second recess of mountain, which you approach from the one I described before; a grand pile of dull red rock and cliff, beetling over the woods, and favourable to secresy and to solemnity. As you look at it from the valley, mountain and wood seem to fold within and within each other, as if cherishing and hiding something in their arms. Here it is said the Aragonese took refuge when their city of Pano was destroyed by the Moors about the year 760.* The convent was founded in consequence of a miracle. From the park in which the modern convent stands you descend by shelving ground, wood, and shrubbery, to the edge of a huge precipice, unsafe even now to careless people: the cura warned me from it rather anxiously when we were above. A hunter named Voto (who he was I do not know, but he dressed very gaily according to the modern picture of the miracle), following a stag, rode to the brink of this abyss: the stag went over and was killed; the hunter would have met the same fate, but, invoking San Juan (Saint John the Baptist), he found the horse become fixed with his fore-feet in the air over the edge of the precipice; horse and man, according to the picture, looking like one of

* Handbook of Spain, part ii. p. 929.

our equestrian statues, as unconcerned and as unlikely ever to move. Presently he made his way by safe means to the bottom of the precipice, and there he found the remains of a hermit named Juan, who had founded in this place a chapel to the Baptist. Voto thereupon turned hermit himself, and the convent was founded in honour of the event. Many miracles are said to have been done at the hermitage. The old convent was destroyed many years ago, but a copy of it stands in the place, and some vestiges of the ancient building. It seems to have been reared flat against the cliff, like something pasted to a wall, as I have seen another very ancient convent at Salzburg.*

The building itself is not curious, except as one may suppose it a fac-simile. But the remains of the cloister are a scene for which I would willingly undergo all the toil of such a journey again; it quite transported me. Two sides are tolerably entire: lines of little, low, very antique arches with columns in the oldest style of Christian architecture; the capitals representing scenes

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* Martinez, the historian of the convent (see note at the end of this letter, p. 371) says (p. 75) that, as you look towards the rock, "Se descubre todo el edificio de la casa, en medio de su cueva, como pintada en la misma pared." "All the convent building discovers itself, in the midst of its recess in the rock, as if actually painted against a wall." He is eloquent in praise of the park scenery above; p. 78.

from the New Testament: Christ's entry into Jerusalem, the Last Supper, and others: perfect, generally, as if finished yesterday, but so very old and quaint in the design, that you seem to be disinterring some unknown people. Where the cloister was quite gone, there has, judiciously, been no attempt to restore, but the quadrangle merely completed with shapeless columns. Adjoining this, at the entrance of a small chapel,* is a Gothic arch of very late date, in the richest style, and very perfect and beautiful: how it has escaped destruction I do not know. The cloister is not closed above, but an immense protuberance of the mountain, a mass which it would be ridiculous to estimate by tons, of a sombre red,† projects over and canopies it, so that you barely see a small strip of the bright blue sky. The softened light, softened by such an awful shadow, the fresh cool air, the verdure, the solitude and stillness, and the presence of those venerable images in the stone, make together a scene perfectly enchanting, and carry you far out of the life and thoughts of the day. The chapel supposed to have been built over the old hermit's cell stands near, and you see there a modern picture of the miracle, not badly done: and there is also, under the huge mountain canopy, a chapel called the Pantheon, erected by King Charles III. in honour of the kings of

* Dedicated to St. Victorian.

† The material of the rock was described to me as "almendron."

Navarre and Aragon down to the time when their kingdoms merged in the crown of Spain. Their names are inscribed on tablets of metal in the chapel; their remains lay here, and, the cura said, are here still. Ford says the French dispersed them.* The Panthcon is pretty enough, but perhaps the scene would be better without it.

Returning from these places, where I would willingly have spent hours, I found the canons lounging over the new, but now dismantled convent and its large church, both quite uninteresting. They were a party of seven or eight, besides the cura. They asked me a world of questions; among others if I were Catholic or Protestant: one who could speak French, and so got forward in talk better than the rest, showed off. One asked if I understood Latin, but, on my saying I did, he rested satisfied. Right glad was I to be released to my cold pocket breakfast. The gentlemen themselves soon afterwards came to their dinner, which they had sent up from Jaca. How little sometimes ceremonial forms have to do with a real sentiment! Had I come in when these gentlemen were eating, they would have thought it disgraceful not to say formally, "Will you take some?"; yet, although I was in a manner introduced to them, and they passed to their dinner-room through

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* I think it probable that they did not meddle with the old convent buildings. See p. 374.

the stone hall where I was tugging at my cold cutlet with my pocket-knife, on a piece of paper for want of a plate (all the utensils of the place were required for the dinner), not one thought it necessary to say, "Will not you take something with us?" (The cura, I suppose, was himself only a guest.)

I returned by a road less steep than that of the morning to Santa Cruz, where there is an old church, handsome and curious. The place itself is very picturesquely situated in front of the Peña mountain, from which I had descended. The cura told me, if I had any difficulty about the key, to inquire at his house for the Ama Nicolasa: and so I did. The Ama is the Cura's housekeeper: * no scandal; she was of a safe age, though a dapper little body, and of most discreet behaviour. She took all manner of pains to do the honours of the church, and positively declined receiving any fee. By-the-bye, I have had more money refused in Spain than in any country I have ever visited. Not only did she do this, but she pressed me to go to the house and rest, and take some chocolate, and did it so much in earnest that I accepted. She set me down in the cura's state room, which had some good reverend-looking furniture in it, fit enough for a parsonage in England, only that his bed appeared as part of it. By a glimpse into an inner room, I could

* The person so often mentioned in our translations of Don Quixote as the housekeeper was his "Ama."

see that he had some well-looking shelves of books: the Ama said they were religious. She brought me my chocolate very speedily, and scalding hot, and, when I asked for the usual concluding glass of water, wanted to sugar it.* I suppose I was the more sensible of this good creature's kindness from feeling a little sore at what seemed to me (though wrongly perhaps) the coolness of her betters: but I could not help giving her a good shake of the hand in going away, and upon some little farther talk she repeated the English ceremony, and we parted with hearty "con Dios"es on both sides.

I returned to Jaca in a beautiful evening; Oroel looking grandly in the declining light. From weakness of character I again agreed to go on with my muleteer, though my liking did not increase either for him or his mule. But it was only one day more.

NOTES.

I have dipped into the Chroniclers Martinez and Abarca (cited by Ford), who treat largely of the convent of San Juan de la Peña and its connection with Spanish history during successive centuries. Martinez was abbot

* With an azucarillo, a kind of sugar wafer; the usual finale to a dish of chocolate taken with proper attention to luxury.

of San Juan, and his History of the Convent, a folio volume of 863 pages, was published at Zaragoza in 1620. Abarca, a Jesuit, published his Annals of the Kings of Aragon, in two quarto volumes, at Madrid and Salamanca in 1682 and 1684.

I collect from these works that in the eighth century a city, Panno or Pano, was built by a small number of fugitives after the Moorish conquest, on the elevated level ground above the site of the oldest convent, and where the modern one stands: that the Moors destroyed that settlement, and the place again became a solitude, but a hermit established himself under the cliff and built a chapel of St. John the Baptist, which was afterwards discovered by Voto.

Voto (or Oto) was a native of Zaragoza, then under Moorish dominion; a gentleman of good family, and a man of fashion (caballero cortesano), and greatly addicted to hunting the stag and wild boar. Whether by miracle or for want of other occupation, he found his way to the obscure recess under the Peña mountain, where the hermit had lived and died. The abbot Martinez cites (fol. 35), for the alleged miracle, a history of it by a monk named Macharius, who was almost a contemporary. In Abarca's work (vol. i. fol. 72) the origin of the convent is detailed at large from a history in Latin, said to have been written in the tenth century and preserved in the convent itself; and it is remarkable that in this narrative nothing is said of the miracle, but Voto's discovery is described as made by natural means. Its result, however, was that Voto and his brother made cells for themselves under the cliff and became recluses, and others followed their example. Sanctified by the residence of successive hermits, the retreat of La Peña

became the resort of many devout Christians; and it was still more frequented when, about the end of the ninth century, a Moorish persecution drove numbers to seek in these wilds not only a scene of worship, but an asylum where they might dwell secretly and in safety, and concert the deliverance of their country. The church of St. John was built there (or rebuilt), and a religious community established, about the year 920. As times became more tranquil, the laity by degrees withdrew: the convent, under the shadow of its great rock, flourished in fame and endowments, and was the residence of bishops, the cemetery of kings, and the assembling-place of Spanish ecclesiastical councils.

Down to the seventeenth century the ancient fame of San Juan, and its stupendous natural feature, the overhanging canopy of mountain stone, made it awful in the eyes of the people. Abarca describes the house, with its sacristy and cloister, as "cubierta enteramente de la majestad y firmeza de su alto y pendiente peñasco; que, como gigante de piedra, se sostiene asido, y continuado por los pies con las immensas raizes del monte Pano:" "covered entirely by the majestic strength of its lofty and impending rock, which, like a giant of stone, bears itself up, grappling to the immense roots of Mount Pano, and blending itself with them as it stretches below." "Nothing sustains it," says Martinez, "but the power of God, working a continual miracle." Many people, as Abarca tells, dared not sleep there for the great stones that rolled from above; but both writers affirm that the stones never hurt any human being. Martinez describes the columns and arches of the cloister as enriched with "muchas imagenes y molduras," many figures and mouldings. In the year 1675 the old con-

vent was ruined by a fire;* the archives were saved, and the bodies of the kings were unconsumed. By royal command, as Abarca states (fol. 75), a new building was to be erected in its stead on the level ground at the top of Mount Pano: "lo alto y llano del hermoso Pano."

During the invasion under Napoleon the ancient renown of San Juan, and its advantageous position, made it a favourite rendezvous of the guerillas. The Central Junta designated it to the people on the left of the Ebro as the sacred ground of Aragonese independence. In August, 1809, Suchet sent a detachment against it; the position was attacked on three sides, the garrison slain or captured, and every part of the convent which offered means of defence destroyed and burnt. Mémoires de Suchet, vol. i. p. 61, Paris, 1829. The present convent, vast in size, but mean in other respects, was, I presume, a restoration of that built on mount Pano after 1675, and ruined by the French.

It would be difficult to point out in Europe a more venerable Christian antiquity than the remnant of the old San Juan, or a consecrated place in which the religio loci is more deeply enforced by the majesty and luxuriance of nature. The pilgrimage to it, including two nights at Jaca, is troublesome, but richly worth the trouble. And travellers in Spain must remember that (to borrow the title of one of Lope's plays) "Nunca mucho cuesta poco;" you can never have a great deal for a little.

The instances I have given of uncouth rudeness in some of the lower inhabitants of Jaca are not mentioned

* The buildings had already suffered by fire in 1492. Martinez, p. 77.

as grounds for any inference as to the manners and education of the Spanish people generally, or throughout any province. I do not recollect to have found elsewhere, in the lower classes, ill-manners betokening both ignorance and want of good-nature. There is, however, in the character of Spaniards who have lived at home without any peculiar opportunities of coming in contact with foreigners, an insular freshness which in the vulgar is rude, though without the intention to offend (as when the people at an inn catechize you about your family, or the boys and girls of a village break into a clamour of surprise because your hat is the first of the kind they have seen), but, in the well-bred, is merely amusing, and sometimes gives an attractive originality to their address and conversation.

With the mingled simplicity and self-opinion which are frequent in the ordinary Spaniard, so far as I have seen him in his own country, is combined another characteristic surprising to an English traveller who arrives uninstructed in the national peculiarities; a plain independence of manner, which varies, in different ranks of life, from the bluff style of the "jolly miller" in our old song, to the unaffected though chastened frankness which is the charm of social life in the best classes everywhere. The address of a mere rustic will appear sometimes to breathe the "Nos que valemos tanto como vos" (we who are as good as you) with which the states of Aragon used to receive their sovereign. Salvandy (Don Alonso, vol. ii. p. 4.) describes the Spaniard of the lower order as "conservant, en état de société, l'indépendance et la dignité personnelle de l'état sauvage; doué de vertus républicaines sous le joug du plus lourd despotisme; tenant à la liberté par son orgueil, au pouvoir absolu par sa paresse." A generation has passed

away since this picture was drawn, but those who converse with the people at this day will recognise its outlines. In the more cultivated class the features are softened, but a likeness may still be traced; though it is well remarked of them by Bourgoing (Espagne Moderne, vol. ii. p. 291, 3rd ed., Paris, 1803), that, if they want that "urbanité" which a Frenchman requires as the mark of a perfectly refined education, "ils y suppléent par cette franchise peu maniérée, par cette bonhomie qui annonce la confiance et qui l'inspire." Kindred qualities, though in different degrees, pervade the upper and the lower ranks: as the one exhibit some touches of the popular stiffness and bluntness, the other, in their plain, sturdy fashion, disclose sometimes as true a generosity of spirit as could have been inspired by birth or formed by culture.

With the character thus described, haughty yet plain, distant yet frank, the genius of their language singularly coincides. No modern tongue, as far as I know, is more stately and sonorous, more round and flowing and fitted to roll in Ciceronian meanders: yet none is more homely and downright, or richer in phrases which have the simplicity and terseness of proverbs. In their drama the lyrical descants of Calderon are full of stars, and birds, and flowers, and the dialogue soars after the point of honour in flights little lower than "the pale-faced moon:" yet no writer since Sophocles has thrown more terrible meaning into a few simple words than is condensed in the last short speeches of El Medico de su honra. The most affecting turn of dialogue in the Cid of Corneille is where the lovers Rodrigue and Chimène are lamenting, but both acknowledging, the duty, which family honour imposes upon her, of pursuing her beloved to death for having slain her father; and, after much

lofty phrase and many a fine-drawn sentiment, nature breaks in, and the unhappy pair exclaim, in the language of every-day life,—

> " Rodrigue, qui l'eut cru ?
> Chimène, qui l'eut dit ?
> Que notre heur fut si proche et si tôt se perdit ? "
> Act iii. sc. 4.

And this is an almost literal translation from the old Spanish Cid of Guillen De Castro.

> " Ay Rodrigo, quien pensara ?
> Ay Ximena, quien dixera ? " &c.

In other passages the eloquent Frenchman paraphrases his simple predecessor, and exaggerates him as the madman in Don Quixote inflated the dog. The succinctness and homely ease of the Spanish ballad style are despair to the multitude of translators ; most are stiff ; some have not scrupled to be heroic where the original was playful as childhood. In this spirit Southey (but he was then very young) translated, elegantly but untruly, the pretty Romance of George de Montemayor (" Cabellos, quanta mudanza," &c.) on the false maiden who sat upon the river's bank with her lover, and inscribed a vow in the sand. Southey makes the damsel write

> " Death for Diana—not inconstancy ! "

Honest George said only

> " Antes muerta que mudada."
> Southey's ' Letters from Spain and
> Portugal,' p. 87. Bristol, 1797.

LETTER XXV.

Pass of Jaca — Posada of Canfranc — Tea in the Pyrenees — Head of the pass — First view of France — Fellow travellers — Urdos — Gardener's house — Journey to Bedous — Douane.

Pau, July 6th.

I DID not leave Jaca till a quarter before six* on Saturday, but the morning was still fresh, and the shadows of the little poplars slanting over the grass looked amiably prim. We went at once to business, plunging into the valley of the river Aragon, which threads the Jaca pass, rising from almost its head.† In four hours we reached Canfranc, the last village in Spain, a long straight street of white and slated houses, every one, I think, built with an arched door, as if to let in a loaded animal. Baggage, a great deal of it wool, and

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* After a night of much discomfort at the Catalan.

† The stream was not large, but the wide span of the bridges gave token of its prowess in winter. Half way between Jaca and Canfranc we passed fine walnut-trees. Snowy mountains were in view on each side as we ascended.

beasts, were encumbering the way; it is the last place people stop at in going to France, and a lively scene it is, even in winter, I am told; indeed, more so then, because at that time other passes are closed by the weather. The principal posada does not even pretend to have a name, but merely puts up "Posada publica;" and when my guide followed his beasts to the stable I went up stairs, not much hoping from my Handbook to find a very genial reception. The mistress was quietly suckling her child in the chimney corner, but took my orders and gave me one of the most comfortable breakfasts I have had in Spain;* an excellent fry of new-laid eggs, home-bred ham equally good, fresh trout, very passable red wine of Huesca, and all other things Christianlike. I sent down my own tea: they had never seen any like it; the landlady said she had tea of her own, and showed it me; it was two or three ounces, made up in a pasteboard roll like a quack medicine, with a great deal of print outside, and consisted of a greyish moss adhering to little twigs, with a faint perfume no more like tea than musk. I gave her a little of mine, and have done the same in two or three places, not merely out of kindness, but to introduce a knowledge of the plant into the country. This landlady, and her daughter who waited

* Generally, the flesh-pots of Aragon, according to my experience, are sadly inferior to those of Andalusia.

on me, were remarkably gentle-mannered and intelligent people; the mother had a handsome and refined cast of countenance, which would have suited any station; and I wondered how such superior persons as these seemed to be could have grown up (if they did so) among the muleteers, smugglers, and douaniers, and all other runners of the border, of the pass of Jaca.

We had still an ascent of several hours before us, and to set out at the bad hour of noon, but it was unavoidable. Our company was increased now by other mules and travellers. The natural instinct by which people join each other on the road in Spain seems doubly strong in the case of mules and muleteers. Mules have a particular pedantry about companionship. I believe mine would have died sooner than pass the tail of her fellow; and when, on this day, the fellow mule accidentally stayed behind because my man took a long drink with one of his mates, my beast, finding herself alone, made such lamentable brays, or attempts at them, for a mule cannot fairly bray out, that I was almost heartbroken.

It would be useless to attempt describing our journey up the pass: it was fine mountain scenery, not much differing from other country of the same kind, except at one place, where, on a kind of open plateau, bleak snowy mountains of the first Pyrenean rank looked in upon us on every side, like parts of some stupendous amphitheatre. A little after three we gained a level

summit, and passed an upright pole which denoted that we were now in France. Not only did this show it; instantly, as if by a spell, the ragged, wild, smugglers' track that we had been riding upon, changed into a firm, well-defined bridle-way, like a horse-road in a gentleman's plantation. Nature, too, altered almost as suddenly. We were going down, as we had ascended, among high mountains, but their forms looked softer; they were generally green to the top, and all their foldings first sprinkled with trees, then by degrees richly mantled over with wood: and so we descended, in a bright burning afternoon (my hand on the side next the sun was literally scorched) to the valley of Urdos. There we joined a magnificent new road, intended by the French government to be the passage into Spain, but the Spanish continuation will be waited for, I suppose, some time.

I walked over a good deal of the pass, and had a talk with some Frenchmen who were on their way to Toulouse. One of them, a handsome ingenuous looking lad of about twenty, walked in this burning day the whole distance from Jaca to Urdos (not much less I suppose than thirty English miles), having no conveyance except a share in the mule which carried his baggage and that of his two comrades. His spirit and cheerfulness all the way, without any affected swagger, were quite interesting; and when we began to descend this side of the pass into bright and green France, I

heard him behind singing French romances to himself, as if he could not resist it. He walked again through part of the night to Oloron, where I found him next day as cheerful and even-minded as before.

We had to undergo douane, but very gently, at Urdos, which is a small village a few miles within the frontier. I had been told at Jaca that we should find here public conveyances to Oloron and Pau, but this proved a fable, and I remained fixed at Urdos between six and seven in the evening. The village inn was no temptation, but there is a gardener in the place who has a good-sized and prettily situated house, and accommodates travellers, and has moreover a little open char which he rents from the government, and which will carry the said travellers to Bedous on the way to Oloron; so I naturally devolved into his hands, at least those of his wife, for he was out with the char. I was dying to eat, drink, and sleep, and yet seemed too tired even to do the last. The old woman made me very comfortable, and charged me the most aristocratic prices. I do not suppose my bill here at Pau will be on anything like the same scale. In the morning, a little after five, the bourgeois drove me at a rattling pace to the village of Bedous, about ten miles off, a pretty journey through a smiling mountain valley. We arrived just as the diligence (honoured with that name, but something like one of our old short stages) was about to start. To my consternation, I found there

was another douane, and I had to get down, open all my baggage, and submit to a bonâ fide search, which left everything in a pudding. I asked some one afterwards why this was, and was told that there are so many by-ways out of Spain, and so many tricks, that your merely appearing at Bedous, to which Urdos is the high road, is no sufficient proof that all your things have been passed at Urdos. My driver very sensibly left me and pushed on to the diligence : it started, but, with the complaisance which is the only good quality (when you need it) that short stages have, it dawdled for me on the hill above Bedous, and I joined it in time.

LETTER XXVI.

Ascent of the Marcadaou Pass from Cauterets — Spaniards crossing the border — View into Spain — Pyrenean woods — Lodging-house at Torla — Venta de Bujaruelo — Cirque de Gavarnie — French sportsmen — The izzard — Pass of Bujaruelo — Frontier regulations.

Gavarnie, July 14th.

I REST to-night in the midst of the finest scenery in the French Pyrenees, and have planned passing to-morrow night in Spain again.

Yesterday I left Cauterets about six, and rode up the grand valley of the Cauterets Gave to Pont d'Espagne, a romantic timber bridge, or rather two bridges, with waterfalls, and a rainbow.

(The letter then describes a visit to the Lac de Gaube.)

Returning from this place to the Pont d'Espagne (the lake is two hours out of the way in going to the Marcadaou pass*), we travelled through some fine

* And cannot be included in the same day's ride without a hurry and fatigue scarcely consistent with pleasure. I report this from experience.

valleys, beset with a variety of noble mountains, and in general handsomely wooded. In some places there are wide parkish levels of green turf, with firs picturesquely scattered, and rhododendrons of so rich a flower as to look quite garden-like. The verdure which is such a bright feature in the Pyrenean landscapes is no doubt cherished by the same cause to which (and to good draining) we owe ours in England, the abundance of moisture from the ocean.

At last, after long toiling through detestable roads, I saw the head of the Marcadaou pass, a comparatively low line like the slackening of a cord, between huge dark piles of rock ending in great splintered headlands that looked black against the sky. In the gulf between these points were long tracts of snow. Horses were no longer of use, because the snow, being of uncertain depth, was not safe for a quadruped; and the rock paths at the sides were too rough and scrambling even for Pyrenean horses. Unfortunately the snow at present comes down lower than it generally does at this season, so that we were obliged to forsake our steeds a quarter of an hour sooner than usual. Carrau* had relied upon meeting a shepherd on the hills to take care of the horses, but none was in sight, so he merely took off the saddles and bridles, alforjas,

* Joseph Carrau, an excellent guide, introduced to me at the Hôtel de France in Cauterets.

and all our little effects, and laid them under a rock, and left the beasts upon their own hands.

As we painfully plodded up the rocks we saw groups of sandalled Spaniards with packs at their backs (smugglers all, Carrau said), gaily skimming down the middle of the snow-fields, with a sort of skating motion, steadying themselves with a stick behind. Eight or nine of these fellows had stopped us on the road a little before to ask the hour; I could not help being glad that my watch was anything but tempting. These over-the-border Spaniards, and the neighbouring Spaniards generally, do not seem to be popular with the lower class of French, though it is admitted that they do not, because they dare not it is said, commit any open depredation in France.

My guide and I were obliged at last to take to the snow, and killing work it was; sinking almost knee-deep sometimes, and slipping aside, though we took care to deepen each other's footsteps. Besides this, the glare of the early afternoon sun upon the snow was almost distracting. At last we did reach the top, after an hour and a half of labour. The prospect over Spain, though grand, hardly repaid so much exertion. It was indeed wild and snowy to one's heart's content, but not so varied or striking in outline as that on the French side. I was interested, however, in seeing, beyond the great Spanish Pyrenean ranges, the lower hill country of Aragon, which I so well remembered, in the neigh-

bourhood of Huesca. The favourite Spanish baths of Panticosa were not in sight, but the promontory under which they lie seemed very near.

After a little rest we returned down the mountain.* The horses had behaved honourably enough, only moving a little way lower on the hill, which gave Carrau the trouble of walking down with the saddles and other paraphernalia on his head. He had some talk, in passing, with an official, who lives here in a hut, with a gun and bayonet, to terrify the smugglers I believe; but, the discourse being in patois, I did not profit.

The profusion of trees on these mountains would be valuable if there were means of conveyance. I understood that they were in the hands of the government; but the wind seemed to be the only woodman: in the remote places many large stems had been blown down and appeared to have long lain as they had fallen. In one place, near the Pont d'Espagne, the trunk of a very good tree was smouldering with fire: Carrau supposed that some one had set it on fire that it might fall down and then be made booty of. After a tedious descent, and being continually off and on horseback on account of mauvais pas, we got to Pont d'Espagne: and we were at Cauterets by about seven. We had glorious weather: not a cloud till the usual exhalation of the Pyrenees a little after noon, and not a great deal of that.

* The descent on foot took about fifty-five minutes.

Torla, July 15th, Wednesday.

I write once more in the Queen of Spain's dominions, in a ghastly, dirty village, not even whitewashed, which I have come to through wonderful scenery, little patronized at present by John Bull. I am not in a posada, but in a private house which receives visitors for money: a strange rambling place, once a château and decorated with some stateliness: in the neighbouring bedroom to mine the Administrador de la Aduana sleeps in an alcove fronted with gilt cornices. But I sit with my feet on bare loose stones, and my bedroom has no door but a curtain. There is a chapel in the court-yard, and the gate of the yard might be that of a town; but the stable is a dungeon, and there is no litter for the horses, nor corn. I am charmed with the intelligence of a humpbacked girl who waits upon me, and understands what I say in Spanish almost sooner than I do myself. As we talked while I ate my suppper (or dinner) she asked me if I had been at Barèges: I said not yet, had she? "Yes, often: four different years," she said: and did not at all like it. Poor creature! all the sulphur in the Pyrenees will not make her shoulders even. . . . . .

Venta de Bujaruelo, July 16th.

The above, written last night at Torla, was an effort of somnambulism. I am thus far (between two and three

hours' ride) on my return to Gavarnie: we halt (half-past ten) for two or three hours, to let the heat of the day pass: it is not excessive, however, though the weather is glorious. This is a solitary place, stone built, at a bridge at the foot of the Bujaruelo pass: its aspect on a distant view (not when near) is quite that of a Scotch Highland inn: it stands in a great bason of mountains by the side of a rolling trout-stream, and in a pretty patch of cultivated plain: a field of about two acres of rye, near the house, is quite a picture, the crop is so tall, even, and unruffled. On the hill opposite, a great deal of timber has been cut, a sight I have seldom seen yet in the Pyrenees. At the door is the usual border-scene of muleteers, leisurely and noisy, *going* to load their beasts for the next stage of their journey. The inn has been lately reconstructed, and has a second floor, barn-like enough, but not bad, for gentlefolks to be clear of the kitchen and the arrieros (mule-drivers). The said gentlefolks are charged something more than town hotel prices for very poor fare. Trout and eggs are the only good things, and to-day "no hay truchas," there are no trout.*

* They had, however, two qualities of wine at this wild place; for, on my first visit they gave me a wine, from Barbastro in Catalonia they said, strongly flavoured by the skin: I noticed this to them, and, on my return from Torla, they produced wine which was pure and not despicable.

(The letter then continues a description, previously commenced, of the author's journey from Cauterets to St. Sauveur and Gavarnie on July 14th.)

As we drew near Gavarnie towards evening, the grand cliffs and mountains which close the valley at that place began to show themselves: the brown head of Mount Marboré (an outwork of Mont Perdu), overspread with fields of snow, and containing great glaciers; and, in the outline of the mountains against the horizon, the famous chasm called the Brêche de Roland, said to have been cut at a blow by Orlando with his sword, when pursuing the Moors. Though it is three hundred feet wide and three hundred and fifty feet high (Murray), it is, at this distance, a mere notch: or rather, supposing the line of mountain at the top to be a fence-wall, it looks as if there was a gate which was open. There is a smaller chasm of the same kind, at some distance, called la Fausse Brêche. I put up at the country inn, not a bad one, at Gavarnie, and, by my landlady's advice, though I should not have needed the hint, hastened on to see the grand scene of the Cirque de Gavarnie while it was tolerably clear (there were a cloud or two on it), for fear of what might happen on the morrow. There is a small screen of rocky ground which just conceals the Cirque from you at the inn; but in a few minutes' walk the whole bursts upon you, and a wonder it is. The mountains at the head of the valley of Gavarnie terminate here in a cul-

de-sac, and in an amphitheatrical form: but the amphitheatre consists of tier upon tier of cliffs, barren and perpendicular; each tier corniced with a huge bed of snow. High above all are the peaks and snowy recesses of the Mount Marboré, for the scene I have just described is only his skirt. The cliffs, and the promontories of the mountain, are generally of the hue of unbaked brick, but sometimes of a light sand colour, or an ashy grey. What little vegetation clings to the walls of the Cirque is hardly visible: a little way out of it grass and trees begin. A long silvery cascade runs down the whole height of the cliffs on the left-hand side: it is said to be 1266 feet high, but I do not know how it is measured, for you trace it up and up by stages to the glacier itself, in the bosom of the Marboré. All round the Cirque are a number of little sister cascades, gliding down other faces of cliff like the larger waterfall; and in a multitude of places the rocks are darkened with water which does not show itself outwardly. The base of the Cirque is covered with rocks and accumulated snow, under which the streams find their way out, making grotesque snow bridges. So much awful stillness, and yet so much life, such savageness of forms, yet such a resemblance to artificial grandeur, such a glow of light, when the evening sun is on the snow, and yet such a sombre sullenness in the hues of cliff and mountain, make a scene which hushes and quells you rather than calls forth an exclamation.

Others were not hushed in its neighbourhood if I was; for a party of Frenchmen, going to shoot the izzard (a creature of the wild goat kind), put up at my inn for the night, and hunted their izzard so obstreperously at table that the whole house was alive till one in the morning; and their reveil was just as noisy and cockneyish. We heard them to-day in the Bujaruelo pass (I am now at Gavarnie again), and saw their izzard, a fawn-coloured animal, something larger than a goat. It appeared above us on the mountain to the left, looking rather perplexed and bored, and then made across our line of way to the opposite mountain, and got off. I am glad to have seen an animal of this country which is a little rare, and glad the swaggering sportsmen lost their game.*

Yesterday, in a beautiful morning, I set out with Carrau (whom I more and more like) for Torla. We coasted the Cirque by a long, rocky, zigzag ascent. The view downwards into this magnificent concave is even grander than from the level; and for a while all sound was fortunately hushed as I looked into it, for

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* Few travellers lodging at inns have the charity to respect one another's slumbers, but I have everywhere observed that none are so inhuman in this respect as our brisk friends the French. The most agreeable companions in waking hours, they are the most frightful neighbours at the season of rest.

we rode upon turf. The sun was glowing upon the snow-beds, and there were all the cascades busily doing the work set them by their Creator, of carrying down the collected moisture to the watercourses and levels beneath, as the sun liberated it from the snow. We then turned into a green hollow, ending with the col by which we were to pass into Spain: it looked easy enough now, but I was told that in winter it is very precarious, if not impassable, and smugglers are often lost in the avalanches. Crossing the col, I had a fine view of the bare mountains in Spain: the downward stage of our pass lay before us, a long course of toil to a far-distant valley: and in our way tracts of snow. We got down and walked our horses nearly to Bujaruelo, partly to spare them, and partly because there were so many ugly bits that to ride would have been a continual dismounting and remounting. Once or twice we had to drive the horses across the snow. In one of these passages, upon a slope of snow, about two or three hundred yards in descent, but gradual, I slipped, and lay on my face in the posture of a spread eagle, griping the snow with my hands manfully. If I had gone down, it would not have been to destruction, but farther and faster than I wanted. Carrau came to my assistance, and I then understood how, in a position of real danger, a good guide will preserve you. Steadying himself by one hand with his stick, he grasped one of mine in the other with a grip which seemed to send strength through

all my frame: and then, digging foot-prints with his heel for me to put my heel into, he soon set me walking, and everything was easy.* From the snow we marched down a declivity; down and down without end, as it seemed; a mere path, large enough for the horses' feet, on the edge of steep banks of brown shingle, which you might have rolled over for many minutes. I could not but rejoice that I was on two feet instead of four, and "gloomily think on the morrow," when I must either ride these paths or toil up them on foot. But somehow on the morrow I rode up them with complete unconcern.

At last the vale country began to disclose itself. A long wedge-like promontory descending from the mountain above Bujaruelo appeared, covered with fir-trees; the level fields of the valley showed themselves a little: and on the right we had a beautiful round green hill, bright with grass and buttercups, and with plants of the box, which grows very luxuriantly in such places, sometimes as high as your head, and glows with a rich yellow suffusion. It was one of those scenes of verdure which seem to carry sunshine in themselves. We serpentined through woods into Bujaruelo; arrived between twelve

* My horse, in the mean time, had walked off and sauntered up the acclivity of snow, keeping his feet like a cat, and treating the accident with much indifference. He surrendered himself with a tolerably good grace when Carrau wanted him.

and one; and made a halt of two hours before setting out for Torla.

On our way from Gavarnie we met two Englishmen, turned back as I should have been if I had attempted the route I first thought of on this frontier. If you cross the border into Spain with horses which should return, the French Government makes some kind of registration of your passage, with a view, as it is said, to the horse being duly brought back, and not lost to the French Empire.* This did not prevent people from leaving France at one point, and re-entering with their horses at another. The Spanish officials, when you enter their country with horses which are to return, make you leave a deposit in money, to be repaid on your passing out; but, by a regulation of this year, you cannot reclaim the deposit any where but at the place where you left it; which of course those who do not like to lose their money must attend to.† I suspect this may have to do with politics.

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* On this morning's journey we delivered our horse-pass to a carbineer shortly after leaving Gavarnie.

† I stated the regulation as it was mentioned to me, without being certain that I correctly understood it. But there is no doubt that its effect was to prevent the English travellers whom I met from returning by a new route. It might perhaps be only a precaution against tricks upon the revenue.

LETTER XXVII.

Scenery of Bujaruelo — A carbineer — Journey to Torla — Grand scenery — Torla — The Casa Biou — Return to Bujaruelo — A weather wizard — Cirque of Gavarnie — Pyrenean guides — Smuggling.

Arreau, July 18th.

I RETURN to the Spanish trip of Wednesday,* when I sat down between twelve and one at the Bujaruelo venta at the foot of the pass, to take a noonday rest. For a while I reclined against one of the two great beds which were the pride of the upstairs sitting-room, and had a fair siesta. I wish I could describe the majesty of the light-brown, weather-worn mountain which rose in front of my window, seamed with snow-drifts and pouring down long cascades. As the light of the afternoon sun slanted upon it, the topmost cliffs and buttresses looked skeletoned, if I may coin such a word, by some exquisite operator; or, I may say, they seemed to be the most delicate cabinet work, on a scale fit for the giants. The stable and ground-floor of a venta are always amusing: looking into ours, I saw asses with woolpacks (what

* Pages 394, 395.

secrets they might contain besides I do not know) just going out: and our horses keeping company with a donkey off duty, and a cow with a bell, which I hope was entertaining to the other animals.

We took the road again at half-past three. Carrau told me, rather sheepishly I thought, that a carbineer was going to walk with us. Now, though I was once glad of a carbineer's countenance on a very ill-reputed road in Andalusia, I did not see any good in it here, and I began to surmise that the authorities, who had checkmated two other Englishmen about their back horses, might have thought me worth watching: especially as, when I took a stroll by the river-side before dinner, I saw one of them on the bridge speculating upon me as far as he could without taking the trouble to come after me. However, off we set, and off set the carabinero with his gun, always outwalking our horses, and not intruding at all, and a cheerful, harmless, poor fellow he was. Not to raise your expectations, I will end this matter by saying that at our journey's end Carrau, with my consent, gave the poor man a trifle to drink, and he went, as he said, to make a report to his chief before returning home. When we set out next morning upon our own return, there was our carbineer again, ready to start with us for Bujaruelo. The truth, we believed, was, that he had wretched pay and little to do, and walked the eighteen miles just for the chance of what might be given him at the journey's

end, in drink or money. I should hardly have been flesh and blood if I had disappointed him, foolish as the thing was. I complimented him (in his own tongue) upon his outwalking us, and observed, too, that he must find his gun heavy. Oh no, he said, "es ligerito" (it is a light little thing); and showed his teeth and flourished it as if balancing it on his finger.

From Bujaruelo to Torla was a horse's walk of two hours and a half, on terrace roads upon the sides of valleys. I should be glad to describe, but it is impossible in words, and painting would hardly do it, the grandeur and beauty of this afternoon ride. From Bujaruelo we entered a very deep narrow glen, where the forms of rock and cliff were already sublime; but as we went on new reaches of valley opened upon us, where the protuberances and headlands of mountain above became so extravagantly (if it were not nonsensical I should say absurdly) bold and great, that it was an always increasing astonishment. The last scene is the Val d'Arrase,* which I have never seen painted or described, though it is praised in general terms in Ford's Handbook.† It is a Glencoe immensely magnified, and rising upon banks of rock and forest, which are already mountainous.

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* I am not sure whether the gorge here described is the Val d'Arrase itself, or the ravine into which that valley opens.

† Part ii. p. 933.

This wonderful upper region is a series of utterly naked cliffs and promontories, the colours grey and light umber, towering over the valley in a stupendous mockery of architecture: when the even perpendicular lines are thrown sharply off by the declining sun, you could fancy that palaces like those in Martin's pictures, but on a far vaster scale, had been built of some soft material and crumbled by weather or time into indistinctness, but still retaining many of their outlines, and a general trace of the architectural plan. At some points I could almost have persuaded myself that I saw angular recesses of building, and in them complete window or door-ways. This magic is half the work of the sun, for, when I returned the next morning, my description, if that had been my only view, would have been very different. As I saw it, however, with the spell in force, it was one of the grandest things I have ever beheld: such a display of enchanted architecture with everything wild about it; banks or rather mountain-sides of rock and tree stretching down from its base to the river; and the silence, or the stilling notes of the water and birds, contrasting strangely with the pageant above, where you might almost have expected banners to be thrown out and trumpets sounded. This seems fantastical, but my guide (who has a really good gentlemanly taste in scenery) talked in much the same strain.

We had to quit this enchanted valley and turn into the comparatively gentle and smiling vale of Torla:

pedestrians, I am told, may follow up the valley of Arrase among scenery of the same kind till they come face to face with Mont Perdu. Happy men! The village or little town of Torla stretches proudly enough across the valley with its old Templar church. But I have already told you what a squalid place it is. I hear that many of the inhabitants are landed proprietors, well off: many of the houses bear remains of architectural ornament fit for good residences at least; yet the streets seem dens; the pavements are a confusion of disjointed stones; the houses seem to have no windows intended to see out at or to let in air or light; and the people look wild and idle.

The house I lodged at was the Casa Biou: it belonged to a man of property, lately dead; his widow and a daughter (the deformed girl) carry the place on, but not well, and make something by casual strangers: part of the house is the aduana (douane), and the administrator lodges there, occupying the state bed.* I asked the girl soon after I arrived what the name of the posada was; forgetting its real condition. "No es posada, señor," said she, seriously (it is not an inn, sir). "Well," I said, "the fonda" (hotel). "Fonda tampoco, señor,"

* My own room, with a little civilizing repair, might have been handsome enough; and it looked out, by a tolerable window, upon something not unlike park scenery.

she said (no more an hotel than an inn); "es casa particular" (it is a private house). Yet the horses could not be littered at it, nor my shoes cleaned. However, I slept there very well, and had a tolerable supper: for a wonder in this part of Spain, a very nice dish of meat. I saw at this place, but not in use for the house, fir splinters cutting to be used as candles, being of course highly impregnated with resin. I have seen this long ago in the Highlands of Scotland (where the fir was from the bogs), but never elsewhere.*

We set out for Gavarnie again between seven and eight next morning, and when I rode out of the antique court-yard, waving a sentimental adieu to the little crookback who stood in the rotten timber balcony, if a caricaturist had been there he would have seen something worth sketching.

I think I have told you nearly all that happened on our return to Gavarnie. One thing had not struck me so much when I wrote before. As I stood at the door of the venta, talking with the usual knot of loungers, carbineer, muleteers, and I do not know what eers be-

* In the course of the evening my little attendant conducted me to the Templar church, an antiquity well enough worth seeing. The rustic muchacha who opened the gate would not take her fee till my conductress reproved her prudery and made her pocket the dos reales. (In the glib pronunciation of the people this piece, not quite a sixpence, is called a do-reales.)

sides, the weather being then quite clear and blazing hot, an old fellow with keen features and bright eyes, in the background, said something rather ominously of having seen "brúma," I think he called it (mist), over France. The younger Spaniards laughed him to scorn, for no afternoon ever looked more settled. Yet before night I saw in the sky a disagreeable-looking periwig of thundery cloud, and when I went to bed at Gavarnie there was so much fog that I could not prudently leave my window open; and the next day many of the valleys were quite choked with mist: fortunately it ended in nothing worse. And so I have done with Spain for this journey, except that I may just step within it again if I go to see Mount Maladetta.

The journey back to Gavarnie was easier than I expected, and we managed better at the snow; besides, it had had an additional day's thawing and trampling: a good deal at this season. In returning I went to take a near view of the Cirque, and stand upon the very stage, as it were, of which the rocks and snows are the boxes and gallery. A little way off, on the way to Gavarnie, is the cabin of a restaurant who lodges people wishing to be very near the mountain. Standing here we saw a gentleman with his guide marching down with a proud step from the heights: he was a young Frenchman, who had just performed the exploit of going up to the Brêche de Roland, which you commence at one corner of the Cirque. He talked highly of the prospect and

modestly made light of the difficulties. How man differs from man in all professions! This gentleman had brought a guide with him from Eaux Bonnes, a loud, confident youth, who did not know the way up the Brêche, and therefore very properly turned his employer over to a local attendant; but he himself stayed lounging below. Carrau was scandalized, and observed warmly that a man who hoped ever to be a guide should have been happy in the opportunity of learning his way up this famous pass. He described his own apprenticeship from the age of fourteen, and said there was not a pass or nook of the places visited by strangers in the Western Pyrenees through which he, or any really good guide, was not prepared to lead the way whenever required.

I forgot to mention that, turning off the Gavarnie road to go to the Cirque, we were espied by a roving douanier, and hailed as coming from Spain; and were obliged to have the few things we carried with us examined in the middle of the moor: a provoking delay, as the sun was fast sinking.

NOTE.

In my journey of last year through Andalusia I could never reflect upon the subject of contraband traffic without some feeling of compunction for the encouragement it is said to derive from Gibraltar. But the

uneasiness was abated this year, when I saw how naturally and rankly the practice appeared to flourish, and how much the exercise and the prevention of it seemed to constitute the business of life, in the parts of Spain farthest removed from our influence. A traveller in this country is led to believe that revenue laws must be a necessary part of the general system of things, since the absence of them would frustrate a law of nature, by which man is impelled to smuggle.

The rural inn of Gavarnie is a great resort of tourists, and gives itself the town air of offering Champagne, Sauterne, and Madeira. On no road in the Pyrenees did I see so many travellers with horse and guide as between Gavarnie and Luz.

LETTER XXVIII.

Journey from Luchon to the Port de Venasque — Maladetta Mountain — Return by the Port de la Picade — Luchon to Toulouse.

Bagnères de Luchon, July 21st.

I HAVE performed the pilgrimage of the Maladetta.* I set out this morning, on horseback, with Mr. —— and my guide, soon after six, for the pass into Spain called the Port de Venasque. The day was glorious, but we had shade for the first few miles. After resting good part of an hour at the Hospice, a lone-built venta, and in winter a kind of charitable refuge, but well frequented at this touring season, we set ourselves to clamber a very steep ascent, which presently grew rugged as well, into the bosom of the mountains on the right-hand side of a high rocky pyramid called Le Pic de la Picade. We fell in with another travelling party, and the trouble of the equestrians was a good deal increased by our getting mixed with a string of bedizened Spanish mules, animals

* So called, though the proper Spanish name would seem to be Maldita.

which it is not very easy to deal with in a narrow way on the edge of a steep declivity. The drivers (men in sandals and with coloured handkerchiefs round their heads) were very goodhumoured and accommodating, and one handed round his leather wine-bottle. I partook, but forgot the ceremony of squirting into the mouth, though I could have done it very well. This was my adieu to Spaniards, though not quite to Spain.

We had to scramble over several snow-beds, deep but much trampled and ploughed up, and, as we ascended, looked down upon several little tarns formed of the snow-water: one seemed half congealed still, and its water, over snow, looked as blue as the ink I am writing with. The last scene of the ascent was a kind of bason, or cul-de-sac, of snow and the ruggedest mountain, where it certainly is difficult to see how you are to get any farther, though I, who had often read about the place, soon made it out.* You begin a new climb up a staircase of rock, in a corner where a gap opens, no wider than a narrow street of London. It looks as if the rocks had rent amidst some fearful commotion of nature, or under the rod of a prophet. This is the pass where, it is said, in bad weather, the father does not wait for his son, nor the son for his father.

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* With attention, a gleam of light might be seen piercing the barrier of rock which appeared to deny further passage.

New air and light seemed to burst on us as we struggled through, and when we gained the top of the gap there was a new wild world opened. Right opposite was the great Spanish mountain Maladetta, with its immense breadth of snow-beds and glaciers, and its summits bristling above them in naked black points and ridges; from the snow downwards, a vast depth and breadth of russet and rocky mountain, scattered thinly with great fir-trees, and stretching down into a ravine, which from this point cannot be fathomed. Words cannot describe the sublime, mingled mass that glares upon you under this "accursed" name. There is nothing I could so much liken it to as the pictures of the moon seen through a strong telescope.* When you recover a little from the sudden presence of this giant figure, your eye wanders to the more distant mountains of Aragon, as far as a grand snowy height called, I think, the Pic de Mungari; to the pass by which you have presently to round the Picade, and beyond which you see some of the Catalonian mountain-tops; and to the fountain-head of the Garonne; a cascade con-

* The dreary, chaotic scene, with its inauspicious name, seems as if it had just come out of the convulsion described by the Psalmist,—

"The springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered at thy chiding, O Lord: at the blasting of the breath of thy displeasure." Ps. xviii. 15.

spicuous from a distance, but which immediately loses itself in the ground, and comes out again, it is said, on the other side of the mountains, so flowing into France. The vanishing point is called le Trou du Taureau; I do not know why.

From the Port de Venasque we descended and ascended again some way into the grassy and snowy hollow which runs behind the Pic de la Picade. On looking back, the gap you came through in mounting seems a more strangely splintered rent than when you were near it; indeed, you would hardly make it out but for a lofty mass of rock, called the Sauvegarde, at its entrance, which looks like the shapeless ruin of a huge tower. When we got to a place where there were grass and water, we opened our packs and made our luncheon, in no great comfort, on the provisions we had brought with us.

We then moved on to the Port de la Picade, which brings you back to France (for at the Venasque port you enter Spain) on the opposite side of the Pic to that by which you went up. From this Port there is another fine view, an ocean of mountain-tops, snowy and stony, the Pyrenees of Catalonia.

For these glorious sights we had a new and a heavy tribute to pay in riding and walking, by détours and zigzags that seemed interminable, down to the Hospice, where we had to lounge and rest the horses for an hour. Among the scrawls upon the outside plaster of the house

I noticed one in red chalk, which an imaginative tourist might dwell upon with profit: "Notre Dame de Laurette (Lorette), le ciel est noir." It seems the ejaculation of some poor fellow who was going up one of these awful passes in a day that threatened bad weather: an occasion when a man might well utter invocations.

We got home very well, though much tired with the motion of descending (the most tedious thing in all these Pyrenean expeditions), by a little after five.

NOTE.

I left the pretty but insipid watering-place of Bagnères de Luchon without much regret, after a few days' residence, and rumbled and jingled over the plains of the Garonne in one of the numerous Luchon diligences to Toulouse; an orderly and not unpleasant journey of twelve daylight hours. At Toulouse the railway welcomes you home.

THE END.

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